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&

JOHN FLETCHER

VARIORUM EDITION

GENERAL EDITOR: A. H. BULLEN

VOLUME III

THE WORKS OF

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

AND

JOHN FLETCHER

VARIORUM EDITION

VOLUME III

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THE MAD LOVER
THE LOYAL SUBJECT
RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE
THE LAWS OF CANDY

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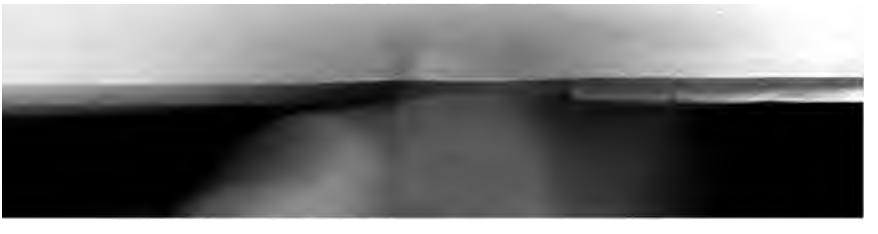

CONTENTS

PAGE

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS. Edited by W. W. Greg 1

THE MAD LOVER. Edited by R. Warwick Bond . 111

THE LOYAL SUBJECT. Edited by John Masefield, with an Introduction by R. Warwick Bond . . 221

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE. Edited by R. Warwick Bond 357

THE LAWS OF CANDY. Edited by E. K. Chambers 465

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS

EDITED BY W. W. GREG

No original entry in the Stationers' Register.

(Q1.) *The Faithfull Shepheardesse. By Iohn Fletcher. Printed at London for R. Bonian and H. Walley, and are to be sold at the spred Eagle ouer against the great North dore of S. Paules.* [n. d., *c.* 1609/10.] Copies of this edition vary in a number of readings.

Stationers' Register, 8 Dec. 1628: 'Master Meighen. Assigned over unto him from Henry Walley, under the hand of Master Islip warden, all the estate right title and interest which he hath in the Copie called The ffaithfull Sheaperdesse. vj$^{d.}$' [Arber's Transcript, IV. 172.]

(Q2.) *The Faithfull Shepheardesse. By Iohn Fletcher. The second Edition, newly corrected. London, Printed by T. C. for Richard Meighen, in S$^{t.}$ Dunstanes Church-yard in Fleet-streete,* 1629.

(Q3.) *The Faithfull Shepherdesse. Acted at Somerset House before the King and Queene on Twelfe night last,* 1633. *And divers times since with great applause at the Private House in Blacke-Friers, by his Majesties Servants. Written by Iohn Fletcher. The third Edition, with Addition. London, Printed by A. M. for Richard Meighen, next to the Middle Temple in Fleet-street.* 1634.

The play then passed along with the rest of Meighen's stock into the hands of Bedell and Collins who had been taken into partnership by his widow Mercy Meighen on his death *c.* 1640. The widow seems to have died in 1654, and the business was thenceforth carried on by the two surviving partners till Bedell's death, apparently in 1667.

(Q4.) *The Faithfull Shepherdesse.* [&c.] *The Fourth Edition. London, Printed for Ga. Bedell and Tho. Collins, at the Middle Temple Gate in Fleet-street.* 1656.

(Q5.) *The Faithfull Shepherdesse.* [&c.] *The Fifth Edition. London, Printed for G. Bedell and T. Collins, at the Middle Temple-Gate in Fleet-street,* 1665.

(F.) *The Faithfull Shepherdess.* In the folio of 1679, p. 213.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS

AUTHORSHIP AND DATE.—*The Faithful Shepherdess* is ascribed to John Fletcher alone on the title-pages of all the early editions, nor has the attribution, supported as it is by the dedicatory and commendatory verses, including those from Beaumont, ever been seriously challenged. Jonson in his conversations with Drummond, probably in Jan. 1619, remarked that "Flesher and Beaumont, ten years since, hath written the Faithfull Shipheardesse, a Tragicomedie, well done" (ed. Gifford, ix. 386); but the use of the singular verb shows that the two friends had already been fused into one complex literary personality, and that no weight can be allowed to the apparent assertion that the play in question was a joint work. Mr. Fleay, indeed, after quoting from the Conversations, continues: "There is not a trace of external evidence that Beaumont had a hand in the writing beyond Jonson's statement, and yet, again, the internal evidence of the metre so strongly confirms it that I have no doubt on the matter. Beaumont's dislike to have his name published as a playwright is quite enough to explain its absence in the title and its presence in these verses." In reply to an inquiry, Mr. Fleay has kindly informed me that he now withdraws this view and acquiesces in Fletcher's authorship. I ought to add that for my own part, whether on internal or external evidence, I do not see how the play can be ascribed to any one but Fletcher.

The date is a more difficult question. The play is mentioned together with *Philaster* by John Davies of Hereford in his *Scourge of Folly*, Epigram 206 (see vol. i. p. 117). This was entered on the Stationers' Register on Oct. 10, 1610. Moreover, Sir William Scipwith, dedicatory verses to whom are prefixed to the first edition, died on May 3 that year. Unfortunately, not only is the earliest quarto undated, but no entry of it has been found in the books of the Stationers' Company. Mr. Fleay points out that the names of the publishers, Bonian and Walley, occur together in the Register from Dec. 22, 1608, to Sept. 1, 1609, but the partnership certainly lasted till 1610, for they printed a sermon preached at Paul's Cross by T. Myriell on Jan. 14 that year. It is impossible to say more than that the play was in print by the spring of 1610. There is, therefore, no reason to suppose that the original performance took place before the winter of 1609–10. The plague having diminished towards the end of November, there is no difficulty about this date, even granting that the theatres were as often closed on that account as Mr. Fleay believes. It must be remembered, however, that Prof. Thorndike in his study of the *Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakspere* (Worcester, Mass., 1901, p. 14), has shown good reasons for holding that Mr. Fleay greatly exaggerates the extent to which dramatic performances were interrupted by the plague in the early years of the seventeenth century. The exact dates of publication and production must, therefore, alike remain vague. Mr. Fleay's suggestion of before July 1608 for the latter seems to me a little early, and is in no way necessitated by the available evidence, but beyond a hypothetical 1609 it is difficult to go.

TEXT.—The undated first quarto is necessarily the basis of the text. This is the less to be regretted in that it presents on the whole very sound readings,

and was evidently issued with the author's authority if not actually under his supervision. The only difficulty arises through different copies presenting a number of variant readings, but it will soon be perceived that this is only due to certain copies containing one or more uncorrected sheets. Thus it will be seen from the collations that in several places the Dyce and Bodleian copies agree in an obviously erroneous reading which is corrected in the British Museum copy. Since it is clearly only a question of proof-reading, it has not been thought necessary to record all these often minute variations. It should be said that it is unusual to find a copy of the first quarto in which the preliminary matter is perfect. The correct collation of this is [A]^4 ¶^{2}, that is six leaves, whose contents are as follows: 1, blank (?), wanting in all copies seen; 2, title-page, verso blank; 3, commendatory verses by Field on recto, by Beaumont on verso; 4, verses by Jonson on recto, by Chapman on verso; 5, dedicatory verses to Aston on recto, to Scipwith on verso; 6, verses to Townesend on recto, and preface 'To the Reader' on verso. The text begins on B1 and ends on L1 verso; L2, presumably blank, being again wanting.

Every edition seems to have been regularly printed from its immediate predecessor. Copies of the second quarto, which appeared in 1629, also vary among themselves in certain readings, though less conspicuously than those of the first quarto. The most striking instance occurs at the very beginning of the play. In I. i. 8 the first quarto reads simply 'and games,' thus leaving the line short by two syllables. This the compositor of the second quarto copied, but while the sheets were being printed off the defect was noticed and the word 'merry' inserted before 'games.' The third quarto, published in 1634, was printed from an uncorrected copy of the second, but the defect was again noticed, and this time the word 'jolly' was supplied, and it was this reading which was copied in subsequent editions. These appeared in 1656 and 1665, and the play was included in the second folio in 1679.

ARGUMENT.—After a bucolic festival the Priest of Pan pronounces a benediction on the assembled shepherds and shepherdesses, who join in a hymn to the god. When the ceremony is over the assembly breaks up, and Perigot takes the opportunity of pressing his love-suit to Amoret. Convinced of his honest purpose, she agrees to meet him in the woods that night. Next Amarillis declares her love to Perigot. He, whose affection is fixed elsewhere, pities but cannot return her passion. Amarillis, finding her love thus repulsed, vows vengeance, and determines to cross his love for Amoret by the help of the Sullen Shepherd, a melancholy and lascivious swain, who enters opportunely. He protests his love to her, who is under no misapprehension as to its nature, and she agrees to yield to his desire on condition of his breaking the love between Perigot and Amoret, a task he willingly undertakes. Lastly enters Cloe, lamenting the want of a lover. Thenot, devoured by his passion for the unapproachable Clorin, rejects her advances. With Daphnis, in spite of his coy modesty, she has somewhat better success, and he promises to meet her that night in the woods, there to exchange chaste embraces. Little satisfied with this tryst, she eagerly accedes to the petition of Alexis, who now enters with a fervent suit, and agrees with him upon a similar assignation. The day closes with a beautiful evening song by the Priest.

Meanwhile the cloistral Clorin has been vowing virginity at the tomb of her dead lover, which is situated in a remote portion of the wood, and near which she has built herself a solitary bower. Her meditations are disturbed by the entrance of a Satyr, who at first dismays her by his uncouth, brutish appearance, but soon manifests a gentle and amiable disposition. This apparent transformation Clorin naïvely attributes to her supernatural power as an unstained

virgin. The Satyr becomes a slave to her beauty, offers her the fruits he is carrying to his master, Pan, and his master's mistress, Syrinx, and promises to bring her more. We next find her sorting the herbs and simples she has been gathering in the woods. Suddenly Thenot enters, and declares to her the devouring passion which binds him to her so long as she continues faithful to the memory of her former lover. The angry surprise with which she first meets his declaration soon changes to a tone of pity as she realizes his hopeless plight.

It is now night, and the various couples begin to assemble in the forest. Amarillis and the Sullen Shepherd plot how to disturb the love of Perigot and Amoret. Following her directions, the Sullen Shepherd lets her down into a magic well, from which, after uttering a spell, he draws her forth again in the shape of Amoret. She gives him a charm, wherewith to undo the spell and restore her once again to her own shape if necessary, and sets off to find Perigot. Meanwhile Amoret, in search of her lover, meets the Sullen Shepherd, who puts her on a false track. While he is wondering why he did not take advantage of her unprotected state, he is interrupted by the entrance of Cloe and Alexis. Cloe has already met Daphnis, but, eager for the company of a less bashful lover, has sent him off to wait for her in another part of the forest. The Sullen Shepherd, his desires now aflame and indifferent with whom he gratifies them, determines to seize Cloe, and, Alexis objecting, wounds him with his spear. At this moment the Satyr enters, at whose appearance Cloe and the Sullen Shepherd fly in opposite directions. The Satyr, finding Alexis wounded, carries him off to Clorin to be healed. Cloe re-enters, lamenting equally the loss of Alexis and his would-be murderer. As a last hope she goes off to meet Daphnis again. As soon as she is gone the Sullen Shepherd reappears but retires at the approach of Perigot and Amarillis in the shape of Amoret. They lie down, and Amarillis seeks to lure the shepherd to her embraces. At first he does not understand, supposing that she is merely trying his faith, but when at last she makes her meaning plain, he rises, and forswearing love for ever, seeks to fall upon his spear. First, however, she shall die. She flies from the wrath which follows at her heels. The Sullen Shepherd comes forward, and uttering the required charm, breaks the spell. Amarillis now reappears in her own shape and makes the baffled Perigot believe that the girl he was pursuing turned down a side path and so escaped him in the dark. Accepting his apologies she departs, while Perigot promptly meets the real Amoret, whom without more ado he wounds with his spear and leaves for dead on the ground. The Sullen Shepherd, to make things quite safe, throws the wounded nymph into the well and goes his way. From the fountain, however, rises the God of the River, bearing in his arms Amoret, whom he restores and heals. He seeks her love, begging her to come and share his watery realm, but learning that she already loves a young shepherd, he wishes her joy and descends again.

Meanwhile Perigot, in the act of killing himself, is prevented by Amarillis, who explains how Amoret is innocent of the designs attributed to her, and how it was she herself who tempted him in the disguise of her rival. To prove which, she offers to re-transform herself into Amoret's likeness. While he is waiting the real Amoret enters, and in spite of his former cruelty tries to regain his love. He, supposing her to be the deceitful Amarillis in disguise, rails in answer against women, and ends by seeking again to kill her with his spear. He then flies in alarm at the sight of the Satyr, who enters, and finding Amoret wounded, bears her too off to Clorin's bower. Meanwhile Amarillis, having previously, much to her surprise, met Amoret alive and well, and directed her on her fateful way to Perigot, now falls in with the Sullen Shepherd, who demands the fulfilment of her promise. She taunts him with having failed in his part of the bargain, and bids him go and see where Perigot and Amoret

are even now meeting in the wood hard by. He naturally replies that these are unreasonable excuses, since he knows Amoret to be dead, and endeavours to seize her by force. She eludes him, and the two begin a race through the forest.

By this time both Alexis and Amoret have been brought by the Satyr to the bower where Clorin is now tending their wounds. To her enters Thenot, who can find no solace for his unreasonable passion. Clorin has, however, resolved to cure him by pretending to yield to his suit, which she now, therefore, makes a show of doing. After in a final anguish imploring her even yet to remain constant to the dead, he is at last convinced of her infidelity, and departs, having lost his last remnant of faith in woman. Amoret's wound refusing to heal, Clorin now suspects the neighbourhood of impurity, and sends the Satyr to find it out. He soon discovers Daphnis and Cloe hid within the embraces of a hollow tree. Tested by a holy taper the youth is pronounced clear, but Cloe, who fails to stand the ordeal, is committed to the custody of the Satyr. Meanwhile the Priest and an old shepherd have been seeking to rouse the swains and nymphs to the labours of a new day, but finding every cottage deserted, have gone in search of the truants. Thenot, who represents that he has passed the night in performance of a vow, knows no news of them. Daphnis, however, reports how Amoret and Alexis are lying wounded at Clorin's bower. Amarillis enters at this point, and seeks protection from the Sullen Shepherd, who follows eager and unrepentant. The Priest hales them all off to Clorin. To her, too, Perigot resorts, finding that the blood-stain on his hand refuses to wash off. He is naturally surprised at finding Amoret there alive and well, but explanation and reconciliation ensue. The Priest then approaches, and being found pure by the ordeal of the taper, is allowed to lay the case of the transgressors before the wise shepherdess. Clorin pronounces sentence of banishment on the culprits, but Amarillis being found repentant, is pardoned, while the Sullen Shepherd departs into exile. Then with a song the couples depart, leaving Clorin and her attendant Satyr alone by the forest bower.

SOURCE.—No source in the proper sense of the word has yet been found for *The Faithful Shepherdess*, nor is it at all likely that any will be discovered in the future. While belonging to a literary tradition whose chief masterpieces were undoubtedly familiar to the author, Fletcher's pastoral shows almost complete independence with regard to the details of incident and construction. Dyce's statement "that if the pastoral dramas of Tasso and Guarini had never been written, we should never have possessed *The Faithful Shepherdess*," will certainly find no contradiction among those competent to form an opinion on the matter; but this means nothing more than that Fletcher's play belongs to a literary form which the success of the *Aminta* and *Pastor Fido* rendered fashionable, and it may be added that the English play shows every bit as much originality as its Italian predecessors. Mr. Fleay is undoubtedly correct in calling it "a rival rather than an imitation of Tasso's *Aminta* and Guarini's *Pastor Fido*." These plays Fletcher is pretty sure to have known either in the original or in a French translation (of which several appeared before he began writing), and there is no reason to suppose that he ever devoted his attention to such poor stuff as Fraunce's translation of Tasso (1591), or the 'Dymocke' translation of Guarini (1602). He took, however, little from either play in the way of language or incident. A few parallels of no particular importance were first pointed out by Seward. These, like the reminiscences of Theocritus and Vergil, are no more than pastoral commonplaces. On the whole the language is based on that of Spenser in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, and served as a model for that of Milton in *Comus*. Almost every critic who has touched on the

subject has detected in Cloe a reminiscence of Corisca, but the instance is decidedly unfortunate, for there is nothing in the cynical courtesan of Guarini to suggest Fletcher's revolting study of diseased passion. It is easy to indicate points of resemblance between *The Faithful Shepherdess* and various Italian dramas, but the significance of such parallels is more than doubtful. The title, in which Fletcher challenged comparison with Guarini, is practically that of Contarini's *Fida Ninfa*, of which he may or may not have known. The absurd character of Thenot was anticipated in Argenti's play *Lo Sfortunato*, the benevolent Satyr in Epicuro's *Mirzia*, which, like *The Faithful Shepherdess*, also introduces a supernatural agent, the magic well suggests the enchanted lake of Beccari's *Sacrifizio*, while a river-god, of course, speaks the prologue to the *Pastor Fido*. But, in the main, having decided to write a pastoral play, Fletcher worked out his design independently. He stole nobody's plot, for his own play has none. It is impossible to read *The Faithful Shepherdess* without being struck by the almost entire want of dramatic effect, for the situation at the end is for all purposes exactly what it was at the beginning. On the other hand, any one who takes the trouble to analyze the play scene by scene cannot help being struck by the astounding ingenuity with which the web of intrigue is woven and opportunity afforded for striking scenes and situations. *The Faithful Shepherdess* stands apart in this from all its predecessors. The aim of pastoralists had invariably been the construction of a plot of definite sentimental interest, whereas Fletcher cared for nothing but a scenic framework to be filled in with poetic embroidery of marvellous beauty. And in this he had Milton for a disciple.

HISTORY.—On its original production *The Faithful Shepherdess* proved a failure, as is evident from the preface and verses prefixed to the original quarto. Its subsequent fortunes are recorded by Dyce. "Several years after the decease of Fletcher, this long-neglected pastoral was exhibited at Court. Its revival is thus noticed in the MSS. of Sir Henry Herbert: 'On Monday night, the sixth of January [1633–4] and the Twelfe Night was presented at Denmark-house, before the King and Queene, Fletcher's pastorall called The Faithfull Shepheardesse, in the clothes the Queene had given Taylor [*i. e.* Joseph Taylor, of King Charles' company] the year before of her own pastorall [*i. e.* Montagu's *Shepherds' Paradise*, acted by the Queene and her ladies on 8 Jan. 1632–3]. The scenes were fitted to the pastorall, and made, by Mr. Inigo Jones, in the great chamber, 1633.'—Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 234. Gerrard, the gossiping correspondent of Lord Strafford, has a passage to the same effect in a letter dated Jan. 9, 1633: 'I never knew a duller Christmas than we had at Court this year, but one Play all the time at Whitehall, and no dancing at all. The Queen had some little Infirmity, a Bile, or some such Thing, which made her keep in, only on Twelfth-night she feasted the King at Somerset-house, and presented him with a Play, newly studied, long since printed, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, which the King's Players acted in the Robes she and her Ladies acted their Pastoral in the last year.'—*The Earl of Strafforde's Letters and Dispatches*, i. 177. 'Instead of a Prologue, there was a Song in Dialogue, sung between a Priest and a Nymph, which was writ by Sir William D'Avenant; and an Epilogue was spoken by the Lady Mary Mordant, which the Reader may read in Covent-Garden Drollery, p. 86.'—Langbaine's *Account of Eng. Dram. Poets*, p. 208. In consequence, we may presume, of the favour which it had experienced at Court, *The Faithful Shepherdess* was again brought out at a regular theatre ['Query with the scenes?'—Fleay]; from the third quarto we learn that soon after its revival before the King and Queen, it was acted 'divers times with great applause at the Private House in Black-Friars.' It may be added that the play was

again revived after the Restoration, and that Pepys records a successful performance in 1663, adding, however, that it was 'much thronged after for the scene's sake.'" Dyce concludes: "In 1638, Sir Richard Fanshaw published a translation of *The Faithful Shepherdess* into Latin verse,—*La Fida Pastora. Comadia Pastoralis. Autore F. F. Anglo-Britanno. Adduntur nonnulla varii argumenti Carmina ab eodem*, 8vo [with an engraved monogram of Fanshaw's name on the title-page],—a performance of considerable merit on the whole, though containing not a little to which the critical scholar might object."

As mentioned by Langbaine, an epilogue to *The Faithful Shepherdess* is found in the 'Covent Garden Drolery, or a Collection, of all the Choise Songs, Poems, Prologues, and Epilogues, (Sung and Spoken at Courts and Theatres) never in Print before. Written by the refined'st Wits of the Age, and Collected by A.B. London, 1672.' It is headed: 'Epilogue spoken by the Lady Mary Mordant, before the King and Queen, at Court, to the faithful Shepherdess;' and runs:

> When princes in distress would peace implore,
> They first take care to choose th' ambassador,
> And think him fittest for a charge so great
> Who best can please that king with whom they treat.
> Our play they threaten'd with a tragic fate;
> I, sir, am chose for this affair of state:
> And hope whatever errors we confess
> You'll pardon to the young ambassadress.
> If not, though now these little ladies are
> In no condition to maintain a war,
> Their beauties will in time grow up so strong,
> That on your court they may revenge the wrong.

The volume also contains a number of other prologues and epilogues to Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, written for post-restoration revivals.

COMMENDATORY VERSES

TO MY LOVED FRIEND, MASTER JOHN FLETCHER, ON HIS PASTORAL.

CAN my approvement, sir, be worth your thanks,
Whose unknown name, and muse in swathing clouts,
Is not yet grown to strength, among these ranks
To have a room, and bear off the sharp flouts
Of this our pregnant age, that does despise
All innocent verse that lets alone her vice?

But I must justify what privately
I censured to you: my ambition is—
Even by my hopes and love to poesy—
To live to perfect such a work as this,
Clad in such elegant propriety
Of words, including a morality

So sweet and profitable; though each man that hears,
And learning has enough to clap and hiss,
Arrives not to't, so misty it appears,
And to their filmèd reasons so amiss:
But let Art look in Truth, she like a mirror
Reflects her comfort; Ignorance's terror

PREFATORY MATTER. The order of the commendatory verses, etc., in the different editions is as follows:—

Q1	Q2	Q3, etc.	F
Field	Field	Beaumont	(at the end of the play)
Beaumont	Beaumont	Field	Beaumont
Jonson	Jonson	Jonson	Jonson
Chapman	Chapman	Chapman	Dialogue
Aston		Marmion	
Skipworth		Dialogue	
Townshend			
Preface			

Verses by Field, in Qq.
Heading. *Master*] So Dyce. *M.* Q1, 2. M^r. Q3, etc.
8 *censured*] i. e. expressed as my judgement.

Sits in her own brow, being made afraid
Of her unnatural complexion,
As ugly women, when they are array'd
By glasses, loathe their true reflection.
Thus how can such opinions injure thee,
That tremble at their own deformity?

Opinion, that great fool, makes fools of all,
And once I fear'd her, till I met a mind
Whose grave instructions philosophical
Toss'd it like dust upon a March strong wind:
He shall for ever my example be,
And his embracèd doctrine grow in me.

His soul—and such commend this—that commands
Such art, it should me better satisfy,
Than if the monster clapt his thousand hands,
And drown'd the scene with his confusèd cry;
And if doubts rise, lo, their own names to clear 'em!
Whilst I am happy but to stand so near 'em.

NATHAN FIELD.

31 *commands*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *commaund* Q1, 2. Dyce explains, 'and such souls as his do commend this poem.' But if these words are taken as a parenthesis, what is the construction of the next line? I suggest 'If the play be commended by such as in their souls understand such art'—taking *and* as *an'*—but this is very forced, and I leave the text as Dyce printed it.

36] 'In reference to the ensuing poems.' Weber.

Signature. *Nathan Field*] *N. F.* Q1. *Nath. Field* Q2, etc. *Nathaniel Field* Dyce. But the above seems to be the best authenticated form of the name. Field was one of the first actors of his time. Born in 1587 he belonged to the children of the Chapel Royal in 1600–1, with whom he acted in Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels* and *Poetaster*. In 1610 we find him with the company of the Queen's Revels, in 1613 with Lady Elizabeth's men, and 1616–8 among the King's men. He wrote two plays, *A Woman is a Weathercock* (1612) and *Amends for Ladies* (1618), collaborated with Massinger on the *Fatal Dowry* (1632), and possibly other extant plays, and died in 1633. His portrait is at Dulwich. He very likely acted in the present play.

TO MY FRIEND, MASTER JOHN FLETCHER, UPON HIS 'FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.'

I KNOW too well that, no more than the man
That travels through the burning deserts can,
When he is beaten with the raging sun,
Half smother'd with the dust, have power to run
From a cool river, which himself doth find,
Ere he be slaked ; no more can he whose mind
Joys in the muses hold from that delight,
When nature and his full thoughts bid him write :
Yet wish I those, whom I for friends have known,
To sing their thoughts to no ears but their own.
Why should the man, whose wit ne'er had a stain,
Upon the public stage present his vein,
And make a thousand men in judgement sit,
To call in question his undoubted wit,
Scarce two of which can understand the laws
Which they should judge by, nor the party's cause?
Among the rout there is not one that hath
In his own censure an explicit faith :
One company, knowing they judgement lack,
Ground their belief on the next man in black ;
Others, on him that makes signs and is mute ;
Some like, as he does in the fairest suit ;
He, as his mistress doth ; and she, by chance ;
Nor wants there those who, as the boy doth dance

Verses by Beaumont, in Qq and F.

18 *censure*] i. e. judgement, as always.

20 *man in black*] the habit of dressing in black, a fashion which had passed from Spain to Italy, would indicate a travelled man.

21] The efficiency of this procedure, as calculated to impress the company with the profound judgement of the person who practises it, is constantly emphasized by Jonson ; e. g. 'when any thing's propounded aboue your capacitie, smile at it, make two or three faces, and 'tis excellent, they'le thinke you haue trauail'd : though you argue, a whole day, in silence thus, & discourse in nothing but laughter, 'twill passe' (*Every Man out of his Humour*, III. vi. folio 1616, p. 129).

24 *wants*] So Qq. *want* F, Dyce.

24–5] Music, dancing and other diversions were often introduced between the acts, as well as a so-called jig at the end, of Elizabethan plays.

Between the acts, will censure the whole play;
Some like, if the wax-lights be new that day;
But multitudes there are whose judgement goes
Headlong according to the actors' clothes.
For this, these public things and I agree
So ill, that, but to do aright to thee,
I had not been persuaded to have hurl'd
These few ill-spoken lines into the world,
Both to be read and censured of by those
Whose very reading makes verse senseless prose;
Such as must spend above an hour to spell
A challenge on a post, to know it well.
But since it was thy hap to throw away
Much wit, for which the people did not pay,
Because they saw it not, I not dislike
This second publication, which may strike
Their consciences, to see the thing they scorn'd,
To be with so much wit and art adorn'd.
Besides, one vantage more in this I see:
Your censurers must have the quality
Of reading, which I am afraid is more
Than half your shrewdest judges had before.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

TO THE WORTHY AUTHOR, MASTER JOHN FLETCHER.

THE wise and many-headed bench, that sits
Upon the life and death of plays and wits—
Composed of gamester, captain, knight, knight's man,

26] This would seem to suggest, what we might on general grounds have conjectured, that the play was performed at one of the so-called private houses, which were roofed and lit by artificial light. If, as seems likely, the play was acted by the company of the Queen's Revels, the place of performance was either the Blackfriars or Whitefriars house (see Introd.).

27 *judgement*] So Q4, etc., Dyce. *judgements* Q1–3.

30 *aright*] See Q1, 2. *a right* Q3, etc., Dyce.

Signature. *Francis*] So Dyce. *Fr.* Qq and F.

Verses by Jonson, in Qq and F.

Heading. *Master*] So Dyce. *M.* Q1, 2. *Mr.* Q3, etc.

Lady or pusill that wears mask or fan,
Velvet or taffata cap, rank'd in the dark
With the shop's foreman, or some such brave spark,
That may judge for his sixpence—had, before
They saw it half, damn'd thy whole play and more:
Their motives were, since it had not to do
With vices, which they look'd for and came to.
I, that am glad thy innocence was thy guilt,
And wish that all the muses' blood were spilt
In such a martyrdom, to vex their eyes
Do crown thy murder'd poem, which shall rise
A glorifièd work to time, when fire
Or moths shall eat what all these fools admire.

BEN JONSON.

TO HIS LOVING FRIEND, MASTER JOHN FLETCHER, CONCERNING HIS PASTORAL, BEING BOTH A POEM AND A PLAY.

THERE are no sureties, good friend, will be taken
For works that vulgar good-name hath forsaken:
A poem and a play too! why, 'tis like
A scholar that's a poet; their names strike
Their pestilence inward, when they take the air,
And kill outright; one cannot both fates bear.
But as a poet, that's no scholar, makes
Vulgarity his whiffler, and so takes

4 *pusill*] i. e. mistress, lady of pleasure, distinguished by the wearing of mask or fan from the common courtezan: 'one who pretends to be a virgin' (Dyce). The word which is sometimes written *puzzel*, is also found simply in the sense of wench, drab, and as such used in contradistinction to Fr. *pucelle*. This has led to the supposition that the words are distinct and to the connection of *puzzel* with It. *puzzolente*. There is no reason to suppose that this is so. Cf. the modern Fr. *pucelle de marolles*.

7 *sixpence*] 'i. e. the lowest sum taken at the theatre on the representation of *The Faithful Shepherdess*' (Dyce). But the 'brave spark' who was with a lady 'in the dark' evidently occupied one of the 'rooms' or boxes, and these were certainly not the cheapest places. Jonson is not wasting his scorn upon the groundlings. On theatre prices see Collier's *Hist. Dram. Poet.* (1831), III. p. 341, but the whole subject is difficult and obscure.

Verses by Chapman, in Qq.

Heading. *Master John*] So Dyce. *M. Jo.* Q1, 2. *Mr. Jo.* Q3, etc.

8 *whiffler*] i. e. usher; properly the person who cleared the way for a procession.

Passage with ease and state through both sides' prease
Of pageant-seers; or as scholars please
That are no poets more than poets learn'd,
Since their art solely is by souls discern'd;
The others' falls within the common sense,
And sheds, like common light, her influence;
So, were your play no poem, but a thing
That every cobbler to his patch might sing,
A rout of nifles, like the multitude,
With no one limb of any art endued,
Like would to like, and praise you. But because
Your poem only hath by us applause,
Renews the golden world, and holds through all
The holy laws of homely pastoral,
Where flowers and founts, and nymphs and semi-gods,
And all the graces find their old abodes,
Where forests flourish but in endless verse,
And meadows nothing fit for purchasers;
This iron age, that eats itself, will never
Bite at your golden world, that others ever
Loved as itself. Then, like your book, do you
Live in old peace, and that for praise allow.

G. CHAPMAN.

9 *prease*] i. e. press, crowd.
17 *nifles*] i. e. trifles.
25 *endless*] i. e. immortal.
28 *world, that others ever*] *world; that others, ever* Qq. *world; that other's ever* Dyce, who however did not say how he understood the passage. I should paraphrase: 'which other, later ages have always loved as much as it loved itself,' or possibly Chapman is capable of having meant 'as much as they loved themselves.'
Signature *G.*] So Qq. *George* Dyce.

DEDICATORY VERSES

To that noble and true lover of learning, Sir Walter Aston, knight of the bath.

Sir, I must ask your patience and be true;
This play was never liked, unless by few
That brought their judgements with 'em; for, of late,
First the infection, then the common prate
Of common people, have such customs got,
Either to silence plays or like them not:
Under the last of which this interlude
Had fallen for ever, pressed down by the rude,
That like a torrent, which the moist south feeds,
Drowns both before him the ripe corn and weeds,
Had not the saving sense of better men
Redeem'd it from corruption. Dear sir, then,
Among the better souls, be you the best,
In whom, as in a centre, I take rest
And proper being; from whose equal eye
And judgement nothing grows but purity.
Nor do I flatter, for, by all those dead,
Great in the Muses, by Apollo's head,
He that adds anything to you, 'tis done
Like his that lights a candle to the sun:
Then be, as you were ever, yourself still,
Moved by your judgement, not by love or will;
And when I sing again—as who can tell
My next devotion to that holy well?—
Your goodness to the Muses shall be all
Able to make a work heroical.

Given to your service,
John Fletcher.

Dedicatory verses, in Q1 only.

Sir Walter Aston, of Tixall, Staffordshire, born 1584, was made a Knight of the Bath on James' accession in 1603 (24 July), was in the first creation of baronets (22 May 1611), went twice as Ambassador to Spain, 1620–5 and 1635–8, and was raised to the Scottish peerage in 1627 as Baron Aston of Forfar. He was a patron of Drayton's, and died in 1639.

4 *the infection*] i. e. the plague, which frequently closed the theatres in the early years of the seventeenth century.

TO THE INHERITOR OF ALL WORTHINESS SIR WILLIAM SCIPWITH.

ODE.

IF, from servile hope or love,
I may prove
But so happy to be thought for
Such a one, whose greatest ease
Is to please,
Worthy sir, I've all I sought for:

For no itch of greater name,
Which some claim
By their verses, do I show it
To the world; nor to protest
'Tis the best—
These are lean faults in a poet—

Nor to make it serve to feed
At my need,
Nor to gain acquaintance by it,
Nor to ravish kind attornies
In their journies
Nor to read it after diet.

Far from me are all these aims,
Fittest frames
To build weakness on and pity.
Only to yourself, and such

Sir William Scipwith, or Skipwith, of Cotes in Leicestershire (and descended from the ancient family of the Skipwiths of Yorkshire), was high-sheriff in 1597, and was knighted by James at Worksop, 30 April 1603. His first wife was Margaret, daughter of Roger Cave of Stanford in Leicestershire; his second, Jane, daughter and heir of John Roberts of Wollaston in Northamptonshire. He died 3 May 1610; on a tablet erected to his memory in the church of Prestwould, where he was buried, are lines by Sir John Beaumont. He was a person greatly esteemed and respected, and was celebrated among his friends for 'his witty conceits,' says Burton, cited by Nichols, 'in making fit and acute epigrams, poesies, mottos, and devices, but chiefly in devising apt and fit impreses agreeing and expressing the party's conceit and intendment.' See Nichols' *Leicestershire*, Vol. iii, Part 1, pp. 359, 366. Some verses written by Sir William, printed from a MS., may be found *ibid.*, p. 367. [—Dyce.] Fuller commends his selection for the honour of knighthood. He was Member for Leicestershire in James' first parliament. His son Henry was knighted 19 July 1609, and created Baronet in 1622.

6 *I've*] So Dyce. *I have* Q.

Whose true touch
Makes all good, let me seem witty.
The admirer of your virtues,
JOHN FLETCHER.

TO THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN, SIR ROBERT TOWNESEND.

IF the greatest faults may crave
Pardon where contrition is,
Noble sir, I needs must have
A long one for a long amiss.
If you ask me, how is this?
Upon my faith, I'll tell you frankly,
You love above my means to thank ye.

Yet, according to my talent,
As sour fortune loves to use me,
A poor shepherd I have sent
In home-spun gray for to excuse me;
And may all my hopes refuse me,
But when better comes ashore,
You shall have better, newer, more!
Till when, like our desperate debtors,
Or our three-piled sweet protesters,
I must please you in bare letters,
And so pay my debts, like jesters;
Yet I oft have seen good feasters,
Only for to please the palate,
Leave great meat and choose a sallet.

All yours,
JOHN FLETCHER.

Sir Robert Townesend, or Townshend, was the youngest son of Sir Roger Townshend, who served against the Armada and was knighted at sea in 1588, and brother of Sir John, who was knighted at the siege of Cadiz in 1596–7, and fell in a duel in 1603. Sir Robert himself was knighted by James, 11 May 1603, and married Anne, daughter of William Lord Spencer, dying without issue. He served as Member for Castle Rising and Orford in all parliaments from 42 Elizabeth to the last of James I. [—Weber.]

16 *three-piled*] i. e. wearing the finest velvet.

20 *palate*] Dyce preserved the spelling *pallet* for the sake of the rime, but it hardly indicates any difference of pronunciation.

21 *sallet*] a form of *sallad* not unusual among Elizabeth's writers.

TO THE READER.

If you be not reasonably assured of your knowledge in this kind of poem, lay down the book, or read this, which I would wish had been the prologue. It is a pastoral tragi-comedy, which the people seeing when it was played, having ever had a singular gift in defining, concluded to be a play of country hired shepherds in grey cloaks, with curtailed dogs in strings, sometimes laughing together, and sometimes killing one another: and, missing Whitsun-ales, cream, wassail, and morris-dances, began to be angry. In their error I would not have you fall, lest you incur their censure. Understand, therefore, a pastoral to be a representation of shepherds and shepherdesses with their actions and passions, which must be such as may agree with their natures, at least not exceeding former fictions and vulgar traditions; they are not to be adorned with any art, but such improper ones as nature is said to bestow, as singing and poetry; or such as experience may teach them, as the virtues of herbs and fountains, the ordinary course of the sun, moon, and stars, and such like. But you are ever to remember shepherds to be such as all the ancient poets, and modern of understanding, have received them; that is, the owners of flocks, and not hirelings. A tragi-comedy is not so called in respect of mirth and killing, but in respect it wants deaths, which is enough to make it no tragedy, yet brings some near it, which is enough to make it no comedy, which must be a representation of familiar people, with such kind of trouble as no life be questioned; so that a god is as lawful in this as in a tragedy, and mean people as in a comedy. Thus much I hope will serve to justify my poem, and make you understand it; to teach you more for nothing, I do not know that I am in conscience bound.

JOHN FLETCHER.

To the Reader. In Q1 only.
17 improper] i.e. common, not confined to particular ages, classes, or persons.

VERSES FIRST PRINTED IN THE QUARTO OF 1634

UNTO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, MASTER JOSEPH TAYLOR, UPON HIS PRESENTMENT OF 'THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS' BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN, AT WHITE-HALL, ON TWELFTH-NIGHT LAST, 1633.

WHEN this smooth pastoral was first brought forth,
The age 'twas born in did not know its worth.
Since, by thy cost and industry revived,
It hath a new fame and new birth achived,
Happy in that she found in her distress
A friend as faithful as her Shepherdess;
For having cur'd her from her coarser rents,
And deckt her new with fresh habiliments,
Thou brought'st her to the court, and made her be
A fitting spectacle for majesty.
So have I seen a clouded beauty, drest
In a rich vesture, shine above the rest;
Yet did it not receive more honour from
The glorious pomp than thine own action.
Expect no satisfaction for the same;
Poets can render no reward but fame.
Yet this I'll prophesy: when thou shalt come
Into the confines of Elysium,
Amidst the choir of muses, and the lists
Of famous actors and quick dramatists,

Verses to Taylor, in Q3, etc.

Joseph Taylor, an actor of importance, was born Feb. 1585. He is first heard of as belonging to the Duke of York's men in 1610, in which year he also married. After this he was attached to several companies before he finally joined the King's men in 1619, with whom he remained till the closing of the theatres. He is mentioned as one of the principal members of the company in the Shakespeare folio of 1623, was one of the ten players who signed the dedication to Pembroke in the Beaumont and Fletcher folio of 1647, and together with Lowin published the *Wild Goose Chase* in 1652. Some commendatory verses by him are prefixed to Massinger's *Roman Actor*. He died in 1653. See the 'Variorum' *Shakespeare*, 1821, III. pp. 217, 512, and Collier's *Memoirs of Actors*, p. 249.

4 *achived*] A not uncommon variant of *achieved*, used for the sake of the rime.

So much admired for gesture and for wit,
That there on seats of living marble sit,
The blessèd consort of that numerous train
Shall rise with an applause to entertain
Thy happy welcome, causing thee sit down,
And with a laurel-wreath thy temples crown:
And meantime, while this poem shall be read,
Taylor, thy name shall be eternizèd;
For it is just that thou, who first didst give
Unto this book a life, by it shouldst live.

SHAKERLEY MARMION.

THIS DIALOGUE, NEWLY ADDED, WAS SPOKEN BY WAY OF PROLOGUE, TO BOTH THEIR MAJESTIES, AT THE FIRST ACTING OF THIS PASTORAL AT SOMERSET-HOUSE, ON TWELFTH-NIGHT, 1633.

Priest.

A BROILING lamb on Pan's chief altar lies,
My wreath, my censer, verge, and incense by;
But I delay'd the precious sacrifice
To show thee here a gentler deity.

Signature. *Shakerley Marmion*] So Dyce. *Shack. Marmyon* Q3, etc. Descended from the ancient family of the Marmions of Scrivelsby, Shakerley was born in 1602 at Aynho in Northamptonshire. He was at school at Thame in Oxfordshire, was entered as a gentleman-commoner at Wadham College, Oxford, and took the degree of M.A. in 1624. Either in consequence of his own or his father's extravagance—probably the latter, since Aynho was sold in 1618—he was forced to seek his fortune as a soldier in the Low Countries. He soon, however, returned to England, and seems to have had recourse to his pen for support. He became one of Jonson's literary sons, and contributed to the volume of elegies on his master's death entitled *Jonsonus Virbius* in 1638. In 1629 he had been convicted of stabbing. In 1638 he joined his friend Sir John Suckling's troop of horse, raised in the service of the king, and set out for Scotland. He was taken ill at York, and being removed to London died there in 1639. His 'Moral Poem entitled the Legend of Cupid and Psyche' was presented to the Prince Palatine in 1637. He also left three comedies, which have been printed, *Holland's Leaguer* (1632), *A Fine Companion* (1633), and *The Antiquary* (1641). They have been collected in Maidment and Logan's 'Dramatists of the Restoration'—of all places.

Dialogue, in Q3, etc. It was written by Sir William Davenant, in whose collected works (1673, sig. Qq2, p. 305) it was reprinted with numerous variations.

2 *verge*] i. e. rod.

Nymph.

Nor was I to thy sacred summons slow;
Hither I came as swift as th' eagle's wing,
Or threatening shaft from vex'd Diana's bow,
To see this island's god, the world's best king.

Priest.

Bless, then, that queen that doth his eyes invite
And ears t' obey her sceptre half this night.

Nymph.

Let's sing such welcomes as shall make her sway
Seem easy to him, though it last till day.

Both.

Welcome as peace t' unwallèd cities when
Famine and sword leave them more graves than men;
As spring to birds, or noon-day's sun to th' old
Poor mountain Muscovite congeal'd with cold;
As shore to th' pilot in a safe-known coast,
When's card is broken and his rudder lost.

6 *came . . . eagle's*] *came swift as the eagles* Dav. 1673.
8 *Pan sends his offering to this Island's King* Dav. 1673.
9–10 *Bless then that Queen whose Eies have brought that light*
Which hither led and stays him here;
He now doth shine within her Sphear,
And must obey her Scepter half this night. Dav. 1673.
11 *Let's sing*] *Sing we* Dav. 1673.
13 (heading) *Both*] So Dyce. Q3, etc. omit. *Chorus of both.* Dav. 1673.
13 *t'unwallèd*] *to wealthy* Dav. 1673.
14 *leave them*] *have left* Dav. 1673.
15 *or noon-day's sun to th' old*] *or Phebus to the old* Dav. 1673.
17 *to th' pilot*] *to pilots* Dav. 1673.
18 *Their Cards being broken and their Rudders lost* Dav. 1673. *Card*, or course, means compass, or more properly the disk of the mariner's compass.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PERIGOT.	God or the River.
THENOT.	Satyr.
DAPHNIS.	
ALEXIS.	CLORIN.
Sullen Shepherd.	AMORET.
Old Shepherd.	AMARILLIS.
Priest of Pan.	CLOE.
Shepherds.	Shepherdesses.

SCENE.—*Thessaly.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, from Dyce; not in Qq or F.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Wood before CLORIN'S *Bower.*

Enter CLORIN.

Clorin. Hail, holy earth, whose cold arms do embrace
The truest man that ever fed his flocks
By the fat plains of fruitful Thessaly!
Thus I salute thy grave; thus do I pay
My early vows and tribute of mine eyes
To thy still lovèd ashes; thus I free
Myself from all ensuing heats and fires
Of love; all sports, delights, and merry games,
That shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off.
Now no more shall these smooth brows be girt
With youthful coronals, and lead the dance;
No more the company of fresh fair maids
And wanton shepherds be to me delightful,
Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes
Under some shady dell, when the cool wind
Plays on the leaves: all be far away,

I. i.] The locality was added by Dyce.

Enter Clorin] *a Shepherdess having buried her love in an Arbour* add Q1, etc. She does not enter from burying her love as this might seem to imply: she had done so 'long since,' cf. I. iii. 62.

8 *merry*] So Q2 (B.M. copy). Omit Q1 and Q2 (Dyce copy). *iolly* Q3, etc., Dyce.

10 *be girt*] *be begirt* Q4, etc., Dyce. The alteration is unnecessary; the line wants the anacrusis.

Since thou art far away, by whose dear side
How often have I sat crown'd with fresh flowers
For summer's queen, whilst every shepherd's boy
Puts on his lusty green, with gaudy hook,
And hanging scrip of finest cordevan!
But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,
And all are dead but thy dear memory;
That shall outlive thee, and shall ever spring,
Whilst there are pipes or jolly shepherds sing.
And here will I, in honour of thy love,
Dwell by thy grave, forgetting all those joys
That former times made precious to mine eyes;
Only remembering what my youth did gain
In the dark, hidden virtuous use of herbs:
That will I practise, and as freely give
All my endeavours as I gain'd them free.
Of all green wounds I know the remedies
In men or cattle, be they stung with snakes,
Or charm'd with powerful words of wicked art,
Or be they love-sick, or through too much heat
Grown wild or lunatic, their eyes or ears
Thicken'd with misty film of dulling rheum;
These I can cure, such secret virtue lies
In herbs applièd by a virgin's hand.
My meat shall be what these wild woods afford,
Berries and chesnuts, plantains, on whose cheeks
The sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit
Pull'd from the fair head of the straight-grown pine;
On these I'll feed with free content, and rest,
When night shall blind the world, by thy side blest.

Enter a Satyr *bearing fruits, etc.*

Sat. Thorough yon same bending plain,
That flings his arms down to the main,
And through these thick woods, have I run,

21 *cordevan*] i. e. Cordova leather.
31 *will I*] So Q2, etc., Dyce. *I will I* Q1.
46 s.d. bearing fruits, etc.] Not in Qq or F. *with a basket of fruit* Dyce.
47 *Thorough*] So Seward, 'and perhaps rightly,' says Dyce, 'though not warranted by the old eds.' *Through* Qq, F, Dyce. I cannot believe that Fletcher meant to begin with a three-beat line. Seward also compared *Mids. N. Dream*, II. i. 2, the song 'Over hill, over dale.'

Whose bottom never kiss'd the sun
Since the lusty spring began;
All to please my master Pan,
Have I trotted without rest
To get him fruit; for at a feast
He entertains, this coming night,
His paramour, the Syrinx bright.—
But, behold, a fairer sight!
[*Seeing* CLORIN, *he stands amazed.*
By that heavenly form of thine,
Brightest fair, thou art divine,
Sprong from great immortal race
Of the gods; for in thy face
Shines more awful majesty
Than dull weak mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live: therefore on this mould
Lowly do I bend my knee
In worship of thy deity.
Deign it, goddess, from my hand
To receive whate'er this land
From her fertile womb doth send
Or her choice fruits; and but lend
Belief to that the Satyr tells:
Fairer by the famous wells
To this present day ne'er grew,
Never better nor more true.
Here be grapes, whose lusty blood
Is the learnèd poet's good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus; nuts more brown
Than the squirrel's teeth that crack them;
Deign, O fairest fair, to tak' them!

57 s.d. He stands amazed. Q1, etc.
60 *Sprong*] *Sprung* Q3, etc., Dyce.
80 'But the teeth of the squirrel is the only visible part that is not brown' is Seward's pertinent remark. Weber cited Herrick, *Oberon's Feast:*

> the Red-capt worme, that's shut
> Within the concave of a Nut,
> Browne as his Tooth; (ed. Grosart, 1876, ii. p. 26)

which, however, is clearly a reminiscence of the present passage. Dyce retained the text as it stands but did not explain it. Seward wanted to read 'Than the squirrel whose teeth crack them,' but this is both clumsy and point-

For these black-eyed Dryope
Hath oftentimes commanded me
With my claspèd knee to climb:
See how well the lusty time
Hath deck'd their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread!
Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, some be green;
These are of that luscious meat,
The great god Pan himself doth eat:
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain, or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong;
Till when, humbly leave I take,
Lest the great Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade.
I must go, I must run
Swifter than the fiery sun. [*Exit.*
Clo. And all my fears go with thee!
What greatness, or what private hidden power
Is there in me, to draw submission
From this rude man and beast? Sure I am mortal,
The daughter of a shepherd; he was mortal,
And she that bore me mortal: prick my hand,
And it will bleed; a fever shakes me, and
The self-same wind that makes the young lambs shrink

---

less. K. Deighton (*Conjectural Readings*, 1896, p. 37) thinks that the text as it stands can mean this, but the inversion is an impossible one. The difficulty may be solved by supposing a sort of pun: the nuts are as brown (in colour) as the squirrel's teeth are brown (bright, polished, as in 'brown sword'); but this is far from satisfactory. The simple explanation seems to be that Fletcher's expression is confused, and that while meaning nuts as brown as the squirrel, he has said, as brown as the squirrel's teeth. 'Seward remarks that in these presents Fletcher had undoubtedly both Vergil and Theocritus in his eye, *Ecl.* III. 70, Elt. γ' 10. Perhaps so: but I may just notice that the Satyr in Tasso's *Aminta* [I. ii.] speaks of the fruit which he had offered to Silvia.'—Dyce.

82 *black-eyed*] *black ey'd* Q1, etc. *black-eyèd* Dyce. Dyce's reading, which is directly opposed to that of the old eds., is singularly cacophonous and quite unnecessary. Cf. l. 10; the licence is, of course, particularly frequent in the four-beat line.

97–9 Seward compares Theocritus, *Id.* I. 15.

108–9 Division as in Dyce. Qq and F divide after *me*.

Makes me a-cold: my fear says I am mortal.
Yet I have heard—my mother told it me,
And now I do believe it—if I keep
My virgin flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,
No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elf, or fiend,
Satyr, or other power than haunts these groves,
Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
Draw me to wander after idle fires;
Or voices calling me in dead of night,
To make me follow, and so tole me on,
Through mire and standing pools, to find my ruin.
Else why should this rough thing, who never knew
Manners nor smooth humanity, whose heats
Are rougher than himself and more mis-shapen,
Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure there is a power
In that great name of virgin, that binds fast
All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
That break their confines: then, strong chastity,
Be thou my strongest guard, for here I'll dwell
In opposition against fate and hell! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

In the neighbourhood of a village.

Enter an Old Shepherd, *with him four couples of* Shepherds *and* Shepherdesses, *among whom are* PERIGOT *and* AMORET.

Old Shep. Now we have done this holy festival
In honour of our great god, and his rites

114, etc. Seward compares *Comus*, ll. 205, etc., and 432, etc., and *Paradise Lost*, IX. 639.
115 *these*] *the* Q2, etc., Dyce.
119 *tole*] or *toll*, i. e. draw, entice.
120 So Q2, etc., Dyce. *Through mires and standing pooles:* Q1.
129 s.d. Omit Qq, F. Retires into the bower. Dyce.
SCENE II.] The scenes are not marked in the old eds., nor, of course, the localities.
s.d. among . . . Amoret, Added by Dyce.

Perform'd, prepare yourselves for chaste
And uncorrupted fires; that as the priest
With powerful hand shall sprinkle on your brows
His pure and holy water, ye may be
From all hot flames of lust and loose thoughts free.
Kneel, shepherds, kneel; here comes the priest of Pan.
[*They kneel.*

Enter Priest.

Priest. Shepherds, thus I purge away
[*Sprinkling them with water.*
Whatsoever this great day,
Or the past hours, gave not good,
To corrupt your maiden blood.
From the high rebellious heat
Of the grapes, and strength of meat,
From the wanton quick desires
They do kindle by their fires
I do wash you with this water;
Be you pure and fair hereafter!
From your livers and your veins
Thus I take away the stains:
All your thoughts be smooth and fair;
Be ye fresh and free as air!
Never more let lustful heat
Through your purgèd conduits beat,
Or a plighted troth be broken,
Or a wanton verse be spoken
In a shepherdess's ear:
Go your ways, ye are all clear.
[*They rise and sing in praise of Pan.*

THE SONG.

Sing his praises that doth keep
Our flocks from harm,
Pan, the father of our sheep;
And arm in arm

3] 'Some word seems to have dropt out: qu. "Duly perform'd"?'—Dyce. I have little doubt that we have the text as Fletcher wrote it.
8 and 9 s.d. Added by Dyce.
19 *livers*] Supposed to be the seat of desire.

Tread we softly in a round,
Whilst the hollow neighbouring ground
Fills the music with her sound.

Pan, O great god Pan, to thee
Thus do we sing!
Thou that keep'st us chaste and free
As the young spring;
Ever be thy honour spoke,
From that place the Morn is broke
To that place Day doth unyoke!

[*Exeunt omnes but* PERIGOT *and* AMORET.

Peri. Stay, gentle Amoret, thou fair-brow'd maid;
Thy shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee dear,
Equal with his soul's good.
Amo. Speak; I give
Thee freedom, shepherd, and thy tongue be still
The same it ever was, as free from ill
As he whose conversation never knew
The court or city; be thou ever true!
Peri. When I fall off from my affection,
Or mingle my clean thoughts with foul desires,
First, let our great god cease to keep my flocks,
That, being left alone without a guard,
The wolf, or winter's rage, summer's great heat
And want of water, rots, or what to us
Of ill is yet unknown, fall speedily,
And in their general ruin let me go!
Amo. I pray thee, gentle shepherd, wish not so:
I do believe thee; 'tis as hard for me
To think thee false, and harder, than for thee
To hold me foul.
Peri. Oh, you are fairer far
Than the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star
That guides the wandering seaman through the deep;
Straighter than the straightest pine upon the steep
Head of an agèd mountain, and more white
Than the new milk we strip before day-light
From the full-freighted bags of our fair flocks;
Your hair more beauteous than those hanging locks
Of young Apollo!

46 *shepherd, and*] So Q1, etc. *shepherd; and* Dyce. But I fancy that *and* is conditional (*an'*, i. e. if).
64 *than the*] *then the* Q1. *then* Q2. *than* Q3, etc., Dyce.

Amo. Shepherd, be not lost;
Ye are sail'd too far already from the coast
Of our discourse.
Peri. Did you not tell me once
I should not love alone, I should not lose
Those many passions, vows, and holy oaths,
I have sent to heaven? did you not give your hand,
Even that fair hand, in hostage? Do not, then,
Give back again those sweets to other men,
You yourself vow'd were mine.
Amo. Shepherd, so far as maiden's modesty
May give assurance, I am once more thine,
Once more I give my hand: be ever free
From that great foe to faith, foul jealousy!
Peri. I take it as my best good; and desire,
For stronger confirmation of our love,
To meet this happy night in that fair grove,
Where all true shepherds have rewarded been
For their long service: say, sweet, shall it hold?
Amo. Dear friend, you must not blame me, if I make
A doubt of what the silent night may do,
Coupled with this day's heat, to move your blood:
Maids must be fearful. Sure you have not been
Wash'd white enough, for yet I see a stain
Stick in your liver: go and purge again.
Peri. Oh, do not wrong my honest simple truth!
Myself and my affections are as pure
As those chaste flames that burn before the shrine
Of the great Dian: only my intent
To draw you thither was to plight our troths,
With interchange of mutual chaste embraces,
And ceremonious tying of our souls.
For to that holy wood is consecrate
A virtuous well, about whose flowery banks
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds
By the pale moonshine, dipping oftentimes

70 *Ye are*] *You are* Dyce, and so frequently.

102–4] Ben Jonson must have had these lines in mind when he wrote the passage in the *Sad Shepherd* about the 'white Faies':

> And span-long Elves, that dance about a poole!
> With each a little Changeling, in their armes!
> (l. 976, II. viii., ed. 1640, p. 150.)

Their stolen children, so to make them free
From dying flesh and dull mortality :
By this fair fount hath many a shepherd sworn,
And given away his freedom, many a troth
Been plight, which neither envy nor old time
Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given,
In hope of coming happiness ;
By this fresh fountain many a blushing maid
Hath crown'd the head of her long-lovèd shepherd
With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung
Lays of his love and dear captivity ;
There grows all herbs fit to cool looser flames
Our sensual parts provoke, chiding our bloods,
And quenching by their power those hidden sparks
That else would break out, and provoke our sense
To open fires ; so virtuous is that place.
Then, gentle shepherdess, believe, and grant :
In troth, it fits not with that face to scant
Your faithful shepherd of those chaste desires
He ever aim'd at, and——

Amo. Thou hast prevail'd : farewell. This coming night
Shall crown thy chaste hopes with long-wish'd delight.

Peri. Our great god Pan reward thee for that good
Thou hast given thy poor shepherd ! Fairest bud
Of maiden virtues, when I leave to be
The true admirer of thy chastity,
Let me deserve the hot polluted name
Of a wild woodman, or affect some dame
Whose often prostitution hath begot
More foul diseases than ever yet the hot
Sun bred through his burnings, whilst the Dog

110–1] Divided as in Dyce. Qq, F divide after *this*.
115 *grows*] So Qq, F. *grow* Dyce. For a singular verb preceding a plural subject, cf. *Philaster*, I. i. 1.
131 *a wild*] So Q1, Dyce. *the wild*, Q2, etc.
133 *ever*] So Qq, F. *e'er* Dyce.
134, etc. Evidently, as Seward observed, suggested by the lines in he *Shepherd's Calendar* (VII. 21) describing the sun in July :

The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,
with Dogge of noysome breath,
Whose balefull barking bringes in hast
pyne, plagues, and dreery death.

Seward also compares Vergil, *Aeneid*, X. 273.
134 *through*] So Qq, F. *th[o]rough* Dyce. Cf. I. i. 10.

Pursues the raging Lion, throwing fog
And deadly vapour from his angry breath,
Filling the lower world with plague and death!
[*Exit* AMORET.

Enter AMARILLIS.

Amar. Shepherd, may I desire to be believed,
What I shall blushing tell?
Peri. Fair maid, you may.
Amar. Then, softly thus: I love thee, Perigot;
And would be gladder to be loved again
Than the cold earth is in his frozen arms
To clip the wanton spring. Nay, do not start,
Nor wonder that I woo thee, thou that art
The prime of our young grooms, even the top
Of all our lusty shepherds. What dull eye,
That never was acquainted with desire,
Hath seen thee wrastle, run, or cast the stone,
With nimble strength and fair delivery,
And hath not sparkled fire, and speedily
Sent secret heat to all the neighbouring veins?
Who ever heard thee sing, that brought again
That freedom back was lent unto thy voice?
Then, do not blame me, shepherd, if I be
One to be number'd in this company,
Since none that ever saw thee yet were free.
Peri. Fair shepherdess, much pity I can lend
To your complaints; but sure I shall not love:
All that is mine, myself and my best hopes,
Are given already. Do not love him, then,
That cannot love again; on other men
Bestow those heats, more free that may return
You fire for fire, and in one flame equal burn.
Amar. Shall I rewarded be so slenderly
For my affection, most unkind of men?
If I were old, or had agreed with art

137 s.d. So Q2, etc., Dyce. Enter another Shepheardesse that is in love with Perigot. Q1.
143 *clip*] i. e. embrace.
148 *wrastle*] So Qq, F. *wrestle* Dyce.

To give another nature to my cheeks,
Or were I common mistress to the love
Of every swain, or could I with such ease
Call back my love as many a wanton doth,
Thou mightst refuse me, shepherd; but to thee
I am only fix'd and set; let it not be
A sport, thou gentle shepherd, to abuse
The love of silly maid.
Peri. Fair soul, you use
These words to little end: for know, I may
Better call back that time was yesterday,
Or stay the coming night, than bring my love
Home to myself again, or recreant prove.
I will no longer hold you with delays:
This present night I have appointed been
To meet that chaste fair that enjoys my soul,
In yonder grove, there to make up our loves.
Be not deceived no longer, choose again:
These neighbouring plains have many a comely swain,
Fresher and freer far than I e'er was;
Bestow that love on them, and let me pass.
Farewell: be happy in a better choice! [*Exit.*
Amar. Cruel, thou hast struck me deader with thy voice
Than if the angry heavens with their quick flames
Had shot me through. I must not leave to love,
I cannot; no, I must enjoy thee, boy,
Though the great dangers 'twixt my hopes and that
Be infinite. There is a shepherd dwells
Down by the moor, whose life hath ever shown
More sullen discontent than Saturn's brow
When he sits frowning on the births of men;
One that doth wear himself away in loneness,
And never joys, unless it be in breaking
The holy plighted troths of mutual souls;
One that lusts after every several beauty,
But never yet was known to love or like,
Were the face fairer or more full of truth
Than Phœbe in her fulness, or the youth
Of smooth Lyæus; whose nigh-starvèd flocks

204 *Lyæus*] i. e. Bacchus.

Are always scabby, and infect all sheep
They feed withal; whose lambs are ever last,
And die before their weaning; and whose dog
Looks, like his master, lean and full of scurf,
Not caring for the pipe or whistle. This man may,
If he be well wrought, do a deed of wonder,
Forcing me passage to my long desires:
And here he comes, as fitly to my purpose
As my quick thoughts could wish for.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. Fresh beauty, let me not be thought uncivil,
Thus to be partner of your loneness: 'twas
My love, that ever-working passion, drew
Me to this place, to seek some remedy
For my sick soul. Be not unkind and fair,
For such the mighty Cupid in his doom
Hath sworn to be avenged on; then, give room
To my consuming fires, that so I may
Enjoy my long desires, and so allay
Those flames that else would burn my life away.

Amar. Shepherd, were I but sure thy heart were sound
As thy words seem to be, means might be found
To cure thee of thy long pains; for to me
That heavy youth-consuming misery
The love-sick soul endures never was pleasing:
I could be well content with the quick easing
Of thee and thy hot fires, might it procure
Thy faith and farther service to be sure.

Sull. Shep. Name but that great work, danger, or what can
Be compass'd by the wit or art of man,
And, if I fail in my performance, may
I never more kneel to the rising day!

Amar. Then, thus I try thee, shepherd. This same night
That now comes stealing on, a gentle pair
Have promised equal love, and do appoint

232 Sull. Shep.] So Dyce. Omit Q1. Sull. Q2–5. Shep. F.

To make yon wood the place where hands and hearts
Are to be tied for ever: break their meeting
And their strong faith, and I am ever thine.
Sull. Shep. Tell me their names, and if I do not move,
By my great power, the centre of their love
From his fix'd being, let me never more
Warm me by those fair eyes I thus adore.
Amar. Come; as we go, I'll tell thee what they are,
And give thee fit directions for thy work. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter CLOE.

Cloe. How have I wrong'd the times or men, that thus,
After this holy feast, I pass unknown
And unsaluted? 'Twas not wont to be
Thus frozen with the younger company
Of jolly shepherds; 'twas not then held good
For lusty grooms to mix their quicker blood
With that dull humour, most unfit to be
The friend of man, cold and dull chastity.
Sure I am held not fair, or am too old,
Or else not free enough, or from my fold
Drive not a flock sufficient great to gain
The greedy eyes of wealth-alluring swain.
Yet, if I may believe what others say,
My face has foil enough; nor can they lay
Justly too strict a coyness to my charge;

SCENE III.] Not marked in Qq, F. Dyce adds *Another part of the Wood*, but there is no reason to suppose a change of scene.

Similar reflexions, as Weber remarks, are to be found in the soliloquy of Corisca in the *Pastor Fido* (I. iii.). Seward, as usual, compares Theocritus and Vergil (*Id.* VI. 34, *Ecl.* II. 19).

12 *wealth-alluring*] 'The true reading is undoubtedly *wealth-allured*.'—Heath, MS. Notes. 'I believe the text is as Fletcher gave it.'—Dyce. The licence by which an active takes the place of a passive participle is not uncommon in Elizabethan writers. Cf. Franz, *Shak. Gram.*, § 504.

14 *foil*] So Q1, Dyce. *soile*, Q2, etc. '*Feuille* . . . the foyle of precious stones, or looking-glasses; and hence a grace, beautie, or glorie given unto.'—Cotgrave, quoted by Dyce.

My flocks are many, and the downs as large
They feed upon: then, let it ever be
Their coldness, not my virgin-modesty
Makes me complain.

Enter THENOT.

The. Was ever man but I
Thus truly taken with uncertainty?
Where shall that man be found that loves a mind
Made up in constancy, and dares not find
His love rewarded? Here, let all men know,
A wretch that lives to love his mistress so.
Cloe. Shepherd, I pray thee stay. Where hast thou been?
Or whither goest thou? Here be woods as green
As any; air as fresh and sweet
As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curlèd streams; with flowers as many
As the young spring gives, and as choice as any;
Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
Arbours o'ergrown with woodbines, caves, and dells;
Choose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
Or gather rushes, to make many a ring
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love,
How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmus, where she stoops each night,
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
To kiss her sweetest.
The. Far from me are these
Hot flashes, bred from wanton heat and ease;
I have forgot what love and loving meant;
Rimes, songs, and merry rounds, that oft are sent

20 *uncertainty*] i. e. inconsistency, the desire of things incompatible (cf. II. iii. 157).
26, etc. Seward compares Theocritus (*Id.* V. 45) and Vergil (*Ecl.* IX. 40).
27 *air as fresh*] So Q1, 3. *air is fresh* Q 2. *air likewise as fresh* Q4, etc., Dyce.
32 *o'ergrown*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *are grown* Q1, 2.
46 *rounds*] i. e. roundelays.

To the soft ear of maid, are strange to me:
Only I live t' admire a chastity,
That neither pleasing age, smooth tongue, or gold,
Could ever break upon, so sure a mould
Is that her mind was cast in; 'tis to her
I only am reserved; she is my form I stir
By, breathe and move; 'tis she, and only she,
Can make me happy, or give misery.
Cloe. Good shepherd, may a stranger crave to know
To whom this dear observance you do owe?
The. You may, and by her virtue learn to square
And level out your life; for to be fair,
And nothing virtuous, only fits the eye
Of gaudy youth and swelling vanity.
Then, know, she's called the Virgin of the Grove,
She that hath long since buried her chaste love,
And now lives by his grave, for whose dear soul
She hath vow'd herself into the holy roll
Of strict virginity: 'tis her I so admire,
Not any looser blood or new desire. [*Exit.*
Cloe. Farewell, poor swain! thou art not for my bend;
I must have quicker souls, whose words may tend
To some free action: give me him dare love
At first encounter, and as soon dare prove!

THE SONG.

Come, shepherds, come!
Come away without delay,
Whilst the gentle time doth stay.
Green woods are dumb,
And will never tell to any
Those dear kisses, and those many
Sweet embraces that are given;
Dainty pleasures, that would even
Raise in coldest age a fire,
And give virgin-blood desire.

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49 *pleasing age*] i. e. youth.
50 *break upon*] i. e. break in upon.
so sure a mould] So Q1. *so sure the Molde* Q2–5, Dyce. *so pure a Mold* F.
66 s.d. Added by Dyce.
67 *bend*] i. e. bent, purpose.
70 s.d. Sings. Dyce.
72 Printed as two lines in Dyce.

Then, if ever,
Now or never,
Come and have it:
Think not I
Dare deny,
If you crave it.

Enter DAPHNIS.

[*Aside.*] Here comes another. Better be my speed,
Thou god of blood! But certain, if I read
Not false, this is that modest shepherd, he
That only dare salute, but ne'er could be
Brought to kiss any, hold discourse, or sing,
Whisper, or boldly ask that wishèd thing
We all are born for; one that makes loving faces,
And could be well content to covet graces,
Were they not got by boldness. In this thing
My hopes are frozen; and, but fate doth bring
Him hither, I would sooner choose
A man made out of snow, and freer use
An eunuch to my ends; but since he 's here,
Thus I attempt him.—Thou, of men most dear,
Welcome to her that only for thy sake
Hath been content to live! Here, boldly take
My hand in pledge, this hand, that never yet
Was given away to any; and but sit
Down on this rushy bank, whilst I go pull
Fresh blossoms from the boughs, or quickly cull
The choicest delicates from yonder mead,
To make thee chains or chaplets, or to spread
Under our fainting bodies, when delight
Shall lock up all our senses. How the sight
Of those smooth rising cheeks renew the story
Of young Adonis, when in pride and glory
He lay infolded 'twixt the beating arms
Of willing Venus! Methinks stronger charms
Dwell in those speaking eyes, and on that brow
More sweetness than the painters can allow
To their best pieces. Not Narcissus, he
That wept himself away in memory

97 'A word probably has dropt out.'—Dyce. Perhaps.
99 *he's*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *hee is*, Q1, 2.
112 Seward again compares Theocritus, *Id.* III.

Of his own beauty, nor Silvanus' boy,
Nor the twice-ravish'd maid, for whom old Troy
Fell by the hand of Pyrrhus, may to thee
Be otherwise compared, than some dead tree
To a young fruitful olive.
Daph. I can love,
But I am loath to say so, lest I prove
Too soon unhappy.
Cloe. Happy, thou wouldst say.
My dearest Daphnis, blush not; if the day
To thee and thy soft heats be enemy,
Then take the coming night; fair youth, 'tis free
To all the world. Shepherd, I'll meet thee then
When darkness hath shut up the eyes of men,
In yonder grove: speak, shall our meeting hold?
Indeed ye are too bashful; be more bold,
And tell me ay.
Daph. I am content to say so,
And would be glad to meet, might I but pray so
Much from your fairness, that you would be true.
Cloe. Shepherd, thou hast thy wish.
Daph. Fresh maid, adieu.
Yet one word more: since you have drawn me on
To come this night, fear not to meet alone
That man that will not offer to be ill,
Though your bright self would ask it, for his fill
Of this world's goodness; do not fear him, then,
But keep your pointed time. Let other men
Set up their bloods to sale, mine shall be ever
Fair as the soul it carries, and unchaste never. [*Exit.*
Cloe. Yet am I poorer than I was before.
Is it not strange, among so many a score
Of lusty bloods, I should pick out these things,
Whose veins, like a dull river far from springs,
Is still the same, slow, heavy, and unfit
For stream or motion, though the strong winds hit
With their continual power upon his sides?
Oh, happy be your names that have been brides,

119 *Silvanus' boy*] i. e. Cyparissus, beloved of Silvanus, metamorphosed into a cypress, because he slew Silvanus' favourite stag.
120 *twice-ravish'd maid*] Helen was carried off as a child by Theseus.
123-4] Divided as in Q2, etc., and Dyce. Q1 divides after *olive*.

And tasted those rare sweets for which I pine!
And far more heavy be thy grief and tine,
Thou lazy swain, that mayst relieve my needs,
That his upon whose liver always feeds
A hungry vulture!

Enter ALEXIS.

Alex. Can such beauty be
Safe in his own guard, and not draw the eye
Of him that passeth on, to greedy gaze
Or covetous desire, whilst in a maze
The better part contemplates, giving rein,
And wished freedom to the labouring vein?
Fairest and whitest, may I crave to know
The cause of your retirement, why ye go
Thus all alone? Methinks the downs are sweeter,
And the young company of swains more meeter,
Than these forsaken and untrodden places.
Give not yourself to loneness, and those graces
Hide from the eyes of men, that were intended
To live amongst us swains.

Cly. Thou art befriended,
Shepherd: in all my life I have not seen
A man, in whom greater contents have been,
Than thou thyself art. I could tell thee more,
Were there but any hope left to restore
My freedom lost. Oh, lend me all thy red,
Thou shamefast Morning, when from Tithon's bed
Thou risest ever maiden!

Alex. If for me,
Thou sweetest of all sweets, these flashes be,

154 *tine*] i. e. sorrow. *time*, Q2, etc.

156 This naturally suggests to our minds Prometheus, but Fletcher is quite as likely to have had the giant Tityos in mind, who was condemned to the same torment. Greene frequently alludes to him, classing him among the other worthies of Hades; but the two characters may very likely have been confused.

167, etc. Weber compares *Comus*, l. 393. 'The resemblance between these passages, which after all is but a faint one, had been already pointed out by Warton.'—Dyce.

166 *more*] *far*, Q4, etc. The double comparative, however, was common.
167 *these*] *those* Q2, etc.
172 *have*] So Q4, Dyce. *hath* Q1–3.
176 *shamefast*] So Qq, F. *shamefac'd* Dyce.

Speak, and be satisfied. Oh, guide her tongue,
My better angel; force my name among
Her modest thoughts, that the first word may be——
Cloe. Alexis, when the sun shall kiss the sea,
Taking his rest by the white Thetis' side,
Meet me in the holy wood, where I'll abide
Thy coming, shepherd.
Alex. If I stay behind,
An everlasting dulness, and the wind,
That as he passeth by shuts up the stream
Of Rhine or Volga, whilst the sun's hot beam
Beats back again, seize me, and let me turn
To coldness more than ice! Oh, how I burn
And rise in youth and fire! I dare not stay.
Cloe. My name shall be your word.
Alex. Fly, fly, thou day! [*Exit.*
Cloe. My grief is great, if both these boys should fail:
He that will use all winds must shift his sail. [*Exit.*

181 I am not sure whether it is necessary to regard the speech as unfinished. Alexis may possibly mean 'that it may have the foremost place there.'
192 s.d. So Q3, &c. Marked at line 191 in Q1, 2.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Pasture.

Enter an Old Shepherd *ringing a bell, and the* Priest of Pan *following.*

Priest. Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is;
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads:
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead Night from under ground;
At whose rising mists unsound,
Damps and vapours fly apace,
Hovering o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom:
Therefore, from such danger lock
Every one his lovèd flock;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and, ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away;
Or the crafty thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.

II. i. Locality added by Dyce.
ringing a bell] So Dyce. with a bell ringing Qq, F.
9 *low*] So Q4, etc., Dyce. *lowde*, Q1–3. Dyce queries whether *lowde* and *down* in l. 10 have not got transposed. The passage is certainly suspicious for the construction of ll. 10–1 is very unusual, and I should be inclined to adopt Dyce's suggestion, except that one would hardly lay stress on a star calling loudly—the metaphor is daring enough without that.

To secure yourselves from these,
Be not too secure in ease ;
Let one eye his watches keep,
Whilst the tother eye doth sleep ;
So you shall good shepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers,
And soft silence, fall in numbers
On your eyelids ! So, farewell :
Thus I end my evening's knell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Wood before CLORIN'S *Bower.*

Enter CLORIN, *sorting herbs.*

Clo. Now let me know what my best art hath done,
Helped by the great power of the virtuous moon
In her full light. Oh, you sons of earth,
You only brood, unto whose happy birth
Virtue was given, holding more of nature
Than man, her first-born and most perfect creature,
Let me adore you ! you, that only can
Help or kill nature, drawing out that span
Of life and breath even to the end of time ;
You, that these hands did crop long before prime
Of day, give me your names, and, next, your hidden
power.
This is the clote, bearing a yellow flower ;
And this, black hoarhound ; both are very good
For sheep or shepherd bitten by a wood

SCENE II.] Not marked in Qq, F. Locality added by Dyce.
s.d.] So Dyce. Enter *Clorin*, the *Shepherdess*, sorting of herbs, and telling the natures of them. Qq, F.
12 *clote*] i. e. burdock ; the name is also dialectally applied to the yellow water lily.
13 *black hoarhound*] This is a better form than *horehound*, as printed in the old eds. and Dyce, but *hoarhown* would be better still (M.E. *hôrhowne*). Hoarhound is *Marrubicun vulgare*, but Black, Fetid or Stinking Hoarhound is *Ballota nigra*.
14 *wood*] i. e. mad.

Dog's venomed tooth: these rhamnus' branches are,
Which, stuck in entries, or about the bar
That holds the door fast, kill all enchantments, charms—
Were they Medea's verses—that do harms
To men or cattle: these for frenzy be
A speedy and a sovereign remedy,
The bitter wormwood, sage, and marigold,
Such sympathy with man's good they do hold:
This tormentil, whose virtue is to part
All deadly killing poison from the heart:
And, here, narcissus root, for swellings best:
Yellow lysimachus, to give sweet rest
To the faint shepherd, killing, where it comes,
All busy gnats, and every fly that hums:
For leprosy, darnel and celandine,
With calamint, whose virtues do refine
The blood of man, making it free and fair
As the first hour it breathed, or the best air:
Here, other two; but your rebellious use
Is not for me, whose goodness is abuse;
Therefore, foul standergrass, from me and mine
I banish thee, with lustful turpentine;
You that entice the veins and stir the heat
To civil mutiny, scaling the seat
Our reason moves in, and deluding it
With dreams and wanton fancies, till the fit

15 *rhamnus'*] So Dyce. *Ramuus* Q1 (Dyce & Bodl. copies). *Ramuns* Q1 (B.M. copy), etc. *Rhamnus catharticus* is buckthorn.

17 *fast*] So Q1 (B.M. copy), etc. Omit Q1 (Dyce & Bodl. copies) and Dyce. It is clear from the readings of the Dyce copy (only a few of which are here cited) that it contains an uncorrected sheet. Those of the B.M. copy are therefore to be preferred. In the present case *fast* is undoubtedly right, but the corrector may have intended and omitted to strike out *all* in the second half of the line, which as it stands is hypermetrical.

26 *lysimachus*] i. e. 'willow-herb or loose-strife,' according to Gerarde's *Herbal* as cited by Dyce. The name *loose-strife* is now applied to various species of *Lysimachia* which have yellow flowers; but by willow-herb we understand the *Epilobium* (usually *spicatum* or *longifolium*), which has bright purple-pink flowers.

29 *celandine*] *Sellondine* Q1, etc.

30 *calamint*] i. e. an aromatic plant of the family of labiates.

30, etc. Weber compares *Comus*, l. 668, etc., which seems hardly to the purpose.

35 *standergrass*] i. e. satyrion (Weber), *cynosorchis* or hounds-cod (Gerarde's *Herbal*), modern *Orchis mascula*—presumably all meaning the same.

36 *turpentine*] i. e. the terebinth, a tree growing about the Mediterranean, from which turpentine was originally obtained.

Of burning lust be quench'd, by appetite
Robbing the soul of blessedness and light:
And thou, light varvin, too, thou must go after,
Provoking easy souls to mirth and laughter;
No more shall I dip thee in water now,
And sprinkle every post and every bough
With thy well-pleasing juice, to make the grooms
Swell with high mirth, as with joy all the rooms.

Enter THENOT.

The. This is the cabin where the best of all
Her sex that ever breathed, or ever shall
Give heat or happiness to the shepherd's side,
Doth only to her worthy self abide.
Thou blessèd star, I thank thee for thy light,
Thou by whose power the darkness of sad night
Is banish'd from the earth, in whose dull place
Thy chaster beams play on the heavy face
Of all the world, making the blue sea smile,
To see how cunningly thou dost beguile
Thy brother of his brightness, giving day
Again from chaos; whiter than that way
That leads to Jove's high court, and chaster far
Than chastity itself, yon blessèd star
That nightly shines! thou, all the constancy
That in all women was or e'er shall be;
From whose fair eye-balls flies that holy fire
That poets style the mother of desire,
Infusing into every gentle breast
A soul of greater price, and far more blest,
Than that quick power which gives a difference
'Twixt man and creatures of a lower sense!

43 *varvin*] i. e. vervain (as Dyce prints).
48 *as*] So Q1 (B.M. copy), etc. *and* Q1 (Dyce & Bodl. copies) and Dyce.
61 Cf. *Comus*, l. 1.
62 *yon*] So Q1 (B.M. copy), Q3, etc. *you* Q1 (Dyce & Bodl. copies) 2, Dyce. The fact that the reading was corrected in the B.M. quarto places it beyond doubt. Lines 53 to 60, 'Thou blessèd star . . . Again from chaos' are addressed to the moon. Thenot then addresses Clorin as 'whiter than that [milky] way,' referring back again to the moon as 'chastity itself,' which he explains by the appositional phrase 'yon blessèd star that nightly shines.' K. Deighton (*Conjectural Readings*, 1896, p. 38) proposes the violent and very unsatisfactory emendation, 'Thou blessèd star That brightly outshin'st all the constancy.'
66 *That poets style*] So Q2, etc. *That ports stile* Q1 (B.M. copy). *That stiled is the* Q1 (Dyce & Bodl. copies).

Clo. Shepherd, how cam'st thou hither to this place?
No way is trodden; all the verdant grass
The spring shot up stands yet unbruisèd here
Of any foot; only the dappled deer,
Far from the fearèd sound of crookèd horn,
Dwells in this fastness.
The. Chaster than the morn,
I have not wander'd, or by strong illusion
Into this virtuous place have made intrusion:
But hither am I come, believe me, fair,
To seek you out, of whose great good the air
Is full, and strongly labours, whilst the sound
Breaks against heaven, and drives into a stound
The amazèd shepherd, that such virtue can
Be resident in lesser than a man.
Clo. If any art I have, or hidden skill,
May cure thee of disease or fester'd ill,
Whose grief or greenness to another's eye
May seem unpossible of remedy,
I dare yet undertake it.
The. 'Tis no pain
I suffer through disease, no beating vein
Conveys infection dangerous to the heart,
No part impostumed, to be cured by art,
This body holds; and yet a feller grief
Than ever skilful hand did give relief
Dwells on my soul, and may be heal'd by you,
Fair, beauteous virgin.
Clo. Then, shepherd, let me sue
To know thy grief: that man yet never knew
The way to health that durst not show his sore.
The. Then, fairest, know, I love you.
Clo. Swain, no more!

71, etc. Warton and Weber compare *Comus*, l. 497, etc.
82 *stound*] So Q3, etc., Dyce, *stround* Q1, 2.
87 *grief or greenness*] The usual meaning of *grief* is pain, but it here seems to have the unusual sense of gravity. *Greenness* should mean freshness, but appears to be used for *mortification*. Possibly Fletcher had some popular etymology of *gangrene* in mind. The phrase, however, was not uncommon in this connection, meaning a recent and painful wound, and Fletcher may have applied it without pausing to consider whether it was appropriate to the case in hand.
92 *impostumed*] So Qq, F. *imposthum'd* Dyce (a very undesirable alteration).

Thou hast abused the strictness of this place,
And offer'd sacrilegious foul disgrace
To the sweet rest of these interrèd bones;
For fear of whose ascending, fly at once,
Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight
Of death and speedy vengeance may not fright
Thy very soul with horror.
The. Let me not,
Thou all perfection, merit such a blot
For my true, zealous faith.
Clo. Dar'st thou abide
To see this holy earth at once divide,
And give her body up? for sure it will,
If thou pursu'st with wanton flames to fill
This hallow'd place: therefore repent and go,
Whilst I with prayers appease his ghost below,
That else would tell thee what it were to be
A rival in that virtuous love that he
Embraces yet.
The. 'Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in your cheek that thus can wed
My mind to adoration; nor your eye,
Though it be full and fair, your forehead high
And smooth as Pelops' shoulder; not the smile
Lies watching in those dimples to beguile
The easy soul; your hands and fingers long,
With veins enamell'd richly; nor your tongue,
Though it spoke sweeter than Arion's harp,
Your hair woven into many a curious warp,
Able in endless error to infold
The wandering soul; not the true perfect mould
Of all your body, which as pure doth show

110 *her body*] i. e. the body she holds.
113 *prayers*] So Dyce. *praies* Q1 ('a misprint for prayers.'—Dyce). *praise* Q2, etc.
120 Pelops, son of Tantalus, was as a child cut up by his father and boiled as food for the gods. Of these all abstained except Demeter, who absent-mindedly ate a shoulder. At the command of Zeus the remaining fragments were replaced by Hermes in the cauldron, whence Clotho drew out the restored boy, whose missing shoulder Demeter replaced by one of ivory.
124 *Arion's*] The Dyce & Bodl. copies of Q1 misprint *Orion's*.
126 *infold*] So Q3, etc. *unfould* Q1, 2. *enfold* Dyce.
127 *wandering*] So Q1 (B.M. copy), etc., Dyce. *errant* Q1 (Dyce & Bodl. copies), 'objectionable on account of *error* in the preceding line,' as Dyce says.

In maiden-whiteness as the Alpsian snow:
All these, were but your constancy away,
Would please me less than a black stormy day
The wretched seaman toiling through the deep.
But, whilst this honour'd strictness you dare keep,
Though all the plagues that e'er begotten were
In the great womb of air were settled here,
In opposition, I would, like the tree,
Shake off those drops of weakness, and be free
Even in the arm of danger.
Clo. Wouldst thou have
Me raise again, fond man, from silent grave
Those sparks, that long ago were buried here
With my dead friend's cold ashes?
The. Dearest dear,
I dare not ask it, nor you must not grant:
Stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint.
Remember how he loved ye, and be still
The same opinion speaks ye: let not will,
And that great god of women, appetite,
Set up your blood again; do not invite
Desire and fancy from their long exile,
To seat them once more in a pleasing smile:
Be, like a rock, made firmly up 'gainst all
The power of angry heaven, or the strong fall
Of Neptune's battery. If ye yield, I die
To all affection; 'tis that loyalty
Ye tie unto this grave I so admire:
And yet there's something else I would desire,
If you would hear me, but withal deny.
Oh, Pan, what an uncertain destiny
Hangs over all my hopes! I will retire;
For, if I longer stay, this double fire
Will lick my life up.

129 *Alpsian*] So Q1 (B.M. copy), etc. *Alpen* Q1 (Dyce & Bodl. copy), Dyce. The form *Alpian* is also found; both meaning Alpine.
133 *dare*] So Q1 (B.M. copy), etc. *do* Q1 (Dyce & Bodl. copy), Dyce.
139 *fond*] i. e. foolish.
146 *women*] So Q2, etc., Dyce. *wowen* Q1.
148 *fancy*] i. e. love.
from] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *for* Q1, 2.
149 *seat*] So Q1, 2, Dyce. *set* Q3, etc.
157 *uncertain*] Cf. I. iii. 20.

Clo. Do; and let time wear out
What art and nature cannot bring about.
The. Farewell, thou soul of virtue, and be blest
For ever, whilst I wretched rest
Thus to myself! Yet grant me leave to dwell
In kenning of this arbour; yon same dell,
O'ertopp'd with mourning cypress and sad yew,
Shall be my cabin, where I 'll early rue,
Before the sun hath kiss'd this dew away,
The hard uncertain chance which fate doth lay
Upon this head.
Clo. The gods give quick release
And happy cure unto thy hard disease! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the Wood.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. I do not love this wench that I should meet;
For never did my unconstant eye yet greet
That beauty, were it sweeter or more fair
Than the new blossoms when the morning air
Blows gently on them, or the breaking light,
When many maiden-blushes to our sight
Shoot from his early face: were all these set
In some neat form before me, 'twould not get
The least love from me; some desire it might,
And present burning. All to me in sight
Are equal; be they fair, or black, or brown,
Virgin, or careless wanton, I can crown

160 *and*] omit Q4, etc.
163 *whilst I*] So Q1, 2. *whilst here I* Q3. *whilst that here I* Q4, etc., Dyce.
166 *yew*] So F, Dyce. *Ewe*, Qq.
171 s.d. Exit *Thenot*, *Clorin* retiring into the Bower. Dyce.
SCENE III.] Not marked in old eds. Locality added by Dyce.
2 *never*] So Q1, 2, 3. *ne'r* Q4, etc. *ne'er* Dyce.
7 *Shoot*] So Q4, etc., Dyce. *Shootes* Q1–3.
10 *And*] So Q1. *Or* Q2, etc., Dyce.

My appetite with any ; swear as oft,
And weep, as any ; melt my words as soft
Into a maiden's ears, and tell how long
My heart has been her servant, and how strong
My passions are ; call her unkind and cruel ;
Offer her all I have to gain the jewel
Maidens so highly praise ; then loathe, and fly :
This do I hold a blessèd destiny.

Enter AMARILLIS.

Amar. Hail, shepherd! Pan bless both thy flock and thee,
For being mindful of thy word to me!
Sull. Shep. Welcome, fair shepherdess! Thy loving swain
Gives thee the self-same wishes back again ;
Who till this present hour ne'er knew that eye
Could make me cross mine arms, or daily die
With fresh consumings. Boldly tell me, then,
How shall we part their faithful loves, and when?
Shall I belie him to her? shall I swear
His faith is false and he loves every where?
I'll say he mock'd her the other day to you ;
Which will by your confirming show as true,
For she is of so pure an honesty,
To think, because she will not, none will lie.
Or else to him I 'll slander Amoret,
And say, she but seems chaste ; I 'll swear she met
Me 'mongst the shady sycamores last night,
And loosely offer'd up her flame and sprite
Into my bosom ; made a wanton bed
Of leaves and many flowers, where she spread
Her willing body to be press'd by me ;
There have I carved her name on many a tree,
Together with mine own. To make this show
More full of seeming, Hobinal, you know,
Son to the aged shepherd of the glen,
Him I have sorted out of many men,

19 *praise*] So Q1–3. *prise* Q4. *prize* Q5, F, Dyce. The reading of Q4 shows that of the later eds. is due to corruption, not correction.
33-4 *she* . . . *she*] So Dyce (after Seward). *he* . . . *he* Qq, F.
38 *sprite*] i. e. spirit. *spright* Qq, F.

To say he found us at our private sport,
And roused us fore our time by his resort:
This to confirm, I've promised to the boy
Many a pretty knack and many a toy;
As grins to catch him birds, with bow and bolt
To shoot at nimble squirrels in the holt;
A pair of painted buskins, and a lamb
Soft as his own locks or the down of swan.
This I have done to win ye; which doth give
Me double pleasure: discord makes me live.
Amar. Loved swain, I thank ye. These tricks might prevail
With other rustic shepherds, but will fail
Even once to stir, much more to overthrow,
His fixèd love from judgement, who doth know
Your nature, my end, and his chosen's merit;
Therefore some stronger way must force his spirit,
Which I have found: give second, and my love
Is everlasting thine.
Sull. Shep. Try me, and prove.
Amar. These happy pair of lovers meet straightway,
Soon as they fold their flocks up with the day,
In the thick grove bordering upon yon hill,
In whose hard side nature hath carved a well,
And, but that matchless spring which poets know,
Was ne'er the like to this: by it doth grow,
About the sides, all herbs which witches use,
All simples good for medicine or abuse,
All sweets that crown the happy nuptial day,
With all their colours; there the month of May
Is ever dwelling, all is young and green;
There 's not a grass on which was ever seen
The falling autumn or cold winter's hand;
So full of heat and virtue is the land
About this fountain, which doth slowly break,
Below yon mountain's foot, into a creek

51 *grins*] i. e. snares. *grinnes* Qq. *gins* F, Dyce, a distinct word with the same meaning.
52 *nimble squirrels*] So Q1 (B.M. copy), etc., Dyce. *Conies, squirrels* Q1 (Dyce & Bodl. copies).
63 *second*] i. e. support, more common as a verb than a substantive.
69 *that matchless spring*] i. e. Helicon.

That waters all the valley, giving fish
Of many sorts to fill the shepherd's dish.
This holy well, my grandame that is dead,
Right wise in charms, hath often to me said,
Hath power to change the form of any creature,
Being thrice dipp'd over the head, into what feature
Or shape 'twould please the letter-down to crave,
Who must pronounce this charm too, which she gave
Me on her death-bed; told me what, and how,
I should apply unto the patient's brow
That would be changed, casting them thrice asleep,
Before I trusted them into this deep:
All this she show'd me, and did charge me prove
This secret of her art, if crost in love.
I 'll this attempt now, shepherd; I have here
All her prescriptions, and I will not fear
To be myself dipp'd. Come, my temples bind
With these sad herbs, and when I sleep, you find,
As you do speak your charm, thrice down me let,
And bid the water raise me Amoret;
Which being done, leave me to my affair,
And ere the day shall quite itself outwear,
I will return unto my shepherd's arm;
Dip me again, and then repeat this charm,
And pluck me up myself, whom freely take,
And the hott'st fire of thine affection slake.

Sull. Shep. And if I fit thee not, then fit not me.
I long the truth of this well's power to see. [*Exeunt.*

86 *over*] So Q1. *o're* Q2, etc., Dyce.

88 Dyce added the direction *Showing a scroll.*

90 *patient's*] Dyce printed *patients'*. *Brow* seems to necessitate the singular, and *them* in ll. 91–2 is easily accounted for as the indefinite use of the plural where the gender is doubtful. Cf. Jonson's use in the *Sad Shepherd* as quoted above, I. ii. 102–4.

91 *thrice*] K. Deighton (*Conjectural Readings*, 1896, p. 89) points out that this is pretty nearly if not quite nonsense. He proposes to read 'That would be changèd, casting them asleep'; but this does not explain how the error arose. I am a little suspicious, myself, of the phrase 'casting asleep,' but have no emendation to offer.

102 *day*] Ought we not to read *night*?

SCENE IV.

Another part of the Wood.

Enter DAPHNIS.

Daph. Here will I stay, for this the covert is
Where I appointed Cloe. Do not miss,
Thou bright-eyed virgin; come, oh come, my fair!
Be not abused with fear, or let cold care
Of honour stay thee from thy shepherd's arm
Who would as hard be won to offer harm
To thy chaste thoughts, as whiteness from the day,
Or yon great round to move another way:
My language shall be honest, full of truth,
My flame as smooth and spotless as my youth;
I will not entertain that wandering thought,
Whose easy current may at length be brought
To a loose vastness.
Alexis. [*within.*] Cloe!
Daph. 'Tis her voice,
And I must answer.—Cloe!—Oh, the choice
Of dear embraces, chaste and holy strains
Our hands shall give! I charge you, all my veins,
Through which the blood and spirit take their way,
Lock up your disobedient heats, and stay
Those mutinous desires that else would grow
To strong rebellion; do not wilder show
Than blushing modesty may entertain.
Alexis. [*within.*] Cloe!
Daph. There sounds that blessèd name again,
And I will meet it.

Enter ALEXIS.

Let me not mistake;
This is some shepherd. Sure, I am awake:
What may this riddle mean? I will retire,
To give myself more knowledge. [*Retires.*

SCENE IV.] Marked in Q1 only of the odd eds. Locality added by Dyce.
10 *flame*] So Q1. *flames* Q2, etc., Dyce.
23 s.d. Qq place this at the end of l. 22, F and Dyce at the end of l. 23.
26 s.d. Added by Dyce.

Alexis. Oh, my fire,
How thou consum'st me!—Cloe, answer me!
Alexis, strong Alexis, high and free,
Calls upon Cloe. See, mine arms are full
Of entertainment, ready for to pull
That golden fruit which too too long hath hung
Tempting the greedy eye. Thou stayest too long;
I am impatient of these mad delays:
I must not leave unsought those many ways
That lead into this centre, till I find
Quench for my burning lust. I come, unkind! [*Exit.*
Daph. Can my imagination work me so much ill,
That I may credit this for truth, and still
Believe mine eyes? or shall I firmly hold
Her yet untainted, and these sights but bold
Illusion? Sure, such fancies oft have been
Sent to abuse true love, and yet are seen
Daring to blind the virtuous thought with error;
But be they far from me with their fond terror!
I am resolved my Cloe yet is true.
Cloe. [*within.*] Cloe!
Daph. Hark! Cloe! Sure, this voice is new,
Whose shrillness, like the sounding of a bell,
Tells me it is a woman.—Cloe, tell
Thy blessèd name again.
Cloe. [*within.*] Here!
Daph. Oh, what a grief is this, to be so near,
And not encounter!

Enter CLOE.

Cloe. Shepherd, we are met:
Draw close into the covert, lest the wet,
Which falls like lazy mists upon the ground,
Soak through your startups.

39–40 *hold Her*] So Q2, etc., Dyce. *hold her Her* Q1.
43 *thought*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *though* Q1, 2.
44 *fond*] i. e. foolish.
49 *Here!*] So Qq, F. *Cloe! here!* Dyce.
54 *startups*] i. e. 'a sort of rustic shoes with high tops, galoches, or half-gaiters.'—Dyce.

Daph. Fairest, are you found?
How have we wander'd, that the better part
Of this good night is perished? Oh, my heart!
How have I long'd to meet ye, how to kiss
Those lily hands, how to receive the bliss
That charming tongue gives to the happy ear
Of him that drinks your language! But I fear
I am too much unmanner'd, far too rude,
And almost grown lascivious, to intrude
These hot behaviours; where regard of fame,
Honour and modesty, a virtuous name,
And such discourse as one fair sister may
Without offence unto the tother say,
Should rather have been tender'd. But, believe,
Here dwells a better temper: do not grieve,
Then, ever-kindest, that my first salute
Seasons so much of fancy; I am mute
Henceforth to all discourses but shall be
Suiting to your sweet thoughts and modesty.
Indeed, I will not ask a kiss of you,
No, not to wring your fingers, nor to sue
To those blest pair of fixèd stars for smiles;
All a young lover's cunning, all his wiles,
And pretty wanton dyings, shall to me
Be strangers; only to your chastity
I am devoted ever.
Cloe. Honest swain,
First let me thank you, then return again
As much of my love.—[*Aside.*] No, thou art too cold,
Unhappy boy, not temper'd to my mould;
Thy blood falls heavy downward. 'Tis not fear
To offend in boldness wins; they never wear
Deservèd favours that deny to take
When they are offer'd freely. Do I wake,
To see a man of his youth, years, and feature,
And such a one as we call goodly creature,
Thus backward? What a world of precious art
Were merely lost, to make him do his part!

66 *tother*] *brother* Qq, F, Dyce, who, however, conjectured *other*.
70 *fancy*] i. e. amorousness.
90 *merely*] i. e. utterly.

But I will shake him off, that dares not hold:
Let men that hope to be beloved be bold.—
Daphnis, I do desire, since we are met
So happily, our lives and fortunes set
Upon one stake, to give assurance now,
By interchange of hands and holy vow,
Never to break again. Walk you that way,
Whilst I in zealous meditation stray
A little this way: when we both have ended
These rites and duties, by the woods befriended
And secrecy of night, retire and find
An agèd oak, whose hollowness may bind
Us both within his body; thither go;
It stands within yon bottom.
Daph. Be it so. [*Exit.*
Cloe. And I will meet there never more with thee,
Thou idle shamefastness!
Alexis. [*within.*] Cloe!
Cloe. 'Tis he!
That dare, I hope, be bolder.
Alexis. [*within.*] Cloe!
Cloe. Now,
Great Pan, for Syrinx' sake, bid speed our plough! [*Exit.*

100 *rites*] So F, Dyce. *rights* Qq.
106 *shamefastness*] So Qq, F. *shamefacedness* Dyce. Cf. I. iii. 176.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Part of the wood with the holy well.

Enter the Sullen Shepherd, *with* AMARILLIS *in a sleep.*

Sull. Shep. From thy forehead thus I take
These herbs, and charge thee not awake
Till in yonder holy well
Thrice, with powerful magic spell
Fill'd with many a baleful word,
Thou hast been dipp'd. Thus, with my cord
Of blasted hemp, by moonlight twined,
I do thy sleepy body bind.
I turn thy head into the east,
And thy feet into the west,
Thy left arm to the south put forth,
And thy right unto the north.
I take thy body from the ground,
In this deep and deadly sound,
And into this holy spring
I let thee slide down by my string.—
[*Lets her down into the well.*
Take this maid, thou holy pit,
To thy bottom ; nearer yet;
In thy water pure and sweet
By thy leave I dip her feet ;
Thus I let her lower yet,
That her ankles may be wet ;

III. i.] Locality added by Dyce.
s.d. with] So Qq, F. carrying Dyce, but they were more probably discovered.
9–10 *into . . . into*] So Qq, F. *unto . . . unto* Dyce, but I do not think the change is necessary, in spite of the reading of l. 12.
14 *sound*] So Q1, 2. *swound* Q3, 4, 5, F, Dyce. Both are common forms of *swoon*.
16 s.d. Added by Dyce.

Yet down lower, let her knee
In thy waters washèd be.
There stop.—Fly away,
Every thing that loves the day!
Truth, that hath but one face,
Thus I charm thee from this place.
Snakes that cast your coats for new,
Chameleons that alter hue,
Hares that yearly sexes change,
Proteus altering oft and strange,
Hecatè with shapes three,
Let this maiden changèd be,
With this holy water wet,
To the shape of Amoret!
Cynthia, work thou with my charm!—
Thus I draw thee, free from harm,
[*Draws her out of the well, in the shape of* AMORET.
Up out of this blessèd lake:
Rise both like her and awake! [*She awaketh.*
Amar. Speak, shepherd, am I Amoret to sight?
Or hast thou miss'd in any magic rite,
For want of which any defect in me
May make our practices discover'd be?
Sull. Shep. By yonder moon, but that I here do stand,
Whose breath hath thus re-form'd thee, and whose hand
Let thee down dry, and pluck'd thee up thus wet,
I should myself take thee for Amoret!
Thou art, in clothes, in feature, voice and hue,
So like, that sense can not distinguish you.
Amar. Then, this deceit, which cannot crossèd be,

25–6 Printed as one line in Q1.
31 A common belief, supported by the old writers on natural history, and no doubt favoured by their supposed connection with witches. Upon the question see Sir Thomas Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, Bk. III. ch. 17.
33 *shapes*] Apparently a dissyllable.
35–6 Printed as one line in Q1.
38 s.d. Added by Dyce.
40 s.d. Omitted by Dyce.
42 *rite*] So F, Dyce. *right* Qq.
46 *re-form'd*] *reformed* Q1. *transformed* Q2, etc., Dyce. But *re-form'd* in the sense of 're-fashioned' has practically the same meaning as *transform'd*, and there seems no reason why the original reading should not be retained.

At once shall lose her him, and gain thee me.
Hither she needs must come, by promise made ;
And, sure, his nature never was so bad,
To bid a virgin meet him in the wood,
When night and fear are up, but understood
'Twas his part to come first. Being come, I 'll say,
My constant love made me come first and stay ;
Then will I lead him further to the grove :
But stay you here, and, if his own true love
Shall seek him here, set her in some wrong path,
Which say her lover lately trodden hath ;
I 'll not be far from hence. If need there be,
Here is another charm, whose power will free
The dazzled sense, read by the moonbeams clear,
And in my own true shape make me appear.

Enter PERIGOT.

Sull. Shep. Stand close : here 's Perigot ; whose constant heart
Longs to behold her in whose shape thou art.
[*Retires with* AMARILLIS.

Per. This is the place, fair Amoret ; the hour
Is yet scarce come. Here every sylvan power
Delights to be, about yon sacred well,
Which they have bless'd with many a powerful spell ;
For never traveller in dead of night,
Nor strayèd beasts have fall'n in ; but when sight
Hath fail'd them, then their right way they have found
By help of them, so holy is the ground.
But I will farther seek, lest Amoret
Should be first come, and so stray long unmet.—
My Amoret, Amoret ! [*Exit.*

Amar. Perigot !

Per. [*within.*] My love !

Amar. I come, my love ! [*Exit.*

Sull. Shep. Now she hath got
Her own desires, and I shall gainer be

64 Dyce adds the direction *Gives a scroll*
65 *moonbeams*] So Q1, 2, Dyce. *Moones beames* Q3, etc.
s.d. Added by Dyce.

Of my long-look'd-for hopes, as well as she.
How bright the moon shines here, as if she strove
To show her glory in this little grove
To some new-lovèd shepherd!

Enter AMORET.

[*Aside.*] Yonder is
Another Amoret. Where differs this
From that? but that she Perigot hath met,
I should have ta'en this for the counterfeit.
Herbs, woods, and springs, the power that in you lies,
If mortal men could know your properties!
Amo. Methinks it is not night; I have no fear,
Walking this wood, of lion or of bear,
Whose names at other times have made me quake,
When any shepherdess in her tale spake
Of some of them, that underneath a wood
Have torn true lovers that together stood;
Methinks there are no goblins, and men's talk,
That in these woods the nimble fairies walk,
Are fables: such a strong heart I have got,
Because I come to meet with Perigot.—
My Perigot! Who's that? my Perigot?
Sull. Shep. Fair maid!
Amo. Aye me, thou art not Perigot?
Sull. Shep. But I can tell ye news of Perigot:
An hour together under yonder tree
He sat with wreathèd arms, and called on thee,
And said, 'Why, Amoret, stayest thou so long?'
Then starting up, down yonder path he flung,
Lest thou hadst miss'd thy way. Were it daylight
He could not yet have borne him out of sight.
Amo. Thanks, gentle shepherd; and beshrew my stay,
That made him fearful I had lost my way!
As fast as my weak legs, that cannot be
Weary with seeking him, will carry me,

85 s.d. Placed by Qq, F, Dyce at the end of l. 84.
92 *of bear*] So Q1, Dyce. *the Bear* Q2, etc.
111 *him*] Mason's conjecture. *me* Qq, F, Dyce. But the emendation seems to me necessary.

I'll follow; and, for this thy care of me,
Pray Pan thy love may ever follow thee! [*Exit.*
Sull. Shep. How bright she was, how lovely did she show!
Was it not pity to deceive her so?
She pluck'd her garments up, and tripp'd away,
And with a virgin-innocence did pray
For me that perjured her. Whilst she was here,
Methought the beams of light that did appear
Were shot from her; methought the moon gave none
But what it had from her. She was alone
With me; if then her presence did so move,
Why did not I assay to win her love?
She would not sure have yielded unto me—
Women love only opportunity,
And not the man; or if she had denied,
Alone, I might have forced her to have tried
Who had been stronger: oh, vain fool, to let
Such bless'd occasion pass! I'll follow yet;
My blood is up; I cannot now forbear.
I come, sweet Amoret!

Enter ALEXIS *and* CLOE.

[*Aside.*] Soft, who is here?
A pair of lovers? He shall yield her me:
Now lust is up, alike all women be. [*Retires.*
Alexis. Where shall we rest? But for the love of me,
Cloe, I know, ere this would weary be.
Cloe. Alexis, let us rest here, if the place
Be private, and out of the common trace
Of every shepherd; for, I understood,
This night a number are about the wood:
Then, let us choose some place, where, out of sight,
We freely may enjoy our stol'n delight.

114] So Q1, Dyce. Line omitted Q2. *I'll seek him out; and for thy Courtesie* Q3, etc.
120 *perjured her*] i. e. swore false to her.
126 *not*] I have left the text as it stands, since it gives a sense if we suppose the Sullen Shepherd to be debating the various possibilities; but I have very little doubt that the correct reading is *for*. K. Deighton (*Conjectural Readings*, 1896, p. 40) suggests *most*.
133 s.d. Placed by Qq, F, and Dyce at the end of l. 132.
135 s.d. Added by Dyce.

Alexis. Then, boldly here, where we shall ne'er be found:
No shepherd's way lies here, 'tis hallow'd ground;
No maid seeks here her strayèd cow or sheep;
Fairies and fauns and satyrs do it keep.
Then, carelessly rest here, and clip and kiss,
And let no fear make us our pleasures miss.
Cloe. Then, lie by me: the sooner we begin,
The longer ere the day descry our sin.
Sull. Shep. Forbear to touch my love; or, by yon flame,
The greatest power that shepherds dare to name,
Here where thou sit'st, under this holy tree,
Her to dishonour, thou shalt buried be!
Alexis. If Pan himself should come out of the lawns,
With all his troops of satyrs and of fauns,
And bid me leave, I swear by her two eyes,—
A greater oath than thine—I would not rise!
Sull. Shep. Then, from the cold earth never thou shalt move,
But lose at one stroke both thy life and love.
[*Wounds him with his spear.*
Cloe. Hold, gentle shepherd!
Sull. Shep. Fairest shepherdess,
Come you with me; I do not love ye less
Than that fond man, that would have kept you there
From me of more desert.
Alexis. Oh, yet forbear
To take her from me! Give me leave to die
By her!

Enter the Satyr; *the* Sullen Shepherd *runs one way, and* CLOE *another.*

Sat. Now, whilst the moon doth rule the sky,
And the stars, whose feeble light
Give a pale shadow to the night,

147 *keep*] i. e. 'frequent, haunt,' according to Dyce. But there does not seem to be any authority for the transitive use of the word in this sense. Fletcher must mean that fauns and satyrs look after or possess it. Dyce prints *fawns* (and again in l. 157), he presumably means *fauns*.
148 *clip*] i. e. embrace.
152 *flame*] i. e. the moon.
161 s.d. Added by Dyce.
167 s.d. *The* Satyr *enters, he runs one way, and she another.* Qq, F.
169 *Give*] So Qq, F. *Gives* Dyce, but such licence is very common.

Are up, great Pan commanded me
To walk this grove about, whilst he,
In a corner of the wood,
Where never mortal foot hath stood,
Keeps dancing, music, and a feast,
To entertain a lovely guest;
Where he gives her many a rose,
Sweeter than the breath that blows
The leaves, grapes, berries of the best;
I never saw so great a feast.
But, to my charge. Here must I stay,
To see what mortals lose their way,
And by a false fire, seeming-bright,
Train them in and leave them right,
Then must I watch if any be
Forcing of a chastity;
If I find it, then in haste
Give my wreathèd horn a blast,
And the fairies all will run,
Wildly dancing by the moon,
And will pinch him to the bone,
Till his lustful thoughts be gone.
Alexis. Oh, death!
Sat. Back again about this ground;
Sure, I hear a mortal sound.—
I bind thee by this powerful spell,
By the waters of this well,
By the glimmering moonbeams bright,
Speak again, thou mortal wight!
Alexis. Oh!
Sat. Here the foolish mortal lies,
Sleeping on the ground.—Arise!—
The poor wight is almost dead;
On the ground his wounds have bled,
And his clothes foul'd with his blood.
To my goddess in the wood

180] Warton and Weber compare *Comus*, l. 78, etc., a passage evidently imitated from the above.

191 and 197] Alexis' exclamations being extra metrical are not reckoned in the line numbering.

197] Q1 repeats l. 197 in one line after *Oh!*, and prefixes *Sat.* here instead of to l. 198.

Will I lead him, whose hands pure
Will help this mortal wight to cure.
[*Exit with* ALEXIS.

Re-enter CLOE.

Cloe. Since I beheld yon shaggy man, my breast
Doth pant; each bush, methinks, should hide a beast.
Yet my desire keeps still above my fear:
I would fain meet some shepherd, knew I where;
For from one cause of fear I am most free,
It is impossible to ravish me,
I am so willing. Here upon this ground
I left my love, all bloody with his wound;
Yet, till that fearful shape made me begone,
Though he were hurt, I furnish'd was of one;
But now both lost.—Alexis, speak or move,
If thou hast any life; thou art yet my love!—
He's dead, or else is with his little might
Crept from the bank for fear of that ill sprite.—
Then, where art thou that struck'st my love? Oh, stay!
Bring me thyself in change, and then I 'll say
Thou hast some justice: I will make thee trim
With flowers and garlands that were meant for him;
I 'll clip thee round with both mine arms, as fast
As I did mean he should have been embraced.
But thou art fled.—What hope is left for me?
I 'll run to Daphnis in the hollow tree,
Who I did mean to mock; though hope be small
To make him bold, rather than none at all.
I 'll try him; his heart, and my behaviour too,
Perhaps may teach him what he ought to do. [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. This was the place. 'Twas but my feeble sight,
Mix'd with the horror of my deed, and night,
That shaped these fears, and made me run away,
And lose my beauteous hardly-gotten prey.—

206 *yon*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *you* Q1, 2.
220 *stay*] So Q2, etc., Dyce. *stray* Q1.
228 *Who*] So Qq. *Whom* F, Dyce. The licence, however, is common. See Franz, *Shak. Gram.*, § 201.

Speak, gentle shepherdess! I am alone,
And tender love for love.—But she is gone
From me, that, having struck her lover dead,
For silly fear left her alone, and fled.
And see, the wounded body is removed
By her of whom it was so well beloved.

Enter PERIGOT, *and* AMARILLIS *in the shape of* AMORET.

But all these fancies must be quite forgot,
I must lie close; here comes young Perigot,
With subtle Amarillis in the shape
Of Amoret. Pray love, he may not scape! [*Retires.*]
Amar. Belovèd Perigot, show me some place,
Where I may rest my limbs, weak with the chase
Of thee, an hour before thou cam'st at least.
Peri. Beshrew my tardy steps! Here shalt thou rest
Upon this holy bank: no deadly snake
Upon this turf herself in folds doth make;
Here is no poison for the toad to feed;
Here boldly spread thy hands; no venom'd weed
Dares blister them; no slimy snail dare creep
Over thy face when thou art fast asleep;
Here never durst the babbling cuckoo spit;
No slough of falling star did ever hit
Upon this bank: let this thy cabin be;
This other, set with violets, for me.
Amar. Thou dost not love me, Perigot.
Peri. Fair maid,
You only love to hear it often said;
You do not doubt.
Amar. Believe me, but I do.
Peri. What, shall we now begin again to woo?
'Tis the best way to make your lover last,
To play with him when you have caught him fast.
Amar. By Pan I swear, belovèd Perigot,
And by yon moon, I think thou lov'st me not.
Peri. By Pan I swear—and, if I falsely swear,
Let him not guard my flocks; let foxes tear

241 s.d. Dyce removed this to after l. 245.
242 *all*] So Q1, Dyce. Omit Q2, etc.
245 s.d. Added by Dyce.
266 *belovèd*] So Q1, Dyce. *I loved* Q2, etc.

My earliest lambs, and wolves, whilst I do sleep,
Fall on the rest; a rot among my sheep—
I love thee better than the careful ewe
The new-yean'd lamb that is of her own hue;
I dote upon thee more than that young lamb
Doth on the bag that feeds him from his dam!
Were there a sort of wolves got in my fold,
And one ran after thee, both young and old
Should be devour'd, and it should be my strife
To save thee, whom I love above my life.
Amar. How should I trust thee, when I see thee choose
Another bed, and dost my side refuse?
Peri. 'Twas only that the chaste thoughts might be shown
'Twixt thee and me, although we were alone.
Amar. Come, Perigot will show his power, that he
Can make his Amoret, though she weary be,
Rise nimbly from her couch, and come to his.
Here, take thy Amoret; embrace and kiss.
Peri. What means my love?
Amar. To do as lovers should,
That are to be enjoy'd, not to be woo'd.
There's ne'er a shepherdess in all the plain
Can kiss thee with more art; there's none can feign
More wanton tricks.
Peri. Forbear, dear soul, to try
Whether my heart be pure; I'll rather die
Than nourish one thought to dishonour thee.
Amar. Still think'st thou such a thing as chastity
Is amongst women? Perigot, there's none
That with her love is in a wood alone,
And would come home a maid: be not abused
With thy fond first belief; let time be used.—
Why dost thou rise?
Peri. My true heart thou hast slain!
Amar. Faith, Perigot, I'll pluck thee down again.
Peri. Let go, thou serpent, that into my breast
Hast with thy cunning dived!—Art not in jest?
Amar. Sweet love, lie down.

276 *sort*] i. e. pack, lot.
280 *should*] So Q1, Dyce. *shall* Q2, etc.
303 *dived! Art not*] *div'd; art not* Q2, etc. *div'd art, art not* Q1.

Peri. Since this I live to see,
Some bitter north wind blast my flocks and me!
Amar. You swore you loved, yet will not do my will.
Peri. Oh, be as thou wert once, I'll love thee still!
Amar. I am as still I was, and all my kind;
Though other shows we have, poor men to blind.
Peri. Then, here I end all love; and, lest my vain
Belief should ever draw me in again,
Before thy face, that hast my youth misled,
I end my life! my blood be on thy head!
[*Offers to kill himself.*
Amar. Oh, hold thy hands, thy Amoret doth cry!
Peri. Thou counsel'st well; first, Amoret shall die,
That is the cause of my eternal smart!
Amar. Oh, hold!
Peri. This steel shall pierce thy lustful heart!
[*Exeunt*; PERI, *running after* AMAR. *The* Sull. Shep. *steps out and uncharms her.*
Sull. Shep. Up and down, every where,
I strew the herbs, to purge the air:
Let your odour drive hence
All mists that dazzle sense.
Herbs and springs, whose hidden might
Alters shapes, and mocks the sight,
Thus I charge ye to undo
All before I brought ye to!
Let her fly, let her scape;
Give again her own shape! [*Retires.*

Re-enter AMARILLIS *in her own shape, and* PERIGOT *following.*

Amar. Forbear, thou gentle swain! thou dost mistake;
She whom thou follow'dst fled into the brake;
And as I cross'd thy way, I met thy wrath;
The only fear of which near slain me hath.
Peri. Pardon, fair shepherdess: my rage and night
Were both upon me, and beguiled my sight;

313 s.d. Not in Qq, F.
317 s.d. Qq, F place the direction *He runs after her* at the end of l. 316 and mark no Exits.
327 s.d. Retires] Added by Dyce.
Perigot following] Not in Qq, F.

But far be it from me to spill the blood
Of harmless maids that wander in the wood!
[*Exit* AMARILLIS.

Enter AMORET.

Amo. Many a weary step, in yonder path,
Poor hopeless Amoret twice trodden hath,
To seek her Perigot; yet cannot hear
His voice.—My Perigot! She loves thee dear
That calls.
Peri. See yonder where she is! how fair
She shows! and yet her breath infects the air.
Amo. My Perigot!
Peri. Here.
Amo. Happy!
Peri. Hapless! first
It lights on thee: the next blow is the worst.
[*Wounds her.*
Amo. Stay, Perigot! my love, thou art unjust.
Peri. Death is the best reward that's due to lust.
[*Exit.*
Sull. Shep. [*Aside.*] Now shall their love be cross'd; for, being struck,
I 'll throw her in the fount, lest being took
By some night-traveller, whose honest care
May help to cure her—Shepherdess, prepare
Yourself to die!
Amo. No mercy I do crave;
Thou canst not give a worse blow than I have.
Tell him that gave me this, who loved him too,
He struck my soul, and not my body through;
Tell him, when I am dead, my soul shall be
At peace, if he but think he injured me.
Sull. Shep. In this fount be thy grave. Thou wert not meant
Sure for a woman, thou art so innocent.—
[*Flings her into the well.*

335 s.d. Amarillis] Omit Q1.
342 *Hapless! first*] So Dyce. *Hapless first:* Qq, F.
343 s.d. Added by Dyce.
346 *struck*] Probably, as Dyce remarks, Fletcher wrote *strook*.
349 *her*—] As it stands the sentence is incomplete, but Fletcher may have intended to write *his* in place of *whose* in the line before.

She cannot scape, for, underneath the ground,
In a long hollow the clear spring is bound,
Till on yon side, where the morn's sun doth look,
The struggling water breaks out in a brook. [*Exit.*

The God of the River *riseth with* AMORET *in his arms.*

God. What powerful charms my streams do bring
Back again unto their spring,
With such force that I their god,
Three times striking with my rod,
Could not keep them in their ranks?
My fishes shoot into the banks;
There's not one that stays and feeds,
All have hid them in the weeds.
Here's a mortal almost dead,
Fall'n into my river-head,
Hallow'd so with many a spell,
That till now none ever fell.
'Tis a female young and clear,
Cast in by some ravisher:
See, upon her breast a wound,
On which there is no plaster bound.
Yet, she's warm, her pulses beat,
'Tis a sign of life and heat.—
If thou be'st a virgin pure,
I can give a present cure:
Take a drop into thy wound,
From my watery locks, more round
Than orient pearl, and far more pure
Than unchaste flesh may endure.—
See, she pants, and from her flesh
The warm blood gusheth out afresh.
She is an unpolluted maid;
I must have this bleeding stayed.
From my banks I pluck this flower

362 This speech of the River God's was used as a model by William Browne for the episode in his *Britannia's Pastorals* (II. i, ii), where Marina having thrown herself into the river is rescued by the god. The parallels first mentioned by Warton were pointed out in detail by F. W. Moorman in his work on Browne (*Quellen und Forschungen*, 81, Strassburg, 1897, p. 21, etc.).

367, etc. Cf. *Brit. Past.*, I. ii. 151, etc.

382, etc. Seward compares *Comus*, l. 911, etc.

383 *locks*] So Q2, etc., Dyce. *locke* Q1.

With holy hand, whose virtuous power
Is at once to heal and draw.
The blood returns. I never saw
A fairer mortal. Now doth break
Her deadly slumber.—Virgin, speak.
Amo. Who hath restored my sense, given me new breath,
And brought me back out of the arms of death?
God. I have heal'd thy wounds.
Amo. Aye, me!
God. Fear not him that succour'd thee.
I am this fountain's god: below,
My waters to a river grow,
And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,
That only prosper in the wet,
Through the meadows do they glide,
Wheeling still on every side,
Sometimes winding round about,
To find the evenest channel out.
And if thou wilt go with me,
Leaving mortal company,
In the cool streams shalt thou lie,
Free from harm as well as I:
I will give thee for thy food
No fish that useth in the mud;
But trout and pike, that love to swim
Where the gravel from the brim
Through the pure streams may be seen;
Orient pearl fit for a queen,
Will I give, thy love to win,
And a shell to keep them in;
Not a fish in all my brook
That shall disobey thy look,
But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,
And from thy white hand take a fly:
And, to make thee understand
How I can my waves command,

392 *draw*] i. e. 'to cause a flow of (blood, matter, "humours") to a particular part; to promote suppuration.' *N.E.D.*
400, etc. Seward compares *Comus*, l. 890, etc.
412, etc. Cf. *Brit. Past.*, I. ii. 53, etc.
417, etc. Cf. *Brit. Past.*, I. ii. 39, etc.

They shall bubble, whilst I sing,
Sweeter than the silver string.

THE SONG.

Do not fear to put thy feet,
Naked in the river sweet :
Think not leech, or newt, or toad,
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod ;
Nor let the water rising high,
As thou wad'st in, make thee cry
And sob ; but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee.

Amo. Immortal power, that rul'st this holy flood,
I know myself unworthy to be woo'd
By thee, a god ; for ere this, but for thee,
I should have shown my weak mortality :
Besides, by holy oath betwixt us twain,
I am betroth'd unto a shepherd-swain,
Whose comely face, I know, the gods above
May make me leave to see, but not to love.

God. May he prove to thee as true !
Fairest virgin, now adieu :
I must make my waters fly,
Lest they leave their channels dry,
And beasts that come unto the spring
Miss their morning's watering ;
Which I would not ; for of late
All the neighbour-people sate
On my banks, and from the fold
Two white lambs of three weeks old
Offer'd to my deity ;
For which this year they shall be free
From raging floods, that as they pass
Leave their gravel in the grass ;
Nor shall their meads be overflown
When their grass is newly mown.

Amo. For thy kindness to me shown,
Never from thy banks be blown
Any tree, with windy force,
Cross thy streams, to stop thy course

427 string] So [illegible] 2, Dyce. [illegible]
emendation.
[illegible] Dyce.
446, etc. Seward [illegible]

May no beast that comes to drink,
With his horns cast down thy brink ;
May none that for thy fish do look,
Cut thy banks to dam thy brook ;
Barefoot may no neighbour wade
In thy cool streams, wife nor maid,
When the spawns on stones do lie,
To wash their hemp, and spoil the fry !
God. Thanks, virgin. I must down again.
Thy wound will put thee to no pain :
Wonder not so soon 'tis gone ;
A holy hand was laid upon. [*Descends.*
Amo. And I, unhappy born to be,
Must follow him that flies from me. [*Exit.*

475 s.d. So Dyce. Exit. Qq. Omit F.
477 s.d. Added by Dyce.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Another part of the Wood.

Enter PERIGOT.

Peri. She is untrue, unconstant, and unkind ;
She's gone, she's gone! Blow high, thou north-west wind,
And raise the sea to mountains ; let the trees
That dare oppose thy raging fury leese
Their firm foundation ; creep into the earth,
And shake the world, as at the monstrous birth
Of some new prodigy ; whilst I constant stand,
Holding this trusty boar-spear in my hand,
And falling thus upon it!

Enter AMARILLIS, *running.*

Amar. Stay thy dead-doing hand! thou art too hot
Against thyself. Believe me, comely swain,
If that thou diest, not all the showers of rain
The heavy clouds send down can wash away
That foul unmanly guilt the world will lay
Upon thee. Yet thy love untainted stands :
Believe me, she is constant ; not the sands
Can be so hardly number'd as she won.
I do not trifle, shepherd ; by the moon,
And all those lesser lights our eyes do view,
All that I told thee, Perigot, is true :
Then, be a free man ; put away despair
And will to die ; smooth gently up that fair,
Dejected forehead ; be as when those eyes

4 *leese*] i. e. lose.
9 s.d. So Q2, etc., Dyce. Perigot *to Enter*. Amaryllis, *running*. Q1, evidently a misprint for *Enter to* Perigot, Amaryllis, *running*.

Took the first heat.
Peri. Alas, he double dies
That would believe, but cannot! 'Tis not well
Ye keep me thus from dying, here to dwell
With many worse companions. But, oh, death!
I am not yet enamour'd of this breath
So much but I dare leave it; 'tis not pain
In forcing of a wound, nor after-gain
Of many days, can hold me from my will:
'Tis not myself, but Amoret, bids kill.
Amar. Stay but a little little; but one hour;
And if I do not show thee, through the power
Of herbs and words I have, as dark as night,
Myself turn'd to thy Amoret, in sight,
Her very figure, and the robe she wears,
With tawny buskins, and the hook she bears
Of thine own carving, where your names are set,
Wrought underneath with many a curious fret,
The primrose-chaplet, tawdry-lace, and ring,
Thou gav'st her for her singing, with each thing
Else that she wears about her, let me feel
The first fell stroke of that revenging steel!
Peri. I am contented, if there be a hope,
To give it entertainment for the scope
Of one poor hour. Go; you shall find me next
Under yon shady beech, even thus perplext,
And thus believing.
Amar. Bind, before I go,
Thy soul by Pan unto me, not to do
Harm or outrageous wrong upon thy life,
Till my return.
Peri. By Pan, and by the strife
He had with Phoebus for the mastery,
When golden Midas judged their minstrelsy,
I will not! [*Exeunt.*

28 *this*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *his* Q1, 2.
41 *tawdry-lace*] i. e. a necklace—bought at the fair of St. Audrey or Ethelred.

SCENE II.

The Wood before CLORIN'S *Bower.*

Enter Satyr *with* ALEXIS, *hurt.*

Sat. Softly gliding as I go,
With this burthen full of woe,
Through still silence of the night,
Guided by the glow-worm's light,
Hither am I come at last.
Many a thicket have I past;
Not a twig that durst deny me,
Not a bush that durst descry me
To the little bird that sleeps
On the tender spray; nor creeps
That hardy worm with pointed tail,
But if I be under sail,
Flying faster than the wind,
Leaving all the clouds behind,
But doth hide her tender head
In some hollow tree, or bed
Of seeded nettles; not a hare
Can be started from his fare
By my footing; nor a wish
Is more sudden, nor a fish
Can be found with greater ease
Cut the vast unbounded seas,
Leaving neither print nor sound,
Than I, when nimbly on the ground
I measure many a league an hour.
But, behold, the happy bower
That must ease me of my charge,
And by holy hand enlarge
The soul of this sad man, that yet
Lies fast bound in deadly fit:
Heaven and great Pan succour it!—

SCENE II.] Not marked in old eds. Locality added by Dyce.
8 *descry*] i. e. reveal, betray.
26 *bower*] So Qq. *power* F and Dyce, quite unnecessarily.

Hail, thou beauty of the bower,
Whiter than the paramour
Of my master! Let me crave
Thy virtuous help, to keep from grave
This poor mortal, that here lies,
Waiting when the destinies
Will undo his thread of life:
View the wound, by cruel knife
Trench'd into him.

Enter CLORIN.

Clo. What art thou call'st me from my holy rites,
And with the fearèd name of death affrights
My tender ears? speak me thy name and will.
Sat. I am the Satyr that did fill
Your lap with early fruit; and will,
When I hap to gather more,
Bring ye better and more store.
Yet I come not empty now:
See, a blossom from the bough;
But beshrew his heart that pull'd it,
And his perfect sight that cull'd it
From the other springing blooms!
For a sweeter youth the grooms
Cannot show me, nor the downs,
Nor the many neighbouring towns.
Low in yonder glade I found him;
Softly in mine arms I bound him;
Hither have I brought him sleeping
In a trance, his wounds fresh weeping,
In remembrance such youth may
Spring and perish in a day.
Clo. Satyr, they wrong thee that do term thee rude;
Though thou be'st outward rough and tawny-hued,
Thy manners are as gentle and as fair

38 *undo*] *cut off* F.
40 s.d. Not in old eds. Dyce has: Clorin *discovered in the bower*, at the beginning of the scene.
41 *rites*] So F, Dyce. *rights* Qq.
53 *grooms*] So Q2, etc., Dyce. *Gwomes* Q1.

As his who brags himself born only heir
To all humanity. Let me see the wound:
This herb will stay the current, being bound
Fast to the orifice, and this restrain
Ulcers and swellings, and such inward pain
As the cold air hath forced into the sore;
This to draw out such putrefying gore
As inward falls.
Sat. Heaven grant it may do good!
Clo. Fairly wipe away the blood:
Hold him gently, till I fling
Water of a virtuous spring
On his temples; turn him twice
To the moonbeams; pinch him thrice;
That the labouring soul may draw
From his great eclipse.
Sat. I saw
His eyelids moving.
Clo. Give him breath;
All the danger of cold death
Now is vanish'd; with this plaster,
And this unction do I master
All the fester'd ill that may
Give him grief another day.
Sat. See, he gathers up his sprite,
And begins to hunt for light;
Now a' gapes and breathes again:
How the blood runs to the vein
That erst was empty!
Alexis. O my heart!
My dearest, dearest Cloe! Oh, the smart
Runs through my side! I feel some pointed thing
Pass through my bowels, sharper than the sting
Of scorpion.—Pan, preserve me!—What are you?
Do not hurt me: I am true
To my Cloe, though she fly,
And leave me to this destiny:
There she stands, and will not lend
Her smooth white hand to help her friend.

66 *the*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *thie* Q1. *thy* Q2.
88 *a'*] So Q1–3. *he* Q4, etc., Dyce.

But I am much mistaken, for that face
Bears more austerity and modest grace,
More reproving and more awe,
Than these eyes yet ever saw
In my Cloe. Oh, my pain
Eagerly renews again!
Give me your help for his sake you love best.
Clo. Shepherd, thou canst not possibly take rest,
Till thou hast laid aside all heats, desires,
Provoking thoughts that stir up lusty fires,
Commerce with wanton eyes, strong blood, and will
To execute; these must be purged until
The vein grow whiter; then repent, and pray
Great Pan to keep you from the like decay,
And I shall undertake your cure with ease;
Till when, this virtuous plaster will displease
Your tender sides. Give me your hand, and rise!
Help him a little, Satyr; for his thighs
Yet are feeble.
Alexis. Sure, I have lost much blood.
Sat. 'Tis no matter; 'twas not good.
Mortal, you must leave your wooing:
Though there be a joy in doing,
Yet it brings much grief behind it;
They best feel it, that do find it.
Clo. Come, bring him in; I will attend his sore.—
When you are well, take heed you lust no more.
Sat. Shepherd, see, what comes of kissing;
By my head, 'twere better missing.—
Brightest, if there be remaining
Any service, without feigning
I will do it; were I set
To catch the nimble wind, or get
Shadows gliding on the green,
Or to steal from the great queen

107 *possibly*] So Q4, etc., Dyce. *possible* Q1–3.
108 *heats, desires*] So Q1, Dyce. *hearts desires* Q2, etc.
115 *plaster*] So Q2, etc. *Playsters* Q1.
125 Dyce added the direction: Alexis *is led into the bower*. He no doubt retired to the recess at the back of the stage so that he would be hidden when the curtain was drawn, which was probably opened at l. 41 (or according to Dyce at the beginning of the scene). He does not leave the stage.

Of fairies all her beauty ;
I would do it, so much duty
Do I owe those precious eyes.
Clo. I thank thee, honest Satyr. If the cries
Of any other, that be hurt or ill,
Draw thee unto them, prithee, do thy will
To bring him hither.
Sat. I will ; and when the weather
Serves to angle in the brook,
I will bring a silver hook,
With a line of finest silk,
And a rod as white as milk,
To deceive the little fish :
So I take my leave, and wish
On this bower may ever dwell
Spring and summer !
Clo. Friend, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Part of the Wood.

Enter AMORET.

Amo. This place is ominous ; for here I lost
My love and almost life, and since have crost
All these woods over ; never a nook or dell,
Where any little bird or beast doth dwell,
But I have sought it ; never a bending brow
Of any hill, or glade the wind sings through,

134 *fairies*] Possibly intended as a trisyllable. Q1 has *Fayryes*. Fletcher may have had the form *faëry* in mind.

140 It has been usual to make one line of this and the next, but a rime is undoubtedly intended. Q1, 2 print *hether*, as in many other passages, and the form should perhaps have been retained. Fletcher, however, freely rimes *yet* with *sit*, etc. (I. iii. 103, III. i. 18, etc.).

146 *deceive*] So Q2, etc., Dyce. *deserve* Q1.

149 s.d. Exit Qq, F. Exit *Satyr*. Scene closes. Dyce. No doubt the Satyr goes off at the side and Clorin retires into the recess, the curtain closing.

SCENE III. Not marked in old eds. s.d. old eds. add *seeking her love.*

3 Seward, etc. compare *Comus*, l. 311, etc.

5 *it*] So Q1, 2, Dyce. *him* Q3, etc.

Nor a green bank, or shade where shepherds use
To sit and riddle, sweetly pipe, or choose
Their valentines, but I have miss'd to find
My love in. Perigot! Oh, too unkind,
Why hast thou fled me? whither art thou gone?
How have I wrong'd thee? was my love alone
To thee worthy this scorn'd recompense? 'Tis well;
I am content to feel it. But I tell
Thee, shepherd, and these lusty woods shall hear,
Forsaken Amoret is yet as clear
Of any stranger fire, as heaven is
From foul corruption, or the deep abyss
From light and happiness; and thou may'st know
All this for truth, and how that fatal blow
Thou gav'st me, never from desert of mine
Fell on my life, but from suspect of thine,
Or fury more than madness; therefore here,
Since I have lost my life, my love, my dear,
Upon this cursèd place, and on this green
That first divorced us, shortly shall be seen
A sight of so great pity, that each eye
Shall daily spend his spring in memory
Of my untimely fall.

Enter AMARILLIS.

Amar. [*aside.*] I am not blind,
Nor is it through the working of my mind
That this shows Amoret. Forsake me, all
That dwell upon the soul, but what men call
Wonder, or, more than wonder, miracle!
For, sure, so strange as this, the oracle
Never gave answer of; it passeth dreams,
Or madmen's fancy, when the many streams
Of new imagination rise and fall:
'Tis but an hour since these ears heard her call
For pity to young Perigot; whilst he
Directed by his fury, bloodily

7 *or*] So Q1, 2, Dyce. *nor* Q3, etc.
9 *but*] So Q1, 2. *that* Q3, etc., Dyce (with comma after *missed*). *Missed* has the sense of 'failed.'
37 *imagination*] So Q1. *imaginations* Q2, etc., Dyce; no doubt attracted into the plural by the following verbs.

Lanch'd up her breast, which bloodless fell and cold;
And, if belief may credit what was told,
After all this, the Melancholy Swain
Took her into his arms, being almost slain,
And to the bottom of the holy well
Flung her, for ever with the waves to dwell.
'Tis she, the very same; 'tis Amoret,
And living yet; the great powers will not let
Their virtuous love be crossed.—Maid, wipe away
Those heavy drops of sorrow, and allay
The storm that yet goes high, which, not deprest,
Breaks heart and life and all before it rest.
Thy Perigot——
Amo. Where, which is Perigot?
Amar. Sits there below, lamenting much, God wot,
Thee and thy fortune. Go, and comfort him;
And thou shalt find him underneath a brim
Of sailing pines, that edge yon mountain in.
Amo. I go, I run. Heaven grant me I may win
His soul again! [*Exit.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. Stay, Amarillis, stay!
You are too fleet; 'tis two hours yet to day.
I have perform'd my promise; let us sit
And warm our bloods together, till the fit
Come lively on us.
Amar. Friend, you are too keen;
The morning riseth, and we shall be seen;
Forbear a little.
Sull. Shep. I can stay no longer.
Amar. Hold, shepherd, hold! learn not to be a wronger
Of your word. Was not your promise laid,
To break their loves first?
Sull. Shep. I have done it, maid.
Amar. No; they are yet unbroken, met again,
And are as hard to part yet as the stain
Is from the finest lawn.

41 *Lanch'd*] i. e. lanced.
57 *sailing*] i. e. of which masts are made. Chaucer and Spenser both use the epithet.

Sull. Shep. I say, they are
Now at this present parted, and so far
That they shall never meet.
Amar. Swain, 'tis not so;
For do but to yon hanging mountain go,
And there believe your eyes.
Sull. Shep. You do but hold
Off with delays and trifles. Farewell, cold
And frozen bashfulness, unfit for men!
Thus I salute thee, virgin!
Amar. And thus, then,
I bid you follow: catch me if ye can! [*Exit.*
Sull. Shep. And, if I stay behind, I am no man! [*Exit, running after her.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the Wood.

Enter PERIGOT.

Peri. Night, do not steal away; I woo thee yet
To hold a hard hand o'er the rusty bit
That guides thy lazy team. Go back again,
Boötes, thou that driv'st thy frozen wain
Round as a ring, and bring a second night,
To hide my sorrows from the coming light;
Let not the eyes of men stare on my face,
And read my falling; give me some black place,
Where never sunbeam shot his wholesome light,
That I may sit and pour out my sad sprite
Like running water, never to be known
After the forcèd fall and sound is gone.

Enter AMORET.

Amo. This is the bottom.—Speak, if thou be here,
My Perigot! Thy Amoret, thy dear,

SCENE IV. Not marked in old eds, and no locality given.
12 s.d. Q1–3 add: looking of *Perigot;* Q4, 5, F looking for *Perigot.*

Calls on thy lovèd name.
Peri. What art thou dare
Tread these forbidden paths, where death and care
Dwell on the face of darkness?
Amo. 'Tis thy friend,
Thy Amoret, come hither, to give end
To these consumings. Look up, gentle boy:
I have forgot those pains and dear annoy
I suffer'd for thy sake, and am content
To be thy love again. Why hast thou rent
Those curlèd locks, where I have often hung
Ribbons and damask-roses, and have flung
Waters distill'd, to make thee fresh and gay,
Sweeter than nosegays on a bridal day?
Why dost thou cross thine arms, and hang thy face
Down to thy bosom, letting fall apace
From those two little heavens, upon the ground,
Showers of more price, more orient, and more round,
Than those that hang upon the moon's pale brow?
Cease these complainings, shepherd: I am now
The same I ever was, as kind and free,
And can forgive before you ask of me;
Indeed, I can and will.
Peri. So spoke my fair!
Oh, you great working powers of earth and air,
Water and forming fire, why have you lent
Your hidden virtues of so ill intent?
Even such a face, so fair, so bright of hue,
Had Amoret; such words, so smooth and new,
Came flowing from her tongue; such was her eye,
And such the pointed sparkle that did fly
Forth like a bleeding shaft; all is the same,
The robe and buskins, painted hook, and frame
Of all her body. Oh me, Amoret!
Amo. Shepherd, what means this riddle? who hath set
So strong a difference 'twixt myself and me,
That I am grown another? Look, and see
The ring thou gav'st me, and about my wrist

15 *art*] So Q2, etc., Dyce. Omit Q1.
41 *flowing*] So Q1, Dyce. *flying* Q2, etc.

That curious bracelet thou thyself didst twist
From those fair tresses. Know'st thou Amoret?
Hath not some newer love forced thee forget
Thy ancient faith?
Peri. Still nearer to my love!
These be the very words she oft did prove
Upon my temper; so she still would take
Wonder into her face, and silent make
Signs with her head and hand, as who would say
'Shepherd, remember this another day.'
Amo. Am I not Amoret? where was I lost?
Can there be heaven, and time, and men, and most
Of these unconstant? Faith, where art thou fled?
Are all the vows and protestations dead,
The hands held up, the wishes and the heart?
Is there not one remaining, not a part
Of all these to be found? Why, then, I see
Men never knew that virtue, constancy.
Peri. Men ever were most blessèd, till cross fate
Brought love and women forth, unfortunate
To all that ever tasted of their smiles;
Whose actions are all double, full of wiles;
Like to the subtle hare, that 'fore the hounds
Makes many turnings, leaps, and many rounds,
This way and that way, to deceive the scent
Of her pursuers.
Amo. 'Tis but to prevent
Their speedy coming on, that seek her fall;
The hands of cruel men, more bestial,
And of a nature more refusing good
Than beasts themselves or fishes of the flood.
Peri. Thou art all these, and more than nature meant
When she created all; frowns, joys, content;
Extreme fire for an hour, and presently
Colder than sleepy poison, or the sea
Upon whose face sits a continual frost;
Your actions ever driven to the most,
Then down again as low, that none can find

60 *and most*] So Q2, etc., Dyce. *most* Q1.
84 *most*] i. e. extreme.

The rise or falling of a woman's mind.
Amo. Can there be any age, or days, or time,
Or tongues of men, guilty so great a crime
As wronging simple maid? Oh, Perigot,
Thou that wast yesterday without a blot;
Thou that wast every good and every thing
That men call blessèd; thou that wast the spring
From whence our looser grooms drew all their best;
Thou that wast always just and always blest
In faith and promise; thou that hadst the name
Of virtuous given thee, and made good the same
Even from thy cradle; thou that wast that all
That men delighted in! Oh, what a fall
Is this, to have been so, and now to be
The only best in wrong and infamy!
And I to live to know this! and by me,
That loved thee dearer than mine eyes, or that
Which we esteem our honour, virgin-state;
Dearer than swallows love the early morn,
Or dogs of chase the sound of merry horn;
Dearer than thou can'st love thy new love, if thou hast
Another, and far dearer than the last;
Dearer than thou can'st love thyself, though all
The self-love were within thee that did fall
With that coy swain that now is made a flower,
For whose dear sake Echo weeps many a shower!
And am I thus rewarded for my flame?
Loved worthily to get a wanton's name?
Come, thou forsaken willow, wind my head,
And noise it to the world, my love is dead!
I am forsaken, I am cast away,
And left for every lazy groom to say
I was unconstant, light, and sooner lost
Than the quick clouds we see, or the chill frost
When the hot sun beats on it! Tell me yet,
Can'st thou not love again thy Amoret?
Peri. Thou art not worthy of that blessèd name:
I must not know thee: fling thy wanton flame
Upon some lighter blood that may be hot

103 *esteem*] So Q1, Dyce. *esteem'd* Q2, etc.
110 *swain*] i. e. Narcissus.

With words and feignèd passions; Perigot
Was ever yet unstain'd, and shall not now
Stoop to the meltings of a borrow'd brow.
Amo. Then hear me, Heaven, to whom I call for right,
And you, fair twinkling stars, that crown the night;
And hear me, woods, and silence of this place,
And ye, sad hours, that move a sullen pace;
Hear me, ye shadows, that delight to dwell
In horrid darkness, and ye powers of hell,
Whilst I breathe out my last! I am that maid,
That yet untainted Amoret, that play'd
The careless prodigal, and gave away
My soul to this young man that now dares say
I am a stranger, not the same, more wild;
And thus with much belief I was beguiled:
I am that maid, that have delay'd, denied,
And almost scorn'd the loves of all that tried
To win me, but this swain; and yet confess
I have been woo'd by many with no less
Soul of affection; and have often had
Rings, belts, and cracknels, sent me from the lad
That feeds his flocks down westward; lambs and doves
By young Alexis; Daphnis sent me gloves;
All which I gave to thee: nor these nor they
That sent them did I smile on or e'er lay
Up to my after-memory. But why
Do I resolve to grieve, and not to die?
Happy had been the stroke thou gav'st, if home;
By this time had I found a quiet room,
Where every slave is free, and every breast,
That living bred new care, now lies at rest;
And thither will poor Amoret.
Peri. Thou must.
Was ever any man so loath to trust
His eyes as I? or was there ever yet
Any so like as this to Amoret?
For whose dear sake I promise, if there be

138 *wild*] *vild* Dyce, but I can see no reason for the change.
140 *denied*] So Q2, etc., Dyce. *denye* Q1.
155 *bred*] So Dyce. *bread* Q1. *breds* Q2. *breeds* Q3, etc.

A living soul within thee, thus to free
Thy body from it. [*He hurts her again.*
Amo. So, this work hath end.
Farewell, and live; be constant to thy friend
That loves thee next.

Enter Satyr; PERIGOT *runs off.*

Sat. See, the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire; the wind blows cold,
Whilst the morning doth unfold;
Now the birds begin to rouse,
And the squirrel from the boughs
Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit;
The early lark, that erst was mute,
Carols to the rising day
Many a note and many a lay:
Therefore here I end my watch
Lest the wandering swain should catch
Harm, or lose himself.
Amo. Ah me!
Sat. Speak again, whate'er thou be;
I am ready; speak, I say;
By the dawning of the day,
By the power of night and Pan,
I enforce thee speak again!
Amo. Oh, I am most unhappy!
Sat. Yet more blood!
Sure, these wanton swains are wood.
Can there be a hand or heart
Dare commit so vild a part
As this murder? By the moon,
That hid herself when this was done,
Never was a sweeter face:
I will bear her to the place
Where my goddess keeps, and crave
Her to give her life or grave. [*Exeunt.*

162 s.d.] Dyce chose to substitute *Wounds her with his spear.*
166 *shoots*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *shutts* Q1, 2.
184 *wood*] i. e. mad.
186 *vild*] So Q1–3 and Dyce. *vile* Q4, etc.
191 *keeps*] i. e. dwells.

SCENE V.

The Wood before CLORIN'S *Bower.*

Enter CLORIN.

Clo. Here whilst one patient takes his rest secure,
I steal abroad to do another cure.—
Pardon, thou buried body of my love,
That from thy side I dare so soon remove;
I will not prove unconstant, nor will leave
Thee for an hour alone: when I deceive
My first-made vow, the wildest of the wood
Tear me, and o'er thy grave let out my blood!
I go by wit to cure a lover's pain,
Which no herb can; being done, I 'll come again. [*Exit.*

Enter THENOT.

The. Poor shepherd, in this shade for ever lie,
And seeing thy fair Clorin's cabin, die!
Oh, hapless love, which being answer'd, ends!
And, as a little infant cries and bends
His tender brows, when, rolling of his eye,
He hath espied something that glisters nigh,
Which he would have, yet, give it him, away
He throws it straight, and cries afresh to play
With something else; such my affection, set
On that which I should loathe, if I could get.

Re-enter CLORIN.

Clo. [*aside.*] See, where he lies! Did ever man but he
Love any woman for her constancy
To her dead lover, which she needs must end
Before she can allow him for her friend,
And he himself must needs the cause destroy
For which he loves, before he can enjoy?
Poor shepherd, Heaven grant I at once may free
Thee from thy pain, and keep my loyalty!—
Shepherd, look up.

SCENE V. Not marked in old eds. Locality added by Dyce.

The. Thy brightness doth amaze;
So Phoebus may at noon bid mortals gaze;
Thy glorious constancy appears so bright,
I dare not meet the beams with my weak sight.
Clo. Why dost thou pine away thyself for me?
The. Why dost thou keep such spotless constancy?
Clo. Thou holy shepherd, see what for thy sake
Clorin, thy Clorin, now dare undertake. [*He starts up.*
The. Stay there, thou constant Clorin! if there be
Yet any part of woman left in thee,
To make thee light, think yet before thou speak.
Clo. See, what a holy vow for thee I break;
I, that already have my fame far spread
For being constant to my lover dead.
The. Think yet, dear Clorin, of your love; how true,
If you had died, he would have been to you.
Clo. Yet, all I 'll lose for thee——
The. Think but how blest
A constant woman is above the rest!
Clo. And offer up myself, here on this ground,
To be disposed by thee.
The. Why dost thou wound
His heart with malice against women more,
That hated all the sex but thee before?
How much more pleasant had it been to me
To die than to behold this change in thee!
Yet, yet return; let not the woman sway!
Clo. Insult not on her now, nor use delay,
Who for thy sake hath ventured all her fame.
The. Thou hast not ventured, but bought certain shame:
Your sex's curse, foul falsehood, must and shall,
I see, once in your lives, light on you all.
I hate thee now. Yet turn!
Clo. Be just to me:
Shall I at once lose both my fame and thee?
The. Thou hadst no fame; that which thou didst like good
Was but thy appetite that sway'd thy blood

35 *holy*] Surely this must be wrong.
52 *to behold*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *behold* Q1, 2.

For that time to the best: for as a blast
That through a house comes, usually doth cast
Things out of order, yet by chance may come,
And blow some one thing to his proper room,
So did thy appetite, and not thy zeal,
Sway thee by chance to do some one thing well.
Yet turn!
Clo. Thou dost but try me, if I would
Forsake thy dear embraces for my old
Love's, though he were alive: but do not fear.
The. I do contemn thee now, and dare come near,
And gaze upon thee; for methinks that grace,
Austerity, which sate upon that face,
Is gone, and thou like others. False maid, see,
This is the gain of foul inconstancy! [*Exit.*
Clo. 'Tis done:—great Pan, I give thee thanks for it!—
What art could not have healed is cured by wit.

Enter THENOT *again.*

The. Will ye be constant yet? will ye remove
Into the cabin to your buried love?
Clo. No, let me die, but by thy side remain.
The. There's none shall know that thou didst ever stain
Thy worthy strictness, but shalt honour'd be,
And I will lie again under this tree,
And pine and die for thee with more delight
Than I have sorrow now to know thee light.
Clo. Let me have thee, and I'll be where thou wilt.
The. Thou art of woman's race, and full of guilt.
Farewell all hope of that sex! Whilst I thought
There was one good, I fear'd to find one naught:
But since their minds I all alike espy,
Henceforth I 'll choose, as others, by mine eye. [*Exit.*
Clo. Blest be ye powers that gave such quick redress,
And for my labours sent so good success!
I rather choose, though I a woman be,
He should speak ill of all than die for me. [*Exit.*

76 *inconstancy*] So Q2, etc., Dyce. *inconstance* Q1.
92 and 96 s.d. Not in old eds.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Village.

Enter Priest *and* Old Shepherd.

Priest. Shepherds, rise, and shake off sleep!
See, the blushing morn doth peep
Through the windows, whilst the sun
To the mountain-tops is run,
Gilding all the vales below
With his rising flames, which grow
Greater by his climbing still.
Up, ye lazy grooms, and fill
Bag and bottle for the field!
Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield
To the bitter north-east wind.
Call the maidens up, and find
Who lay longest, that she may
Go without a friend all day;
Then reward your dogs, and pray
Pan to keep you from decay:
So unfold, and then away!—
What, not a shepherd stirring? Sure, the grooms
Have found their beds too easy, or the rooms
Fill'd with such new delight and heat, that they
Have both forgot their hungry sheep and day.
Knock, that they may remember what a shame
Sloth and neglect lays on a shepherd's name.
Old Shep. It is to little purpose; not a swain
This night hath known his lodging here, or lain
Within these cotes: the woods, or some near town
That is a neighbour to the bordering down,
Hath drawn them thither, 'bout some lusty sport,

V. i. Locality added by Dyce.

Or spicèd wassail-bowl, to which resort
All the young men and maids of many a cote,
Whilst the trim minstrel strikes his merry note.
Priest. God pardon sin!—Show me the way that leads
To any of their haunts.
Old Shep. This to the meads,
And that down to the woods.
Priest. Then, this for me.
Come, shepherd, let me crave your company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Wood before CLORIN'S *Bower.*

CLORIN *and* ALEXIS *are discovered in the Bower.*

Clo. Now your thoughts are almost pure,
And your wound begins to cure;
Strive to banish all that's vain,
Lest it should break out again.
Alexis. Eternal thanks to thee, thou holy maid!
I find my former wandering thoughts well staid
Through thy wise precepts; and my outward pain
By thy choice herbs is almost gone again:
Thy sex's vice and virtue are reveal'd
At once; for what one hurt another heal'd.
Clo. May thy grief more appease!
Relapses are the worst disease.
Take heed how you in thought offend;
So mind and body both will mend.

Enter the Satyr, *with* AMORET.

Amo. Be'st thou the wildest creature of the wood,
That bear'st me thus away, drown'd in my blood

SCENE II. Not marked in old eds. Locality added by Dyce.
s.d. Old eds. have: Enter *Clorin* in her Cabin, *Alexis* with her, Q1–3 wrongly adding: and *Amarillis*. Dyce printed: *Clorin* and *Alexis* discovered in the bower; at the side of the stage, a hollow tree, in which are *Cloe* and *Daphnis;* but there is nothing to show that they are visible to the audience. They enter at l. 55, as duly marked in the old eds.

And dying, know I cannot injured be;
I am a maid; let that name fight for me.
Sat. Fairest virgin, do not fear
Me, that doth thy body bear,
Not to hurt, but heal'd to be;
Men are ruder far than we.—
See, fair goddess, in the wood
They have let out yet more blood:
Some savage man hath struck her breast,
So soft and white, that no wild beast
Durst ha' touched, asleep or wake;
So sweet, that adder, newt, or snake,
Would have lain, from arm to arm,
On her bosom to be warm
All a night, and, being hot,
Gone away, and stung her not.
Quickly clap herbs to her breast
A man, sure, is a kind of beast.
Clo. With spotless hand on spotless breast
I put these herbs, to give thee rest:
Which till it heal thee, there will bide,
If both be pure; if not, off slide.—
See, it falls off from the wound!
Shepherdess, thou art not sound,
Full of lust.
Sat. Who would have thought it?
So fair a face!
Clo. Why, that hath brought it.
Amo. For aught I know or think, these words my last,
Yet, Pan so help me as my thoughts are chaste!
Clo. And so may Pan bless this my cure,
As all my thoughts are just and pure!
Some uncleanness nigh doth lurk,
That will not let my medicines work.—
Satyr, search if thou canst find it.
Sat. Here away methinks I wind it:
Stronger yet.—Oh, here they be;
Here, here, in a hollow tree,

21 *heal'd*] So Q2, etc., Dyce. *held* Q1.
27 *ha'*] So F. *a* Qq. *have* Dyce.

Two fond mortals have I found.
Clo. Bring them out; they are unsound.

Enter CLOE *and* DAPHNIS.

Sat. By the fingers thus I wring ye,
To my goddess thus I bring ye;
Strife is vain, come gently in.—
I scented them; they're full of sin.
Clo. Hold, Satyr; take this glass,
Sprinkle over all the place,
Purge the air from lustful breath,
To save this shepherdess from death:
And stand you still whilst I do dress
Her wound, for fear the pain increase.
Sat. From this glass I throw a drop
Of crystal water on the top
Of every grass, on flowers a pair:
Send a fume, and keep the air
Pure and wholesome, sweet and blest,
Till this virgin's wound be drest.
Clo. Satyr, help to bring her in.
Sat. By Pan, I think she hath no sin,
She is so light.—Lie on these leaves.
Sleep, that mortal sense deceives,
Crown thine eyes and ease thy pain;
May'st thou soon be well again!
Clo. Satyr, bring the shepherd near;
Try him, if his mind be clear.
Sat. Shepherd, come.
Daph. My thoughts are pure.
Sat. The better trial to endure.
Clo. In this flame his finger thrust,
Which will burn him if he lust;
But if not, away will turn,
As loath unspotted flesh to burn.—
See, it gives back; let him go.
Sat. Farewell, mortal: keep thee so.— [*Exit* DAPHNIS.

53 *fond*] i. e. foolish—but the word often has a suggestion of amorous, wanton.
81 Weber aptly compares the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, V. v. 88, etc.
86 This line rightly belongs to the Satyr, as Dyce saw. In Q1 the prefix has accidentally dropt so that it appears as if it applied to l. 87, and so Q2, etc., printed it.

Stay, fair nymph; fly not so fast;
We must try if you be chaste.—
Here's a hand that quakes for fear;
Sure, she will not prove so clear.
Clo. Hold her finger to the flame;
That will yield her praise or shame.
Sat. To her doom she dares not stand,
But plucks away her tender hand;
And the taper darting sends
His hot beams at her fingers' ends.—
Oh, thou art foul within, and hast
A mind, if nothing else, unchaste!
Alex. Is not that Cloe? 'Tis my love, 'tis she!
Cloe, fair Cloe!
Cloe. My Alexis!
Alex. He.
Cloe. Let me embrace thee.
Clo. Take her hence,
Lest her sight disturb his sense.
Alex. Take not her; take my life first!
Clo. See, his wound again is burst:
Keep her near, here in the wood,
Till I have stopt these streams of blood.
Soon again he ease shall find,
If I can but still his mind.
This curtain thus I do display,
To keep the piercing air away. [*Exeunt.*

101-2 So divided in Q3, etc., and Dyce. Q1, 2 divide after thee.
110 s.d. Not in old eds. Dyce has elaborate directions. After l. 106 he prints: *Satyr leads off Cloe*; and after l. 110: Draws a curtain before the bower. Scene closes.—It is clear that the Satyr and Cloe exeunt at the side while Clorin retires into the recess, whither Alexis and Amoret have been already conveyed, and the traverse is closed.

SCENE III.

In the neighbourhood of the Village.

Enter Old Shepherd *and* Priest.

Priest. Sure, they are lost for ever: 'tis in vain
To find them out with trouble and much pain,
That have a ripe desire and forward will
To fly the company of all but ill.
What shall be counsel'd? now shall we retire,
Or constant follow still that first desire
We had to find them?
Old Shep. Stay a little while;
For, if the morning's mist do not beguile
My sight with shadows, sure I see a swain;
One of this jolly troop 's come back again.

Enter THENOT.

Priest. Dost thou not blush, young shepherd, to be known
Thus without care leaving thy flocks alone,
And following what desire and present blood
Shapes out before thy burning sense for good;
Having forgot what tongue hereafter may
Tell to the world thy falling off, and say
Thou art regardless both of good and shame,
Spurning at virtue and a virtuous name?
And like a glorious desperate man, that buys
A poison of much price, by which he dies,
Dost thou lay out for lust, whose only gain
Is foul disease, with present age and pain,
And then a grave? These be the fruits that grow
In such hot veins, that only beat to know
Where they may take most ease, and grow ambitious
Through their own wanton fire and pride delicious.

5] *counsel'd? now shall*] *counsaild: Now shall* Q1. *counsaild Now, shall* Q2. *counsailed now, shall* Q3–5. *counsel'd now? shall* F., Dyce.
19 *glorious*] i. e. boastful.
22 *present age*] i. e. early old age.

The. Right holy sir, I have not known this night
What the smooth face of mirth was, or the sight
Of any looseness; music, joy, and ease,
Have been to me as bitter drugs to please
A stomach lost with weakness, not a game
That I am skilled at throughly: nor a dame,
Went her tongue smoother than the feet of time,
Her beauty ever living like the rime
Our blessed Tityrus did sing of yore;
No, were she more enticing than the store
Of fruitful summer, when the loaden tree
Bids the faint traveller be bold and free;
'Twere but to me like thunder gainst the bay,
Whose lightning may enclose, but never stay
Upon his charmèd branches; such am I
Against the catching flames of woman's eye.
Priest. Then, wherefore hast thou wandered?
The. 'Twas a vow
That drew me out last night, which I have now
Strictly perform'd, and homewards go to give
Fresh pasture to my sheep, that they may live.
Priest. 'Tis good to hear ye, shepherd, if the heart
In this well-sounding music bear his part.
Where have you left the rest?
The. I have not seen,
Since yesternight we met upon this green
To fold our flocks up, any of that train;
Yet have I walked these woods round, and have lain
All this long night under an aged tree;
Yet neither wandering shepherd did I see,
Or shepherdess; or drew into mine ear
The sound of living thing, unless it were
The nightingale, among the thick-leaved spring
That sits alone in sorrow, and doth sing
Whole nights away in mourning; or the owl,
Or our great enemy, that still doth howl
Against the moon's cold beams.

35 *Tityrus*] It has been usual to suppose that Fletcher, like Spenser, applied this name, long consecrated to Vergil, to Chaucer.
39 The bay or laurel was supposed safe from lightning.
52 *these*] So Q1, F. *those* Q2–5, Dyce.
53 *long*] So Q1, Dyce. Omit Q2. *same* Q3, etc.
60 *enemy*] i. e. the wolf. Cf. *Faery Queen*, I. v. 274.

Priest. Go, and beware
Of after-falling.
The. Father, 'tis my care. [*Exit.*

Enter DAPHNIS.

Old Shep. Here comes another straggler; sure I see
A shame in this young shepherd.—Daphnis?
Daph. He.
Priest. Where hast thou left the rest, that should have been
Long before this grazing upon the green
Their yet-imprison'd flocks?
Daph. Thou holy man,
Give me a little breathing, till I can
Be able to unfold what I have seen;
Such horror, that the like hath never been
Known to the ear of shepherd. Oh, my heart
Labours a double motion to impart
So heavy tidings! You all know the bower
Where the chaste Clorin lives, by whose great power
Sick men and cattle have been often cured;
There lovely Amoret, that was assured
To lusty Perigot, bleeds out her life,
Forced by some iron hand and fatal knife;
And, by her, young Alexis.

Enter AMARILLIS, *running*.

Amar. If there be
Ever a neighbour-brook or hollow tree,
Receive my body, close me up from lust
That follows at my heels! Be ever just,
Thou god of shepherds, Pan, for her dear sake
That loves the rivers' brinks, and still doth shake
In cold remembrance of thy quick pursuit;
Let me be made a reed, and, ever mute,
Nod to the waters' fall, whilst every blast
Sings through my slender leaves that I was chaste!
Priest. This is a night of wonder.—Amarill,

65 *thou*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. Omit Q1, 2.
76 *assured*] i. e. affianced.
79 s.d. Q1, etc., add: from her sullen sheepheard.

Be comforted: the holy gods are still
Revengers of these wrongs.
Amar. Thou blessèd man,
Honour'd upon these plains, and loved of Pan,
Hear me, and save from endless infamy
My yet-unblasted flower, virginity!
By all the garlands that have crown'd that head,
By thy chaste office, and the marriage-bed
That still is bless'd by thee; by all the rites
Due to our god, and by those virgin lights
That burn before his altar; let me not
Fall from my former state, to gain the blot
That never shall be purged! I am not now
That wanton Amarillis: here I vow
To Heaven, and thee, grave father, if I may
Scape this unhappy night, to know the day
A virgin, never after to endure
The tongues or company of men unpure!
I hear him come; save me!
Priest. Retire a while
Behind this bush, till we have known that vile
Abuser of young maidens. [*They retire.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. Stay thy pace,
Most lovèd Amarillis; let the chase
Grow calm and milder; fly me not so fast:
I fear the pointed brambles have unlaced
Thy golden buskins. Turn again, and see
Thy shepherd follow, that is strong and free,
Able to give thee all content and ease:
I am not bashful, virgin; I can please
At first encounter, hug thee in mine arm,
And give thee many kisses, soft and warm
As those the sun prints on the smiling cheek

93, etc. Warton and Weber compare *Comus*, l. 883, etc.
97 *rites*] So Dyce. *rights* Qq, F.
98 *virgin lights*] i. e. tapers of virgin wax.
105 So Q1, 2, Dyce. *A virgin, never to endure* Q3. *To live a virgin, never to endure*, Q4, etc.
108 *bush*] So Q2, etc., Dyce. *bushk* Q1 (for *busk*?).
109 s.d.] Added by Dyce.
119 *on the*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *on thy* Q1, 2.

Of plums or mellow peaches ; I am sleek
And smooth as Neptune when stern Aeolus
Locks up his surly winds, and nimbly thus
Can show my active youth. Why dost thou fly ?
Remember, Amarillis, it was I
That kill'd Alexis for thy sake, and set
An everlasting hate 'twixt Amoret
And her beloved Perigot ; 'twas I
That drowned her in the well, where she must lie
Till time shall leave to be. Then, turn again,
Turn with thy open arms, and clip the swain
That hath performed all this ; turn, turn, I say ;
I must not be deluded.
Priest. Monster, stay !
Thou that art like a canker to the state
Thou liv'st and breath'st in, eating with debate
Through every honest bosom, forcing still
The veins of any that may serve thy will ;
Thou that hast offer'd with a sinful hand
To seize upon this virgin, that doth stand
Yet trembling here !
Sull. Shep. Good holiness, declare
What had the danger been, if being bare
I had embraced her ; tell me, by your art,
What coming wonders would that sight impart ?
Priest. Lust and a branded soul.
Sull. Shep. Yet, tell me more ;
Hath not our mother Nature, for her store
And great encrease, said it is good and just,
And will'd that every living creature must
Beget his like ?
Priest. Ye are better read than I,
I must confess, in blood and lechery.—
Now to the bower, and bring this beast along,
Where he may suffer penance for his wrong. [*Exeunt.*

129 *leave*] i. e. cease.
130 *clip*] i. e. embrace.
134 *debate*] i. e. discord.
136 *that*] So Q2, etc., Dyce. *men* Q1.
143 *a*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. Omit Q1, 2.
146 *will'd*] So Q1, Dyce. *will* Q2. *wills* Q3, etc.
150 s.d. So Q3, etc., Dyce. Omit Q1, 2.

SCENE IV.

Part of the Wood.

Enter PERIGOT, *with his hand bloody.*

Peri. Here will I wash it in the morning's dew,
Which she on every little grass doth strew
In silver drops against the sun's appear :
'Tis holy water, and will make me clear.
My hand will not be cleansed.—My wrongèd love,
If thy chaste spirit in the air yet move,
Look mildly down on him that yet doth stand
All full of guilt, thy blood upon his hand ;
And though I struck thee undeservedly,
Let my revenge on her that injured thee
Make less a fault which I intended not,
And let these dew-drops wash away my spot!—
It will not cleanse. Oh, to what sacred flood
Shall I resort, to wash away this blood ?
Amidst these trees the holy Clorin dwells,
In a low cabin of cut boughs, and heals
All wounds : to her I will myself address,
And my rash faults repentantly confess ;
Perhaps she 'll find a means, by art or prayer,
To make my hand, with chaste blood stainèd, fair.
That done, not far hence, underneath some tree
I 'll have a little cabin built, since she
Whom I adored is dead ; there will I give
Myself to strictness, and, like Clorin, live. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. Not marked in old eds. Locality added by Dyce.
1 *the*] So Q1, Dyce. *this* Q2, etc.
3 *appear*] It seems just possible that the word might have the sense of 'appearance,' though no other instance is recorded. But I strongly suspect that we ought to read *sun* for *sun's*.
24 *strictness*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *strickness* Q1, 2.

SCENE V.

The Wood before CLORIN'S *Bower.*

The curtain is drawn, CLORIN *appears sitting in the cabin,* AMORET *sitting on one side of her,* ALEXIS *and* CLOE *on the other; the* Satyr *standing by.*

Clo. Shepherd, once more your blood is staid:
Take example by this maid,
Who is heal'd ere you be pure;
So hard it is lewd lust to cure.
Take heed, then, how you turn your eye
On this other lustfully.—
And, shepherdess, take heed lest you
Move his willing eye thereto:
Let no wring, nor pinch, nor smile
Of yours, his weaker sense beguile.—
Is your love yet true and chaste,
And for ever so to last?
Alexis. I have forgot all vain desires,
All looser thoughts, ill-tempered fires:
True love I find a pleasant fume,
Whose moderate heat can ne'er consume.
Cloe. And I a new fire feel in me,
Whose chaste flame is not quench'd to be.
Clo. Join your hands with modest touch,
And for ever keep you such.

Enter PERIGOT.

Peri. Yon is her cabin: thus far off I 'll stand,
And call her forth; for my unhallowed hand
I dare not bring so near yon sacred place.—
Clorin, come forth, and do a timely grace
To a poor swain.
Clo. What art thou that dost call?
Clorin is ready to do good to all:

SCENE V. Not marked in old eds. Locality added by Dyce.
6 *this*] So Dyce ('i. e. of course, Cloe'). *these* Q1–3. *each* Q4, etc.
18 *chaste flame*] So Q4, etc., Dyce. *base end* Q1–3.

Come near.
Peri. I dare not.
Clo. Satyr, see
Who it is that calls on me.
Sat. There, at hand, some swain doth stand,
Stretching out a bloody hand.
Peri. Come, Clorin, bring thy holy waters clear,
To wash my hand.
Clo. What wonders have been here
To-night! Stretch forth thy hand, young swain;
Wash and rub it, whilst I rain
Holy water.
Peri. Still you pour,
But my hand will never scour.
Clo. Satyr, bring him to the bower:
We will try the sovereign power
Of other waters.
Sat. Mortal, sure,
'Tis the blood of maiden pure
That stains thee so.

[*The* Satyr *leadeth him to the bower, where he spieth* AMORET, *and kneeleth down; she knoweth him.*

Peri. Whate'er thou be,
Be'st thou her sprite, or some divinity,
That in her shape thinks good to walk this grove,
Pardon poor Perigot!
Amo. I am thy love,
Thy Amoret, for evermore thy love:
Strike once more on my naked breast, I'll prove
As constant still. Oh, couldst thou love me yet,
How soon should I my former griefs forget!
Peri. So over-great with joy that you live, now
I am, that no desire of knowing how
Doth seize me. Hast thou still power to forgive?
Amo. Whilst thou hast power to love, or I to live:
More welcome now than hadst thou never gone
Astray from me!

29 *There, at*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *Thers a* Q1. *Thers at* Q2.
46 *Strike*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *Stick* Q1, 2.
47 *couldst*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *canst* Q1, 2.
48 *should*] So Q3, etc. *could* Q1, 2, Dyce.

Peri. And when thou lov'st alone,
And not I, death, or some lingering pain
That 's worse, light on me!
Clo. Now your stain
Perhaps will cleanse thee once again.
See, the blood that erst did stay,
With the water drops away.
All the powers again are pleased,
And with this new knot are appeased.
Join your hands, and rise together:
Pan be blessed that brought you hither!

Enter Priest *and* Old Shepherd.

Go back again, whate'er thou art; unless
Smooth maiden-thoughts possess thee, do not press
This hallowed ground.—Go, Satyr, take his hand,
And give him present trial.
Sat. Mortal, stand,
Till by fire I have made known
Whether thou be such a one
That mayst freely tread this place.
Hold thy hand up.—Never was
More untainted flesh than this.
Fairest, he is full of bliss.
Clo. Then boldly speak, why dost thou seek this place?
Priest. First, honoured virgin, to behold thy face,
Where all good dwells that is; next, for to try
The truth of late report was given to me,—
Those shepherds that have met with foul mischance
Through much neglect and more ill governance,
Whether the wounds they have may yet endure
The open air, or stay a longer cure;
And lastly, what the doom may be shall light
Upon those guilty wretches, through whose spite

55 *And not I,*] So Qq, F. *And not I thee* Dyce (and other editors), under the quite erroneous impression that the alteration was needed by the metre.

57 So Q1–3. *This perhaps will cleanse again;* Q4, etc. *Perhaps will cleanse thee; once again.* Dyce. 'I would suggest instead, *Perhaps will cleansed be.* If we leave it as it stands we must regard *thee* as an ethical dative.'—Moorman. I do not think Dyce is right in separating the last two words from the rest; at least he has no authority for doing so.

All this confusion fell; for to this place,
Thou holy maiden, have I brought the race
Of these offenders, who have freely told
Both why and by what means they gave this bold
Attempt upon their lives.
Clo. Fume all the ground,
And sprinkle holy water, for unsound
And foul infection gins to fill the air:
It gathers yet more strongly; take a pair
Of censers fill'd with frankincense and myrrh,
Together with cold camphire: quickly stir
Thee, gentle Satyr, for the place begins
To sweat and labour with the abhorred sins
Of those offenders: let them not come nigh,
For full of itching flame and leprosy
Their very souls are, that the ground goes back,
And shrinks to feel the sullen weight of black
And so unheard-of venom.—Hie thee fast,
Thou holy man, and banish from the chaste
These manlike monsters; let them never more
Be known upon these downs, but, long before
The next sun's rising, put them from the sight
And memory of every honest wight:
Be quick in expedition, lest the sores
Of these weak patients break into new gores.
[*Exit* Priest.
Peri. My dear, dear Amoret, how happy are
Those blessèd pairs, in whom a little jar
Hath bred an everlasting love, too strong
For time, or steel, or envy to do wrong!
How do you feel your hurts? Alas, poor heart,
How much I was abused! Give me the smart,
For it is justly mine.
Amo. I do believe:
It is enough, dear friend; leave off to grieve,
And let us once more, in despite of ill,
Give hands and hearts again.

84 *fell*] So Q2, etc., and Dyce. *full* Q1.
88 *lives*] So Q2, etc., Dyce. *live* Q1.
91 *take a pair*] So Q2, etc., Dyce. Omit Q1.
93 *camphire*] i. e. camphor, a reputed antaphrodisiac.

Peri. With better will
Than e'er I went to find in hottest day
Cool crystal of the fountain, to allay
My eager thirst. May this band never break!
Hear us, oh heaven!
Amo. Be constant.
Peri. Else Pan wreak
With double vengeance my disloyalty!
Let me not dare to know the company
Of men, or any more behold those eyes!
Amo. Thus, shepherd, with a kiss all envy dies.

Re-enter Priest.

Priest. Bright maid, I have perform'd your will.
The swain
In whom such heat and black rebellions reign
Hath undergone your sentence and disgrace:
Only the maid I have reserved, whose face
Shows much amendment; many a tear doth fall
In sorrow of her fault: great fair, recall
Your heavy doom, in hope of better days,
Which I dare promise; once again upraise
Her heavy spirit, that near drownèd lies
In self-consuming care that never dies.
Clo. I am content to pardon; call her in.—
The air grows cool again, and doth begin
To purge itself: how bright the day doth show
After this stormy cloud!—Go, Satyr, go,
And with this taper boldly try her hand:
If she be pure and good, and firmly stand
To be so still, we have perform'd a work
Worthy the gods themselves.
[*The* Satyr *brings* AMARILLIS *in.*
Sat. Come forward, maiden; do not lurk,
Nor hide your face with grief and shame;
Now or never get a name

125 *envy*] i. e. ill-will.
128 *and disgrace*] So Q2, etc., Dyce. Omit Q1.
143 s.d. Dyce preferred to print: *Priest of Pan* brings in *Amarillis.*—after l. 137, against the evidence of the old eds.

That may raise thee, and re-cure
All thy life that was impure.
Hold your hand unto the flame;
If thou be'st a perfect dame,
Or hast truly vowed to mend,
This pale fire will be thy friend.—
See, the taper hurts her not!
Go thy ways; let never spot
Henceforth seize upon thy blood:
Thank the gods, and still be good.
Clo. Young shepherdess, now ye are brought again
To virgin-state, be so, and so remain
To thy last day, unless the faithful love
Of some good shepherd force thee to remove;
Then labour to be true to him, and live
As such a one that ever strives to give
A blessèd memory to after-time;
Be famous for your good, not for your crime.—
Now, holy man, I offer up again
These patients, full of health and free from pain:
Keep them from after-ills; be ever near
Unto their actions; teach them how to clear
The tedious way they pass through from suspect;
Keep them from wrong in others, or neglect
Of duty in themselves; correct the blood
With thrifty bits and labour; let the flood,
Or the next neighbouring spring, give remedy
To greedy thirst and travail, not the tree
That hangs with wanton clusters; let not wine,
Unless in sacrifice or rites divine,
Be ever known of shepherds; have a care,
Thou man of holy life! Now do not spare
Their faults through much remissness, nor forget
To cherish him whose many pains and sweat
Hath given increase and added to the downs;

168 *suspect*] i. e. suspition.
169 *wrong in*] So Q1, 2. *wronging* Q3, etc., Dyce. The original reading gives a better parallel to the next line. The meaning is 'evil communications.'
171 *bits*] i. e. fare.
175 *rites*] So F and Dyce. *rights* Qq.

Sort all your shepherds from the lazy clowns
That feed their heifers in the budded brooms;
Teach the young maidens strictness, that the grooms
May ever fear to tempt their blowing youth;
Banish all compliment, but single truth,
From every tongue and every shepherd's heart;
Let them use persuading, but no art.
Thus, holy priest, I wish to thee and these
All the best goods and comforts that may please.
All. And all those blessings Heaven did ever give,
We pray upon this bower may ever live.
Priest. Kneel, every shepherd, whilst with powerful hand
I bless your after-labours, and the land
You feed your flocks upon. Great Pan defend you
From misfortune, and amend you;
Keep you from those dangers still
That are follow'd by your will;
Give ye means to know at length,
All your riches, all your strength,
Cannot keep your foot from falling
To lewd lust, that still is calling
At your cottage, till his power
Bring again that golden hour
Of peace and rest to every soul;
May his care of you control
All diseases, sores, or pain,
That in after-time may reign
Either in your flocks or you;
Give ye all affections new,
New desires, and tempers new,
That ye may be ever true!
Now rise, and go; and, as ye pass away,
Sing to the God of Sheep that happy lay

181–2 The origin of these lines is Chaucer's *House of Fame*, ll. 1225–6. This was imitated by Spenser in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, II. 35–6 and *Faery Queen*, VI. ix. 43–5. Fletcher imitated Spenser.

185 *compliment*] So Q1, 2 (*complement*), Dyce. *complements* Q3, etc.

187 *them use*] So Q1, 2. *them still use* Q3, etc., Dyce, an alteration evidently made to meet the supposed requirements of metre.

190 All] So Q1, 2, Dyce. Alex. Q3, etc.

193 *your*] So Q3, etc., Dyce. *you* Q1.

202 *his*] i.e. Pan's.

That honest Dorus taught ye—Dorus, he
That was the soul and god of melody.
[*They all sing.*

THE SONG.

All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground
With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honoured. Daffadillies,
Roses, pinks, and lovèd lilies,
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honoured, ever young!
Thus great Pan is ever sung.

[*Exeunt all except* CLORIN *and the* Satyr.

Sat. Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
Thou most powerful maid and whitest,
Thou most virtuous and most blessèd,
Eyes of stars, and golden-tressèd
Like Apollo; tell me, sweetest,
What new service now is meetest
For the Satyr? Shall I stray
In the middle air, and stay
The sailing rack, or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night
For a beam to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the sea,

214 *Dorus*] This can only refer to Spenser, from a passage in whose *Shepherd's Calendar* (IV. ll. 140–1) Fletcher clearly imitated ll. 228–9 in the following song.

235 s.d. all . . . *Satyr*] Not in old eds.

240, etc. Weber remarked that Fletcher here imitated Ariel's lines in the *Tempest* (I. ii. 190); but the imitation, if any, must almost certainly be the other way. Cf. also the final speech in *Comus*.

246 *of night*] So Q2, etc., Dyce. *of the night* Q1.

And bring thee coral, making way
Through the rising waves that fall
In snowy fleeces? Dearest, shall
I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies
Whose woven wings the summer dyes
Of many colours? get thee fruit,
Or steal from Heaven old Orpheus' lute?
All these I 'll venter for, and more,
To do her service all these woods adore.
Clo. No other service, Satyr, but thy watch
About these thicks, lest harmless people catch
Mischief or sad mischance
Sat. Holy virgin, I will dance
Round about these woods as quick
As the breaking light, and prick
Down the lawns and down the vales
Faster than the windmill-sails.
So I take my leave, and pray
All the comforts of the day,
Such as Phoebus' heat doth send
On the earth, may still befriend
Thee and this arbour!
Clo. And to thee
All thy master's love be free! [*Exeunt.*

256 *venter*] So Q1–4. *venture* Q5, F, Dyce.
259 *thicks*] So Q1, 2, Dyce. *thickets* Q3, etc., the meaning being the same.
263 *prick*] i. e. spur, speed.
272 Q1 adds at the end: *Finis. The Pastorall of the faithfull Shepheardesse.*

THE MAD LOVER

EDITED BY R. WARWICK BOND

The Mad Lover is the first play in the Folio of 1647, pp. 1–23.

The Mad Lover, A Tragi-Comedy, is the twelfth play in the Folio of 1679, occupying pp. 234–254 of the first system of pagination.

It appears in Theobald's edition (1750) vol. iii (curavit Seward), in Colman's (1778) vol. iii, Weber's (1812) vol. iv, and Dyce's (1843) vol. vi.

The text of the Folio of 1679 is reproduced by Mr. A. R. Waller in the edition included in the *Cambridge English Classics* (vol. iii, 1906), nearly all the variants of the Folio of 1647 being reported in an Appendix.

THE MAD LOVER

TEXT.—The text of the Folios is very respectable, save in the matter of metrical arrangement. They recognize, however, that the whole play is intended as verse, and they give more stage-directions than usual. I count sixteen mistakes common to both: five of them are cases of speeches wrongly assigned (II. i. 49, III. iv. 115, vi. 20–1, IV. ii. 20–2, V. iv. 206), the others of importance being II. i. 105 'Provision,' 139 punctuation, iii. 70 'my fortunes,' V. iv. 225 'royaltie,' 235 'now is got up to the girdle.'

F2 is distinctly the better text. Besides giving the list of Dramatis Personæ, 'Scene—Paphos,' and the names of the chief actors—all of which are wanting in F1—it corrects its predecessor for the better in thirty-nine places, many of them important, e. g. II. i. 165 'creep' for 'weep,' III. iv. 146 'posts' for 'Poets.' It makes some dozen other indifferent changes, and thirteen which are for the worse, e. g. 'strong' for 'strange' II. i. 36, 'behold' for 'lament' III. ii. 110. F1 also preserves two brief passages (III. iii. 16–19, IV. ii. 32–3) excised in F2 for decency's sake; and in V. iv. 250 the words 'Room before there. *Knock.*', besides the names of two boy-actors ('Ed. Hor.' II. ii. 20, 'Ric. Bax.' III. i. 1), which have disappeared in its successor.

S.d. here are always reproduced from Ff, unless otherwise noted. Asides are very rarely marked in them.

The fragmentary copy of the 8vo. edition of 1711 in the Brit. Museum does not contain this play. Seward reports it as generally following the errors of F2. It can be of very small importance for the Text.

Of the Editors, Seward corrected several of the sixteen mistakes preserved by F2, and made some other emendations not wholly fortunate, e. g. II. i. 139, ii. 58, iii. 31; Weber marked localities, and inserted many stage-directions, to the number of which Dyce added. Almost invariably we follow Dyce's metrical arrangement.

ARGUMENT.—The rough, imperious, soldier Memnon, returning victorious to Court, is smitten with a desperate passion for the Princess Calis, who in sport pretends to accept in the most literal and verbal sense his offer of his heart. His suicide is momentarily delayed by the offer of his captain, Syphax, to plead his cause; but Syphax himself falls in love with Calis, and engages one of her ladies, his sister Cleanthe, to assist him. The latter bribes a priestess of Venus to trick the princess into a quasi-religious union with him: but the plot is overheard by Chilax, a comic soldier and favourite of the priestess, and defeated by his substitution of Syphax' old flame, Cloe; while Calis on her visit to the shrine, is answered by Venus in person that she must enjoy a dead love. Meanwhile Memnon has summoned a surgeon to cut out his heart; but, on the arrival of his younger brother Polydore from Athens, consents to await the result of a stratagem. While efforts are made to distract him by a masque and by the introduction of a prostitute disguised as the Princess—an imposture he easily penetrates—Polydore tries to excite Calis' compassion by a mock funeral and the presentation of an animal's heart as Memnon's. He only succeeds, however, in kindling in her a passion for himself; the trick of the funeral leaks out; and the King himself presses his sister upon him. But, since he remains firm to his brother's interest, the King undertakes to plead Memnon's cause with Calis. To leave her heart the more free, Polydore feigns death; and only revives when Memnon, in recognition of so much

devotion, is about to kill himself. A generous contest ensues between the brothers: it is ended by Calis' choice of Polydore, and Memnon's abandonment of his suit and return to the wars. The comic element is reinforced by Chilax' relations with the Court Fool and the page Picus.

DATE.—There is little which can help us to fix the date of *The Mad Lover* except the occurrence of Richard Burbage's name in the list of actors given in the second folio. As he died March 13, 1619, the play cannot have been written later than 1618. If these actor-lists are necessarily those of the first productions, the presence of Nathaniel Field's name in this one suggests 1615 as the upward limit for composition: for Field does not seem to have joined the King's company until after the severance of the Prince Charles' and Lady Elizabeth's men (the company for which he had played in *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, and probably in his own *Amends for Ladies* at Blackfriars, 1615) on Henslowe's death (Jan. 9th, 1616). See Fleay's *Biographical Chronicle*, i. 172: 'c. 1618' is the date favoured by Mr. Fleay, and accepted by Mr. A. H. Thorndike.

AUTHORSHIP.—The sole authorship of Fletcher has been generally asserted ('may be confidently regarded as Fletcher's unaided composition,' says Mr. Bullen); and the belief finds internal support in the very large proportion of feminine endings and in the disjointed and colloquial character of the verse in general. Externally we have the clear mention, or allusion, in the commendatory verse of Richard Lovelace 'To Fletcher Reviv'd,' of Robert Gardiner 'On the Dramatick Poems of Mr. John Fletcher,' and of G. Hill's 'Vpon the ever to be admired Mr. John Fletcher and his Playes': but these do not necessarily exclude Beaumont from a share in the authorship; and even the couplet in Herrick's verses 'Upon Master Fletchers Incomparable Playes'—

> Here's a *mad lover*, there that high designe
> Of *King and no King* (and the rare Plott thine)

which seem to speak more particularly, are discounted by his immediately preceding allusion to *Philaster* and *The Maid's Tragedy*, plays in which the two authors undoubtedly shared. Neither is the mention of the play in Jasper Maine's lines 'On the Workes of Beaumont and Fletcher, now at length printed,' any better evidence of the joint authorship. More definite testimony is presented in Sir Aston Cokaine's 'On the Deceased Authour, Mr. John Fletcher, his Plays; and especially, The Mad Lover'; because the same writer protests, in other verses addressed to Charles Cotton and printed among his *Poems* in 1662, against the failure of the first folio to distinguish between the joint and separate work of the two friends, and the consequent deprivation of Fletcher of that larger share of credit which was his due. Cokaine's verses 'On the Deceased Authour' etc. are printed among the commendatory verse of the offending folio; but the absence in them of all allusion to any play but this, and the following couplets in particular—

> "So the Mad Lover in these various times
> Is press'd to light to accuse us of our crimes . . .
>
> "This play of Fletcher's braves the envious light
> As warder of our eares once, now our sight" . . .

lead us to suspect that they were written in the first instance for some separate quarto edition of this play, projected but not issued.

SOURCES.—Very little material can be found out of which Fletcher might have fashioned his plot. Memnon is doubtless suggested by the Rhodian general of that name who opposed Alexander the Great on behalf of Darius,

and died in B.C. 333. He is mentioned in Plutarch's *Life of Alexander* as the best commander Darius had upon the sea-coasts, who, had he lived, might much have hindered Alexander's progress. The *Apophthegmata* further relates how he rebuked a mercenary soldier who reviled Alexander, smiting him on the head with his lance—an incident which may have suggested Memnon's choler in our play. In Plutarch, however, he is said to have been married to Barsina. It is noteworthy that Demagoras was the name of the commander of a Rhodian galley in the war against Mithridates (Plut. *Life of Lucullus*); while Polydorus was the name of a Rhodian sculptor who is said to have shared in the creation of the Laocoon group. The admiration of the two brothers for Calis may be faintly reminiscent of the *Persiles and Sigismunda* of Cervantes, on which Fletcher and Massinger drew largely in *The Custom of the Country*. In that tale Persiles conceals his passion for Sigismunda because she is beloved by his elder brother Maximinus, and falls dangerously ill in consequence. On his mother informing the lady, she and Persiles journey to Rome. They are followed thither by Maximinus; but the latter falls a victim to the climate, and on his deathbed joins the lovers' hands.

"The Design of Cleanthe's Suborning the Priestess to give a false Oracle in favour of her Brother Syphax, is borrowed from the Story of Mundus and Paulina, describ'd at large by Josephus, Lib. 18, cap. 3." Langbaine's *Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 211. "The same story is told [more discursively, but without addition of detail] by Bandello (edit. Lucca, vol. III. nov. XIX.). Josephus relates, that Paulina, the beautiful and chaste wife of Saturninus, whose virtues paralleled her own, was greatly offended by the importunities of Mundus, a man of equestrian rank. When Mundus found that Paulina rejected every solicitation, and even refused two hundred thousand drachmæ, which he had offered her for one night, he resolved to famish himself to death. But a freed woman, who had belonged to his father, named Ide, becoming acquainted with the circumstances, undertook to put the lady in his power, requiring fifty thousand drachmæ to execute her purpose. She knew that Paulina was much addicted to the worship of Isis, and accordingly proceeded to the temple of the goddess, where she obtained a promise of assistance from several of the priests, paying them one half of the fifty thousand drachmæ immediately, and promising the other whenever the design was accomplished. One of the priests went to the house of Paulina, and informed her that the god Anubis was fallen in love with her, and had desired her to come to him. Greatly flattered at the condescension of that deity, she obtained her husband's consent, who was perfectly persuaded of her chastity. In the evening she went to the temple, where, after having supped, and the lights being put out, she was met by Mundus, who lay with her the whole night. The morning being come, and the fictitious god having disappeared, she returned home, and boasted of her connection with Anubis to all her acquaintance, who strongly suspected some trick of priestcraft. Three days afterwards, she met Mundus, who thanked her for having saved him the promised sum of two hundred thousand drachmæ, and, acquainting her with the deceit he had practised, went his way. Overwhelmed with grief, she discovered the trick to her husband, and conjured him not to suffer such an indignity to pass unrevenged. Saturninus accordingly made the matter known to the emperor Tiberius, who, after a full inquiry, caused the guilty priests and Ide to be crucified, the temple of Isis to be demolished, and her statue to be thrown into the Tiber. Mundus, having acted by the impulse of love, was punished only with banishment. From this abstract, it will be seen that the poet was indebted for a slight hint only to the historian."—Dyce (slightly altered from Weber).—Fletcher, putting Paphos for Rhodes, makes Venus the goddess.

Dr. Köppel (Münchener Beiträge, Heft 11, 1895, p. 78) noted the resemblance of the situation between Polydore and Calis to that between Rosalind-

Ganymede and Phœbe in *As You Like It*, the pleader for another in either case inspiring a passion in the maid whose pride he rebukes (cf. especially III. iv. 95–6 of our play with *As You Like It*, III. v. 64–5: "Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together: I had rather hear you chide than this man woo"); and the far more obvious reminiscence of Malcolm's self-accusation in *Macbeth*, IV. iii. 50–100 in that of Polydore to the king, IV. iv. 18–29 of our play.

HISTORY.—In some sense *The Mad Lover* seems to have taken a special hold upon contemporary taste: hence, perhaps, as Weber suggests, the place of honour assigned to it in the first folio. Jasper Maine, himself a dramatist, selects it and *The Captain* for special mention.

> "Where shall I fix my praise, then? or what part
> Of all your numerous Labours hath desert
> More to be fam'd then other? shall I say,
> I've met a lover so drawne in your Play,
> So passionately written, so inflam'd,
> So jealously inraged, then gently tam'd,
> That I in reading have the Person seene,
> And your Pen hath part Stage and Actor been?

Whatever the defects of the play as a whole, we too find in the rough warrior's passionate sincerity of speech and bearing (particularly in II. i.) as contrasted with the butterfly princess who inspires him, one of the most beautiful and moving things in our author's works. The play was revived by Rhodes, who in 1659 procured a licence to act plays at the Cockpit in Drury Lane; and Betterton, then about 20, distinguished himself in it. It continued a favourite for some time after the Restoration; but in 1778 Colman says it had not been acted for many years past.

PROLOGUE

To please all is impossible, and to despair
Ruins ourselves, and damps the writer's care:
Would we knew what to do, or say, or when
To find the minds here equal with the men!
But we must venture; now to sea we go,
Fair fortune with us, give us room, and blow:
Remember ye're all venturers, and in this play
How many twelve-pences ye have 'stow'd this day;
Remember, for return of your delight

PROLOGUE] It is printed with Epilogue at end of play in both Ff. Mr. Fleay, 'Chronology of Fletcher and Massinger' (*Eng. Studien*, vol. ix.), says, 'The Prologue and Epilogue are by Fletcher,' as they may be, but see l. 4 note. The metaphor of a voyage for traffic is common to both.

1 *all is*] Both Ff *all's*.

2 *writer's*] Dyce. Both Ff *writers*, which Colman alone printed as *writers'*, favouring the joint authorship: Seward and Weber *writers*, shirking the decision.

4 *To find the minds here equal with the men*] "'So many men, so many minds' is an old saying. It seems here to be implied that one man has many minds" (Colman). Rather, that if each man brought a *mind* with him, the play could not fail to please: but *men* may refer to *the writers*.

8 *twelve-pences*] From the mass of contradictory evidence quoted by Collier (*Hist. of Dram. Poetry*, iii. 147 sqq.) we may select (1) the passage in the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, 'it shall be lawful for any man to judge his sixpennyworth, his twelvepennyworth, so to his eighteenpence, two shillings, half a crown, to the value of his place'; (2) the mention of 'half-crown boxes' in Fletcher's *Wit without Money*, I. i. 103, generally assigned to ?1614; (3) the sneer of Loveless in *The Scornful Lady*, IV. i. 240 (1609 or 1610), that now he is rid of the company of his expensive mistress he 'can see a play For eighteenpence'; and, noting the 'all' of the preceding line, conclude that twelvepence is here chosen as the average price of a good seat, rather than of the best, at the date of our play, i. e. about 1618, when prices no doubt ranged somewhat higher than in Shakespeare's time. The Prologue may, however, be addressed chiefly to the more critical portion of the audience, the 'twelvepenny stool gentlemen' of Middleton's *Roaring Girl* (printed 1611), i. e. the young bloods who had paid a shilling for their seat upon the stage in addition to what they had paid at the door.

8 *'stow'd*] So Ff and Seward, i. e. bestowed. Succeeding edd. *stow'd*, meaning we suppose that they have stowed their money in the play as a cargo in the hold of a ship.

We launch, and plough through storms of fear and spite.
Give us your fore-winds fairly, fill our wings,
And steer us right; and, as the sailor sings,
Loaden with wealth, on wanton seas, so we
Shall make our home-bound voyage cheerfully;
And you, our noble merchants, for your treasure,
Share equally the fraught we run for,—pleasure.

12 *sailor sings*] F2. F1 *saylors sing.*
16 *fraught*] i. e. freight.—Ed. 1778. The line is punctuated as Darley and Dyce, on Mason's suggestion. Ff and preceding editors *fraught, we run for pleasure.*

PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THE PLAY

ASTORAX, King of Paphos.
MEMNON, the General, and the Mad Lover.
POLYDORE, brother to MEMNON, beloved of CALIS.
EUMÈNES, POLYBIUS, PELIUS, } captains.
CHILAX, an old merry soldier [lieutenant to MEMNON].
SYPHAX, a soldier, in love with the Princess.
STREMON, a soldier that can sing.
DEMAGORAS, servant to the General.
Surgeon.
Fool.
PICUS, a page.
Boy, page to STREMON.
Boy, attendant on the Priestess.
Lords, Gentlemen, Soldiers, Servants.
CALIS, sister to the King, and Mistress to MEMNON.
CLEANTHE, sister to SYPHAX.
LUCIPPE, one of the Princess's women.
Priest[ess] of Venus, an old wanton.
A Nun.
CLOE, a camp baggage.
Courtesan.
VENUS.

SCENE.—*Paphos.*

The principal actors were—

RICHARD BURBAGE.
ROBERT BENFIELD.
NATHANIEL FIELD.
HENRY CONDELL.
JOHN LOWIN.
WILLIAM EGGLESTONE.
RICHARD SHARPE.

DRAM. PERS.] List as in F2, save where otherwise noted. F1 has no list, nor statement of scene, nor names of actors.

Eumènes, *Polybius*, *Pelius*] F2 has 'Eumenes, Polybius, two eminent Souldiers,' leaving Pelius unmentioned; while Polybius and Pelius are designated in prefixes throughout in both Ff as '1 Capt.' and '2 Capt.'

Surgeon] F2 'Chirurgion.'

Picus, a Page] 'Page' F2: and so (or 'Boy') Ff at his entries I. i. 251, II. ii. 1, III. v. 1, IV. i. 77, V. iv. 119 (where we have 'Picus' in the dialogue), and in prefixes throughout. See note on V. iv. 150.

Boy, page . . . Soldiers Servants] Represented in F2 by the single word "Courtiers."

Courtesan, *Venus*] Omitted F2. For the former see note on IV. v. 7.

THE MAD LOVER

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Before the Palace.

Flourish. Enter ASTORAX, King of Paphos, *his sister* CALIS, Train, *and* CLEANTHE, LUCIPPE, Gentlewomen, *at one door; at the other* EUMENES, *a* Soldier.

Eum. Health to my sovereign!
King. Eumenes, welcome;
Welcome to Paphos, soldier, to our love!
And that fair health ye wish us, through the camp
May it disperse itself, and make all happy!
How does the general, the valiant Memnon?
And how his wars, Eumenes?
Eum. The gods have given you, royal sir, a soldier,
Better ne'er sought a danger; more approved
In way of war, more master of his fortunes,
Expert in leading 'em; in doing valiant,
In following all his deeds to victories,
And holding fortune certain there.
King. Oh, soldier,

Act I. . . . . Palace] This Play is divided into Acts, and the first scene of each Act is marked in the Ff. Weber, 1812, completed the numbering of the scenes and marked their localities.

s.d. Flourish. Enter . . . . Soldier] So Ff, variously altered by the editors.

10 *'em*] So Ff, and so pointed. We have mentally to repeat *more* with *Expert*, and *valiant* with *In following*. Seward, placing a colon after *fortunes*, read *on* for *'em*; but he was not followed.

12 *soldier,*] qy. *soldier!* i. e. Memnon? (A. H. B.)

Thou speak'st a man indeed, a general's general,
A soul conceived a soldier!
Eum. Ten set battles,
Against the strong usurper Diocles
(Whom long experience had begot a leader,
Ambition raised too mighty), hath your Memnon
Won, and won gloriously, distress'd, and shook him,
Even from the head of all his hopes, to nothing:
In three, he beat the thunder-bolt his brother,
Forced him to wall himself up; there not safe,
Shook him with war-like engines like an earthquake,
Till, like a snail, he left his shell, and crawl'd
By night and hideous darkness to destruction,
Disarm'd for ever rising more: twelve castles,
Some thought impregnable, towns twice as many,
Countries, that, like the wind, knew no command
But savage wildness, hath this general,
With loss of blood and youth, through storms and tempests,
Call'd to your fair obedience.
King. Oh, my soldier,
That thou wert now within my arms! [*Drums within*]
What drums
Are those that beat, Eumenes?
Eum. His, my sovereign;
Himself i' th' head of conquest drawing home,
An old man now, to offer up his glories
And endless conquest at your shrine.
King. Go, all,
And entertain him with all ceremony;
We 'll keep him now a courtier. [*Exeunt* Gentlemen.
Eum. Sir, a strange one;
Pray God his language bear it. By my life, sir,
He knows no compliment nor curious casting
Of words into fit places ere he speak 'em:
He can say, "Fight well, fellow, and I 'll thank thee;

13 *a general's general*] F2; and so Seward, and Dyce. F1 has '*a* Generall *Generall*'; which Colman following explains as 'a complete general'; so too Weber.
14 *conceived*] i. e. one even before birth.
31 s.d. Drums within] F2. F1 'Drum within' at l. 30, and 'Drum' at l. 31.
37 s.d. Ex. Gent.] Added Dyce.

He that must eat must sweat."—" Bring up the rear there!"
Or, " Charge that wing of horse home!" [*Flourish.*
King. Go to, go to:
Valiant and wise are twins, sir.

Enter MEMNON *and a train of* Courtiers *and* Soldiers, POLYBIUS, PELIUS, *and* CHILAX.

Welcome, welcome;
Welcome, my fortunate and famous general!
High in thy prince's favour as in fame,
Welcome to peace and Paphos!
Mem. Thank your grace;
And would to God my dull tongue had that sweetness
To thank you as I should! but pardon me;
My sword and I speak roughly, sir: your battles,
I dare well say, I have fought well; for I bring ye
That lazy end you wish for, peace, so fully,
That no more name of war is: who now thinks
Sooner or safer these might have been ended,
Begin 'em, if he dare, again; I 'll thank him.
Soldier and soldier's mate these twenty-five years,
At length your general (as one whose merit
Durst look upon no less), I have waded through
Dangers would damp these soft souls but to hear of:
The maidenheads of thousand lives hang here, sir.
[*Pointing to his sword.*
Since which time, prince, I know no court but martial,
No oily language but the shock of arms,
No dalliance but with death; no lofty measures,
But weary and sad marches, cold and hunger,
'Larums at midnight Valour's self would shake at;
Yet I ne'er shrunk: balls of consuming wildfire,
That lick'd men up like lightning, have I laugh'd at,
And toss'd 'em back again like children's trifles;

42 *sweat*] So F1, i. e. earn his food by work. F2 *fight;* and so the editors, except Dyce.
55 *he*] F2. F1 *ye.*
59 *would damp*] F2. F1 *would damp't* i. e. would have damped.
60 *hang*] F2. F1 *hangs.* Colman would make this line follow l. 76 *Mothers*, etc., but the interval seems too great for such a transposition.
60 s.d. Pointing, etc.] Added Weber.
63 *measures*] dances. Cf. *Rich. III*, I. i. 8 'marches . . . measures.'

Upon the edges of my enemies' swords
I have march'd like whirlwinds, Fury at this hand waiting,
Death at my right, Fortune my forlorn hope,
When I have grappled with Destruction,
And tugg'd with pale-faced Ruin, Night, and Mischief,
Frighted to see a new day break in blood:
And every where I conquer'd, and for you, sir;
Mothers have wanted wombs to make me famous,
And blown Ambition, dangers; those that grieved ye,
I have taken order for i' th' earth; those fools
That shall hereafter——
King. No more wars, my soldier:
We must now treat of peace, sir.
[KING *takes* MEMNON *aside, and talks with him.*
Cle. How he talks,
How gloriously!
Calis. A goodly-timber'd fellow;
Valiant, no doubt.
Cle. If valour dwell in vaunting.
In what a phrase he speaks, as if his actions
Could be set off in nothing but a noise!
Sure, h 'as a drum in 's mouth.
Calis. I wonder, wenches,
How he would speak to us.
Cle. Nothing but 'larum,
Tell us whose throat he cut, shew us his sword,
And bless it for sure biting.
Lucip. An't like your grace,
I do not think he knows us, what we are,
Or to what end; for I have heard his followers
Affirm he never saw a woman that exceeded
A sutler's wife yet, or, in execution,

74 *Frighted*] Weber explains *frighted* to mean 'were frighted,' which he says, 'is a singular use of this verb': but Dyce is more probably right in taking it as a participle attached to *Ruin, Night,* etc. We have substituted comma for semicolon of Ff at *right,* l. 71, *Fortune . . . hope* being nom. abs. like *Fury* and *Death.*

77 *And blown Ambition, dangers*] i. e. there have not been men nor dangers enough to satisfy his ambition.

80 s.d. King takes Memnon aside, and talks with him] So both the folios.

81 *gloriously*] i. e. vain-gloriously.

92 *execution*] i. e. the sack of a town, so used by Johnson (Seward)—and supported by *fly his fury* l. 94.

Old bed-rid beldames, without teeth or tongues,
That would not fly his fury. How he looks!
Cle. This way devoutly.
Calis. Sure, his lordship's viewing
Our fortifications.
Lucip. If he mount at me,
I may chance choke his battery.
Calis. Still his eye
Keeps quarter this way: Venus grant his valour
Be not in love!
Cle. If he be, presently
Expect a herald and a trumpet with ye,
To bid ye render; we two perdues pay for't else.
King. I'll leave ye to my sister and these ladies,
To make your welcome fuller. My good soldier,
We must now turn your sternness into courtship.
When ye have done there, to your fair repose, sir;
I know you need it, Memnon.—Welcome, gentlemen!
[*Flourish and exit* KING *with* Gentlemen.
Lucip. Now he begins to march. Madam, the van's yours;
Keep your ground sure; 'tis for your spurs.
Mem. Oh, Venus!
[*He kneels amazed and forgets to speak.*
Calis. How he stares on me!
Cle. Knight him, madam, knight him;
He will grow to th' ground else.
Eum. Speak, sir; 'tis the princess.
Polyb. Ye shame yourself; speak to her.
Calis. Rise and speak, sir.
Ye are welcome to the court, to me, to all, sir.
Lucip. Is he not deaf?
Calis. The gentleman 's not well.
Eum. Fie, noble general!
Lucip. Give him fresh air; his colour goes. Howdo ye?

101 *perdues*] Used generally of men posted in ambush or sent on a forlorn hope, here simply of being in a desperate position. (Cf. *King and No King*, I. i. 8, note.) *else*] i. e. if you won't surrender.
104 *courtship*] i. e. courtly behaviour.—Dyce.
106 s.d. with Gentlemen] Added Dyce.
108 s.d. He kneels . . . speak] So Ff.
108 *'tis for your spurs*] i. e. it is your first exploit; and, to establish your character, you must behave with spirit.—Mason.

The princess will be glad, sir——
Mem. [*Rising.*] Peace, and hear me.
Cle. Command a silence there.
Mem. I love thee, lady.
Calis. I thank your lordship heartily: proceed, sir.
Lucip. Lord, how it stuck in 's stomach, like a surfeit!
Cle. It breaks apace now from him, God be thanked.
What a fine-spoken man he is!
Lucip. A choice one;
Of singular variety in carriage.
Cle. Yes, and I warrant you he knows his distance.
Mem. With all my heart I love thee.
Calis. A hearty gentleman!
And I were e'en an arrant beast, my lord,
But I loved you again.
Mem. Good lady, kiss me.
Cle. Ay, marry, Mars, there thou cam'st close up to her.
Calis. Kiss you at first, my lord! 'tis no fair fashion;
Our lips are like rose-buds; blown with men's breaths,
They lose both sap and savour: there's my hand, sir.
Eum. Fie, fie, my lord! this is too rude.
Mem. Unhand me:
Consume me, if I hurt her!—Good sweet lady,
Let me but look upon thee.
Calis. Do.
Mem. Yet!
Calis. Well, sir,
Take your full view.
Lucip. Bless your eyes, sir,
Calis. Mercy!
Is this the man they talk'd of for a soldier,
So absolute and excellent? Oh, the gods,
If I were given to that vanity
Of making sport with men for ignorance,
What a most precious subject had I purchased!—
Speak for him, gentlemen, some one that knows
What the man ails, and can speak sense.
Cle. Sure, madam,

116 s.d. Rising] Added Dyce.
138 *ignorance*] i. e. Memnon's ignorance of proper form, not the public ignorance which overrates him (ll. 135–6).

This fellow has been a rare hare-finder:
See how his eyes are set!
Calis. Some one go with me;
I 'll send him something for his head: poor gentleman,
He 's troubled with the staggers.
Lucip. Keep him dark,
He will run March-mad else; the fumes of battles
Ascend into his brains.
Cle. Clap to his feet
An old drum-head, to draw the thunder downward.
Calis. Look to him, gentlemen.—Farewell, lord: I am sorry
We cannot kiss at this time; but, believe it,
We 'll find an hour for all.—God keep my children
From being such sweet soldiers!—Softly, wenches,
Lest we disturb his dream.
[*Exeunt* CALIS *and* Ladies.
Eum. Why, this is monstrous.
Polyb. A strange forgetfulness; yet still he holds it.
Pel. Though he ne'er saw a woman of great fashion
Before this day, yet methinks 'tis possible
He might imagine what they are, and what
Belongs unto 'em; mere report of others——
Eum. Pish, his head had other whimsies in't.—My lord!
Death, I think y' are struck dumb: my good lord-general!
Polyb. Sir!
Mem. That I do love ye, madam, and so love ye,

142 *rare hare-finder: . . . eyes are set*] In the Prologue to *Sir Thopas* the Host says to Chaucer—

'Thou lokest as thou woldest finde an hare,
For ever upon the ground I see thee stare.'

Both passages contain a reference to the popular notion that a hare crossing a person's way disordered his senses. See Sir Th. Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, Bk. V. ch. 23, and also *Wit at Several Weapons*, II. iii, where a similar absence of mind in Pompey provokes the remark, 'some hare has crost him.'

145 *the staggers*] "A kind of horses' apoplexy, is mentioned in *All's Well that Ends Well* [Act II. sc. iii]. One species of it is a raging impatience, which makes the animal dash himself with destructive violence against posts or walls." —Reed.

145 *Keep him dark*] It is usual to muffle the animal's head in a cloth.

158 *unto 'em; mere*] Silently altered by Seward to—

"to *'em*, by *mere*."

An't like your grace——
Pel. He has been studying this speech.
Eum. Who do ye speak to, sir?
Mem. Why, where 's the lady,
The woman, the fair woman?
Polyb. Who?
Mem. The princess;
Give me the princess.
Eum. Give ye counsel rather
To use her like a princess. Fie, my lord!
How have you borne yourself, how nakedly
Laid your soul open, and your ignorance,
To be a sport to all! Report and honour
Drew her to do you favours, and you bluntly,
Without considering what or who she was,
Neither collecting reason nor distinction——
Mem. Why, what did I, my masters?
Eum. All that shews
A man unhandsome, undigested dough.
Mem. Did not I kneel unto her?
Eum. Dumb and senseless,
As though ye had been cut out for your father's tomb,
Or stuck a land-mark: when she spoke unto you,
Being the excellence of all our island,
Ye stared upon her as ye had seen a monster.
Mem. Was I so foolish? I confess, Eumenes,
I never saw before so brave an outside:
But did I kneel so long?
Eum. Till they laugh'd at ye:
And, when you spoke, I am ashamed to tell ye
What 'twas, my lord; how far from order.
Bless me! is't possible the wild noise of war,
And what she only teaches, should possess ye?

171 *Without considering what or who she was*] So F2 and modern editors. F1 has

Without consideration *what, or* how *she was.*

174 *dough*] So the second folio.—The first folio has *done* (a misprint for *doue*).—Dyce. [Cf. *All 's Well*, iv. 5. 3, "the unbaked and *doughy* youth."—A. H. B.]

177 *stuck a land-mark*] i. e. as a land-mark.

185 *of war*] So F2. F1 has '*of* a *warre*,' followed by Colman, who against both Ff prints *Bless me!* as the close of the preceding line. Seward—

"Bless me,
Is't possible that the wild noise of War."

Knowledge to treat with her, and full discretion,
Being at flood still in ye ; and in peace,
And manly conversation, smooth and civil,
Where gracefulness and glory twin together
Thrust yourself out an exile? Do you know, sir,
What state she carries? what great obedience
Waits at her beck continually?
Mem. She ne'er commanded
A hundred thousand men, as I have done,
Nor ne'er won battle. Say I would have kiss'd her.
Eum. There was a dainty offer too, a rare one!
Mem. Why, she is a woman, is she not?
Eum. She is so.
Mem. Why, very well ; what was she made for, then?
Is she not young and handsome, bred to breed?
Do not men kiss fair women? if they do,
If lips be not unlawful ware, why, a princess
Is got the same way that we get a beggar,
Or I am cozen'd ; and the selfsame way
She must be handled ere she get another.
That 's rudeness, is it not?
Pel. To her 'tis held so,
And rudeness in that high degree——
Mem. 'Tis reason :
But I will be more punctual. Pray, what thought she?
Eum. Her thoughts were merciful; but she laugh'd at ye,
Pitying the poorness of your compliment,
And so she left ye. Good sir, shape yourself
To understand the place and noble persons
You live with now.
Polyb. Let not those great deserts
The king hath laid up of ye, and the people,
Be blasted with ill bearing.
Eum. The whole name

187 *treat with her*] i. e. with war, not with Calis.
190 *twin*] Both Ff *twyn*: Colman *twine* perhaps rightly.
191–3 Otherwise arranged Ff. Usually, where their arrangement is faulty, we have silently rearranged as Dyce. Numerous cases where they print a short speech as one line rather than two hemistichs, cause no dislocation, and are not worth a note.
192 *she carries? what*] Seward chose to print '*she carries?* and *what*' and so Colman.
207 *punctual*] i. e. punctilious.—Dyce.
214 *ill bearing*] i. e. ill behaviour.—Weber.

Of soldier then will suffer.
Mem. She's a sweet one.
And, good sirs, leave your exhortations;
They come untimely to me; I have brains
That beat above your reaches: she 's a princess,
That 's all; I have kill'd a king that 's greater.
Come, let 's to dinner; if the wine be good,
You shall perceive strange wisdom in my blood.
[*Exeunt all but* CHILAX.
Chi. Well, would thou wert i' the wars again, old Memnon!
There thou wouldst talk to th' purpose, and the proudest
Of all these court camelions would be glad
To find it sense too. Plague of this dead peace,
This bastard-breeding, lousy, lazy idleness!
Now we must learn to pipe and pick our livings
Out of old rotten ends. These twenty-five years
I have served my country, lost my youth and blood,
Exposed my life to dangers more than days;
Yet, let me tell my wants, I know their answers,—
"The king is bound to right me"; they, good people,
"Have but from hand to mouth." Look to your wives,
Your young trim wives, your high-day wives, your marchpanes!
For, if the solders find not recompense,
(As yet there 's none a-hatching, I believe,)
You men of wares, the men of wars will nick ye;

219 *that 's*] Silently altered by Seward and Colman to 'and *that is.*'

221 *perceive . . . blood*] i. e. warmed with wine you'll approve my downright method.

231 *their answers*] i. e. those of tradesmen, l. 237, who will say that they at any rate must be paid. The inverted commas supplied by Colman.

234 *marchpanes*] almond-cake. On *Romeo and Juliet*, I. 5, 9, Steevens remarks that this fashionable confection, to which our macaroon makes the nearest approach, "was made of filberts, almonds, pistachoes, pine-kernels and sugar of roses, with a small proportion of flour." The term exists in nearly all modern languages. Hermolaus Barbarus (16th cent.), to whom Cardinal Piccolomini sent some as a present, considers that the mediæval name *Martius panis* was merely founded on various corruptions ('massepeyn' 'marcepeyn' 'martsepeyn') of *massa pura*. Balthasar Bonifacius traced the term to *Marcus* Gavius Apicius, the epicure under Tiberius. Minsheu derives it from *Mars*, remarking that such cakes were stamped with a castle. Colman considers that the fragility of the almond-cake is the point here; and he may find some support in *Rule a Wife*, etc., III. i. 80. 'A kind of marchpane men that will not last.' (See Nares' *Glossary*, in voc.).

237 *wares . . . wars*] So F2. F1 has '*wars . . . wars.*' *Nick*=cheat, cozen.

For starve nor beg they must not. My small means
Are gone *in fumo ;* here to raise a better—
Unless it be with lying or dog-flattering,
At which our nation 's excellent, observing dog-days,
When this good lady broils and would be basted
By that good lord, or such like moral learnings—
Is here impossible. Well, I will rub among 'em ;
If any thing for honesty be gotten,
Though 't be but bread and cheese, I can be satisfied :
If otherwise the wind blow, stiff as I am
Yet I shall learn to shuffle. There 's an old lass
That shall be nameless, yet alive, my last hope,
Has often got me my pocket full of crowns.
If all fail—

Enter Fool *and* PICUS.

Jack-daws, are you alive still? then
I see the coast clear, when fools and boys can prosper.
Pic. Brave lieutenant!
Fool. Hail to the man of worship!
Chi. You are fine, sirs,
Most passing fine at all points.
Fool. As ye see, sir,
Home-bred and handsome ; we cut not out our clothes, sir,
At half-sword, as your tailors do, and pink 'em
With pikes and partizans ; we live retired, sir,
Gentleman-like, and jealous of our honours.
Chi. Very fine fool, and fine boy ; peace plays with you
As the wind plays with feathers, dances ye ;
You grind with all gusts, gallants.
Pic. We can bounce, sir,
(When you soldadoes bend i' th' hams) and frisk too.

246 *Though 't*] F2. *Thou 't* F1.
248 *an old lass*] i. e. the Priestess. Cf. his remark III. vi. 15, 'all 's mine, all ' of the money she receives from Cleanthe.
257 *pink*] i. e. work in eylet-holes, pierce in small holes.—Dyce.
258 *partizans*] i. e. halberts.
262 *gusts*] i. e. of wind, as a windmill.—Weber.
262 *bounce*] Needlessly altered by Seward, on Theobald's suggestion, to *bound*, which Colman adopted.

Fool. When twenty of your trip-coats turn their tippets,
And your cold sallads, without salt or vinegar,
Lie wambling in your stomachs: hemp and hobnails
Will bear no price now; hangings and old harness
Are like to over-run us.
Pic. Whores and hot-houses—
Fool. Surgeons and syringes, ring out your sance-bells.
Pic. Your jubilee, your jubilee!
Fool. *Proh Deum!*
How our St. Georges will bestride the dragons,
The red and ramping dragons!
Pic. Advance it, fool!
Fool. But then the sting i' th' tail, boy.
Pic. *Tanto melior;*
For so much the more danger, the more honour.
Chi. You 're very pleasant with our occupation, gentlemen;
Which, very like, amongst these fiery serpents,
May light upon a blind-worm of your blood,
A mother or a sister.
Fool. Mine 's past saddle,
You should be sure of her else. But say, Sir Huon,

264 *When twenty . . . over-run us*] The points in the Fool's chaff of returned campaigners are that their clothes are worn-out, that they cannot afford a decent meal, that, by flooding the market with their pawned armour and such booty as they have taken, they cheapen homelier articles. Or *hemp and hobnails* may mean that the soldier's return to his native village puts the rustic's nose out of joint.

266 *Lie*] Sympson's correction for *By* (a misprint for *Ly*) of F1. F2 reads *Be*.

269 *sance-bells*] The *sance-bell* or *saunce-bell* (a corruption of *saints-bell*, to which it is altered by Seward and Colman) was a small bell rung out when the priest came to the words of the mass, *Sancte, sancte*, &c., that those who were outside the church might, on hearing it, fall upon their knees.—Dyce. Here probably of the ordinary church-bells rung on the conclusion of peace. (See note on IV. i. 101), as in *Misogonus*, II. iv. 109, and Raleigh's poem on Love.

272 *Advance it, fool*] i. e. go on with the joke, keep it up. Seward, thinking the sense obscure and the metre defective, printed, "Well advanc'd, *Fool*;" and so Colman.

275 *gentlemen*] Seward and edd. Ff *Gent.*

279 *Sir Huon*] "An allusion to the very popular romance of *Sir Huon de Bourdeaux*, which was translated by Lord Berners in the sixteenth century, and abridged by Tressan in his *Corps des Extraits des Romans*, etc. It is the original of Wieland's celebrated *Oberon*."—Weber.

Now the drum 's dubb's [done], and the sticks turn'd bed-staves,
All the old foxes hunted to their holes,
The iron age return'd to Erebus,
And *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*
Thrust out o' th' kingdom by the head and shoulders,
What trade do you mean to follow?
Chi. That 's a question.
Fool. Yes, and a learned question, if ye mark it.
Consider, and say on.
Chi. Fooling, as thou dost;
That 's the best trade, I take it.
Fool. Take it straight, then.
For fear your fellows be before ye: hark ye, lieutenant,
Fooling's the thing, the thing worth all your fightings;
When all 's done, ye must fool, sir.
Chi. Well, I must, then,
Fool. But do you know what fooling is? true fooling?
The circumstances that belong unto it?
For every idle knave that shews his teeth,
Wants and would live, can juggle, tumble, fiddle,
Make a dog-face, or can abuse his fellow,
Is not a fool at first dash; you shall find, sir,
Strange turnings in this trade; to fool is nothing,
As fooling has been; but to fool the fair way,
The new way, as the best men fool their friends;

280 *drum's dubb's* [*done*]] F1 *Drums doubbes.* F2 *Drums dubbs.* The possible loss of *done* (added by Weber and Dyce) or *o'er* (added by Colman) was suggested by Seward, who gave in his own text the awkward *Drum dumb is;* though Mason's *drum's dumb* is a possible, if inferior, emendation.

280 *bed-staves*] Nares' explanation, 'wooden pins,' given on *King and No King*, IV. iii. 129, is Dr. Johnson's, and is dismissed by the *N.E.D.* as without authority. It gives "The stout sticks or staves laid (loose) across the bed-stocks in old wooden bedsteads, to support the bedding (the precursors of the modern laths), are in Scotland called *bed-rungs* (*rung* = staff, cudgel) and in some parts of England *bed-sticks*: they often served as improvised weapons." The *N.E.D.* quotes 1626 *Alleyn's Will* (N.) 'All the furniture in the twelve poor schollars chamber, that is to say, six bedsteads, sixe mattresses, sixe feather beds . . . three dozen of bedstaves, and six pewter chamber potts': and *a.* 1652, Brome, *City Wit*, IV. iii. 'Say there is no virtue in cudgels and bedstaves.'

281 *foxes*] broad-swords. Cf. *King and No King*, IV. iii. 102, 'My fox bites as deep.'

282 *return'd to Erebus*] dismissed to darkness.

283 *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*] "This word often occurs as the longest in existence. It is found in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, and in Nashe's *Lenten Stuff*."—Weber.

For all men get by fooling, merely fooling,
Desert does nothing; valiant, wise, virtuous,
Are things that walk by without bread or breeches.
Chi. I partly credit that.
Fool. Fine wits, fine wits, sir!
There 's the young boy, he does well in his way too,
He could not live else in his master's absence;
He ties a lady's garters so, so prettily!
Say his hand slip, but say so.
Chi. Why, let it slip, then.
Fool. 'Tis ten to one the body shall come after,
And he that works deserves his wages.
Chi. That 's true.
Fool. He riddles finely to a waiting-gentlewoman,
Expounds dreams like a prophet, dreams himself, too,
And wishes all dreams true; they cry amen,
And there 's a memorandum: he can sing, too,
Bawdy enough to please old ladies: he lies rarely,
Pawns ye a suit of clothes at all points fully;
Can pick a pocket, if ye please, or casket;
Lisps when he lists to catch a chamber-maid,
And calls his hostess mother; these are things now,
If a man mean to live: [not] to fight and swagger,
Beaten about the ears with bawling sheepskins,
Cut to the soul for summer; here an arm lost,
And there a leg; his honourable head
Seal'd up in salves and cerecloths, like a packet,
And so sent over to an hospital;
Stand there, charge there, swear there, whore there, dead there;
And all this sport for cheese and chines of dog-flesh,

314 *And there's a memorandum*] And so he has established a claim on their recollection.

320 [*not*] *to*] So Weber and Dyce, thinking that *not* had been omitted, rather than, with Seward and Colman, that the *to* of the folios was a misprint for *not*.

321 *sheepskins*] drums, to which Celia applies the epithet 'bawling' in *Hum. Lieut.*, I. ii. 65.

322 *Cut to the soul for summer*] Seward remarks that summer is the season for war, and so declines to adopt Theobald's suggestion *honour*. The allusion, we think, is to the custom of blood-letting to prevent too great a heat, or of wearing slashed clothes for coolness. Weber suspects an allusion to the practice of cutting the worm under dogs' tongues to prevent their becoming mad in the dog-days.

And money when two Wednesdays meet together,
Where to be lousy is a gentleman,
And he that wears a clean shirt has his shrowd on.
Chi. I 'll be your scholar, come, if I like fooling.
Fool. You cannot choose but like it: fight you one day,
I 'll fool another; when your surgeon 's paid,
And all your leaks stopt, see whose slops are heaviest;
I 'll have a shilling for a can of wine,
When you shall have two sergeants for a counter.
Pic. Come, learn of us, lieutenant; hang your iron up;
We 'll find you cooler wars.
Chi. Come, let 's together;
I 'll see your tricks, and, as I like 'em——

SCENE II.

Park belonging to the Palace.

Enter MEMNON, EUMENES, POLYBIUS, *and* PELIUS.

Mem. Why were there not such women in the camp, then,
Prepared to make me know 'em?
Eum. 'Twas no place, sir.
Polyb. Why should they live in tumults? they are creatures
Soft, and of sober natures.
Mem. Could not your wives,
Your mothers, or your sisters, have been sent for
To exercise upon?

330 *has his shrowd on*] i. e. it is a dangerous advertisement of his wealth.—A most vigorous speech.

334 *slops*] i. e. large loose breeches, or trowsers.—Weber. Cf. *Scornf. Lady*, I. i. 226.

336 *When you shall have two sergeants for a counter*] "A quibble on the word *counter*, as applied to a *prison* and a *false piece of money*; and the meaning of the passage, 'I shall have a shilling for a can of wine, you only a *counter*, and will be in custody of *two sergeants*, i. e. officers belonging to the *Counter*.'" —Reed.

339 *like 'em*] As the folios have a full point as well as a break at the end of this speech, it probably concluded with some word which the compositor was unable to decypher.—Dyce.

SC. II. 1 *were*] Both the folios *was*.

Eum. We thank your lordship.
Pel. But do you mean——
Mem. I do mean—
Pel. What, sir.
Mem. To see her,
And see thee hang'd too, an thou anger'st me,
And thousands of your throats cut. Get ye from me!
Ye keep a-prating of your points of manners,
And fill my head with lousy circumstances,
(Better have ballads in't,) your courtly worships;—
How to put off my hat; you, how to turn me;
And you, forsooth, to blow my nose discreetly.
Let me alone; for I will love her, see her,
Talk to her, and mine own way.
Eum. She's the princess.
Mem. Why, let her be the devil! I have spoke
When thunder durst not check me. I must love;
I know she was a thing kept for me.
Eum. And I know, sir,
Though she was born yours, yet your strange behaviour,
And want——
Mem. Thou liest!
Eum. I do not.
Mem. Ha!
Eum. I do not lie, sir:
I say you want fair language; nay, 'tis certain
You cannot say good-morrow.
Mem. Ye dog-whelps,
The proudest of your prating tongues——
Eum. Do, kill us,
Kill us for telling truth: for my part, general,
I would not live to see men make a May-game
Of him I have made a master: kill us quickly;
Then ye may——

12 *Your courtly worships;—*
How to put off my hat, &c.] "Theobald supposes a whole line lost here, and Seward reads, *your courtly worship* [and so the Editors of 1778]; but there can be no occasion of amendment, as Memnon is evidently addressing more persons than one."—Weber,—the latter part of his note being borrowed from Mason. If *courtly worships* be the right reading, it must mean——modes of behaviour suited to the court,—three of which Memnon proceeds to specify. —Dyce. Both the folios have *your:* else we should favour the reading—
You, courtly worships
How to put off my hat; you, how etc.

Mem. What?
Eum. Do what you list, draw your sword childishly
Upon your servants that are bound to tell ye.
I am weary of my life.
Polyb. And I.
Pel. And all, sir.
Eum. Go to the princess, make her sport, cry to her,
"I am the glorious man of war!"
Mem. Pray ye, leave me:
I am sorry I was angry; I'll think better:
Pray, no more words.
Eum. Good sir——
Mem. Nay, then——
Pel. We are gone, sir.
[*Exeunt* EUMENES, POLYBIUS, *and* PELIUS.

Enter CALIS, LUCIPPE, *and* CLEANTHE.

Calis. How came he hither? see, for Heaven's sake, wenches,
[MEMNON *walks aside full of strange gestures.*
What faces and what postures he puts on!
I do not think he is perfect.
Cle. If your love,
Have not betray'd his little wits, he's well enough;
As well as he will be.
Calis. Mark how he muses!
Lucip. H'as a battalia now in 's brains: he draws out now;
Have at ye, harpers!
Cle. See, see, there the fire fails!

35 s.d. Calis] Princess Calist. F1. Princess, Calis, F2.
36 s.d. Memnon . . . gestures] So Ff.
37 *faces*] F1. F2 *face*.
38 *perfect*] "i. e. in his senses. So Lear,
'I think I am not in my *perfect* mind.'"—Colman.
42 *Have at ye, harpers*] So Ff. Dyce, after printing *harpies* corrects it in his Addenda to *harpers*,—not (with Weber) as synonymous with the former, but as meaning 'players on the harp': and he quotes, to illustrate this proverbial expression, Cotton's *Virgil Travestie*, B. i. 'Quoth he, blind harpers, have among ye!' and the title of a short poem by Martin Parker, printed 1641,—*The Poet's Blind Man's bough, or Have among you, my blind Harpers.* 'Blind as a Harpar' occurs in Lyly's *Sapho and Phao*, IV. iii. 35.
42 *fails*] So Ff, Memnon, having given signs of immediate attack, is stopped by hesitation or want of words. Seward's correction *falls*, adopted by succeeding editors, does not 'carry on the metaphor,' but rather changes it.

Lucip. Look what an alphabet of faces he runs through!
Cle. Oh, love, love, how amorously thou look'st
In an old rusty armour!
Calis. I'll away,
For, by my troth, I fear him.
Lucip. Fear the gods, madam,
And never care what man can do: this fellow,
With all his frights about him, and his furies,
His 'larums and his lances, swords and targets,
Nay, case him up in armour cap-a-pie,
Yet durst I undertake, within two hours,
If he durst charge, to give him such a shake,
Should shake his valour off, and make his shanks to ache.
Cle. For shame! no more.
Calis. He muses still.
Cle. The devil!
Why should this old dried timber, chopt with thunder——
Calis. Old wood burns quickest.
Lucip. Out, you would say, madam:
Give me a green stick that may hold me heat,
And smoke me soundly too. He turns, and sees ye.
Cle. There 's no avoiding now; have at ye!
[MEMNON *comes to her.*
Mem. Lady,
The more I look upon ye—— [*Stays her.*
Cle. The more you may, sir.
Calis. Let him alone.
Mem. I would desire your patience.
The more, I say, I look, the more—— [*Stays her.*
Lucip. My fortune.
'Tis very apt, sir.
Mem. Women, let my fortune
And me alone, I wish ye.—Pray, come this way:——
And stand you still there.—Lady——
Calis. Leave the words, sir,

45 Cal.] F1. Cle. F2.
48 *frights*] active sense, like 'terrors.'
53 *shanks to ache*] So F2. F1 has '*shankes* too' without a point, *ache* being inadvertently omitted. Seward printed *shanks ake.*
59, 60, 62 These s.d. are in both Ff.
63 '*Tis very apt*] Probably her substituted *My fortune* suggested some proverb.
65 *there.—Lady——*] So Dyce. Ff *there Lady.*

And leap into the meaning.
Mem. Then again
I tell you, I do love ye.
Calis. Why?
Mem. No questions;
Pray, no more questions. I do love you infinitely.
Why do you smile? am I ridiculous?
Calis. [*Aside.*] I am monstrous fearful.—No, I joy you love me.
Mem. Joy on, then, and be proud on't; I do love you:——
Stand still; do not trouble me, you women—
He loves you, lady, at whose feet have kneel'd
Princes to beg their freedoms; he whose valour
Has over-run whole kingdoms.
Calis. That makes me doubt, sir,
'Twill over-run me too.
Mem. He whose sword——
Cle. Talk not so big, sir; you will fright the princess.
Mem. Ha!
Lucip. No, forsooth.
Calis. I know ye have done wonders.
Mem. I have, and will do more and greater, braver;
And, for your beauty, miracles. Name that kingdom,
And take your choice——
Calis. Sir, I am not ambitious.
Mem. Ye shall be; 'tis the child of glory. She that I love,
Whom my desires shall magnify, time stories,
And all the empires of the earth.
Cle. I would fain ask him——
Lucip. Prithee, be quiet; he will beat us both else.

67 Calis. *Why?*] "Mr. Seward, we think injudiciously, gives this interrogation to *Cleanthe.*"—Colman.

70 s.d. Aside] Weber: a dash in Colman.

73 *have*] F2. F1 *has.*

81 *take*] F2. F1 *talke.*

83 *magnify, time stories,*] So both Ff and so punctuated in F2 which, in spite of Dyce, has a full stop after *earth* (F1 colon). So, too, Seward and Colman, but with dash, and no stop, after *earth*. Mason suggested, and Weber and Dyce adopted, *story*, mentally repeating *shall* and explaining 'whom both time and all the world shall celebrate': but this leaves *She* as a *nominativus pendens*, as Dyce owned by a break at *earth* (Weber full stop). Dyce suspected the true reading to be *time's story*, an expression which occurs in *The Loyal Subject*, IV. v., but would here be out of all connection with the words which follow.

Cle. What will ye make me, then, sir?
Mem. I will make thee
Stand still and hold thy peace!—I have a heart, lady——
Calis. Ye were a monster else.
Mem. A loving heart,
A truly loving heart.
Calis. Alas, how came it?
Mem. I would you had it in your hand, sweet lady,
To see the truth it bears you!
Calis. Do you give it——
Lucip. That was well thought upon.
Cle. 'Twill put him to 't, wench.
Calis. And you shall see I dare accept it, sir,
Take 't in my hand and view it: if I find it
A loving and a sweet heart, as you call it,
I am bound, I am——
Mem. No more; I 'll send it to ye;
As I have honour in me, you shall have it.
Cle. Handsomely done, sir; and perfumed, by all means;
The weather 's warm, sir.
Mem. With all circumstance.
Lucip. A napkin wrought most curiously—
Mem. Divinely.
Cle. Put in a goblet of pure gold.
Mem. Yes, in jacinth,
That she may see the spirit through.
Lucip. Ye have greased him
For chewing love again in haste.
Cle. If he should do it?
Calis. If heaven should fall, we should have larks: he do it!
Cle. See how he thinks upon 't!

102 *spirit*] F2, and so Seward and Dyce. F1 *spirits*, followed by Colman and Weber.

102 *Ye have greased him*

For chewing love again in haste] "This alludes to the alledged trick of hostlers greasing the teeth and gums of horses, to prevent them from eating their hay or corn."—Weber. Compare V. iv. 119, where Chilax, having defeated Siphax's designs on the Princess, says, 'You are greased, I hope.'

104 *If heaven . . . larks*] John Heywood's *Proverbs* (1546) i. c. 4. 'When the skie falth we shall have Larkes.' It occurs also in Lyly's *Woman in the Moone*, IV. i. 290. Cf. Rabelais' *Gargantua*, ch. 11. 'Si les nues tumboyent, esperoyt prendre les alouettes toutes rousties.'

Calis. He will think these three years,
Ere he prove such an ass. I liked his offer:
There was no other way to put him off else.
Mem. I will do it. Lady, expect my heart.
Calis. I do, sir.
Mem. Love it; for 'tis a heart that——
And so I leave ye. [*Exit.*
Cle. Either he is stark mad,
Or else, I think, he means it.
Calis. He must be stark mad,
Or he will never do it: 'tis vain-glory
And want of judgment that provokes this in him;
Sleep and society cures all. His heart!
No, no, good gentleman; there's more belongs to't:
Hearts are at higher prices. Let's go in,
And there examine him a little better:
Shut all the doors behind, for fear he follow.
I hope I have lost a lover, and am glad on't. [*Exeunt.*

109 *for 'tis a heart that*] "These words are not to be found in the first folio, but were added in the second, probably from an authentic source."—Weber. All the editors give them, and the aposeiopesis accords with Memnon's want of words; but their omission would improve the metre.
112 *Or he*] F1. F2 *Or* else *he.*
119 s.d. Exeunt] Ex. Lady. Ff.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A room in the house of MEMNON.

Enter MEMNON *alone.*

Mem. 'Tis but to die. Dogs do it, ducks with dabbling,
Birds sing away their souls, and babies sleep 'em.
Why do I talk of that is treble vantage?
For in the other world she is bound to have me;
Her princely word is past: my great desert too
Will draw her to come after presently;
'Tis justice, and the gods must see it done too.
Besides, no brother, father, kindred, there
Can hinder us; all languages are alike too;
There love is ever lasting, ever young,
Free from diseases, ages, jealousies,
Bawds, beldames, painters, purgers. Die! 'tis nothing;
Men drown themselves for joy to draw in juleps,
When they are hot with wine; in dreams we do it;
And many a handsome wench, that loves the sport well,
Gives up her soul so in her lover's bosom.
But I must be incised first, cut and open'd;
My heart, and handsomely, ta'en from me:—stay there:—
Dead once—stay; let me think again: who do I know there?—
For else to wander up and down unwaited on,
And unregarded in my place and project,

II. i. 11 *ages*] agings, decays. So both Ff and so Seward and Colman, with at least as much appositeness to love as Mason's correction *agues*, (followed by Weber and Dyce), who interprets of 'momentary intervals of languor.' Theobald and Sympson proposed *aches*.

12 *painters*] i. e. women with painted faces.—Altered by Seward to *pandars;* and so Colman.—Dyce.

13 *for joy . . . juleps*] i. e. for mere delight of the cooling liquid. Cf. *Scornful Lady*, II. ii. 164, *Hum. Lieut.*, II. ii. 90.

Is for a sowter's soul, not an old soldier's.
My brave old regiments—ay, there it goes—
That have been kill'd before me—right—

Enter CHILAX.

Chi. [*Aside.*] He's here,
And I must trouble him.
Mem. Then those I have conquer'd,
To make my train full——
Chi. Sir——
Mem. My captains then——
Chi. Sir, I beseech ye——
Mem. For to meet her there,
Being a princess and a king's sole sister,
With great accommodation, must be cared for.
Chi. Weigh but the soldier's poverty.
Mem. Mine own troop first,—
For they shall die——
Chi. [*Aside.*] How ; what 's this ?
Mem. Next——
Chi. [*Aside.*] Shall I speak louder ?—Sir—
Mem. A square battalia——
Chi. You do not think of us.
Mem. Their armours gilded——
Chi. Good noble sir——
Mem. And round about such engines
Shall make hell shake.
Chi. Ye do not mock me ?
Mem. For, sir,
I will be strange as brave——
Chi. Ye may consider ;
You know we have served you long enough.
Mem. No soldier
That ever landed on the blest Elysium
Did or shall march as I will——

22 *sowter's*] i. e. cobbler's.—Weber.
24 s.d. Aside] Asides in this scene first marked by Dyce, save by Weber at ll. 32, 74, 157, 174.
24 *He's*] F2. *is* F1, by common omission of pronoun subject.
30 *soldier's*] Ff. *soldiers.* Colman and succeeding edd. *soldiers*: but the collective term 'soldier' occurs below, 'pay the soldier,' l. 93, *Hum. Lieut.*, IV. ii. 91, *King and No King*, I. i. 59.
36 *strange as brave*] F1, i. e. as singular as magnificent. F2 reads '*strong* as brave,' which preceding edd. have preferred.

Chi. Would ye would march, sir,
Up to the king, and get us——
Mem. King nor keisar
Shall equal me in that world.
Chi. [*Aside.*] What a devil ails he?
Mem. Next, the rare beauties of those towns I fired—
Chi. I speak of money, sir.
Mem. Ten thousand coaches——
Chi. Oh, pounds, sir, pounds! I beseech your lordship,
Let coaches run out of your remembrance.
Mem. In which the wanton Cupids, and the Graces,
Drawn with the western winds, kindling desires;—
And then our poets——
Chi. Then our pay.
Mem. For, Chilax,
When the triumph comes, the princess then—
For I will have a heaven made——
Chi. Bless your lordship!
Mem. Stand still, sir.
Chi. So I do.
Mem. And in it——
Chi. Death, sir,
You talk you know not what!
Mem. Such rare devices!
Make me, I say, a heaven.
Chi. I say so too, sir.
Mem. For here shall run a constellation—
Chi. And there a pissing-conduit.
Mem. Ha!
Chi. With wine, sir.
Mem. A sun there in his height, there such a planet!
Chi. But where's our money? where runs that?
Mem. Ha!

50 Chi. *Bless your lordship*, etc.] Both the folios thus:
Chi. *Blesse your Lordship!*
Stand still Sir.
Mem. *So I doe, and in it—*
The alteration was made by Seward, and no doubt rightly. In the preceding scene, Memnon thrice uses the words 'stand still.'—Dyce.

55 *a pissing-conduit*] 'the Pissing-conduit,' mentioned in Middleton's *Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, III. ii., was situate in Cornhill, and was so called (says Nares' *Gloss.* in v.) from its running in a small stream. But Chilax, of course, is burlesquing Memnon.

Chi. Money,
Money, an 't like your lordship.
Mem. Why, all the carriage,
Shall come behind; the stuff, rich hangings, treasure;
Or, say we have none—
Chi. I may say so truly,
For hang me, if I have a groat. I have served well,
And like an honest man: I see no reason——
Mem. Thou must needs die, good Chilax.
Chi. Very well, sir.
Mem. I will have honest, valiant souls about me;
I cannot miss thee.
Chi. Die!
Mem. Yes, die; and Pelius,
Eumenes, and Polybius: I shall think
Of more within these two hours.
Chi. Die, sir!
Mem. Ay, sir!
And ye shall die.
Chi. When, I beseech your lordship?
Mem. To-morrow see ye do die.
Chi. A short warning:
Troth, sir, I am ill prepared.
Mem. I die myself then;
Beside, there 's reason——
Chi. Oh!
Mem. I pray thee, tell me,
For thou art a great dreamer——
Chi. I can dream, sir,
If I eat well and sleep well.
Mem. Was it never
By dream or apparition open'd to thee——
Chi. [*Aside.*] He 's mad.
Mem. What the other world was, or Elysium?
Didst never travel in thy sleep?
Chi. To taverns,
When I was drunk o'ernight; or to a wench;
There 's an Elysium for ye, a young lady

65 *miss thee*] i. e. dispense with thee.
73 *sleep well*] Seward altered the Ff reading to *sleep ill*, arguing that bad sleep accompanied by dreams is the natural result of eating well; but succeeding edd. did not follow him.

Wrapt round about ye like a snake! is that it?
Or if that strange Elysium that you talk of
Be where the devil is, I have dreamt of him,
And that I have had him by the horns, and rid him:
He trots the dagger out o' th' sheath.
Mem. Elysium,
The blessed fields, man.
Chi. I know no fields blessed,
But those I have gain'd by. I have dreamt I have been
In heaven too.
Mem. There, handle that place; that's Elysium.
Chi. Brave singing, and brave dancing, and rare things.
Mem. All full of flowers.
Chi. And pot-herbs.
Mem. Bowers for lovers,
And everlasting ages of delight.
Chi. I slept not so far.
Mem. Meet me on those banks
Some two days hence.
Chi. In dream, sir?
Mem. No; in death, sir:
And there I muster all, and pay the soldier.
Away! no more, no more.
Chi. God keep your lordship!
This is fine dancing for us.

Enter SYPHAX.

Syph. Where's the general?
Chi. There's the old sign of Memnon; where the soul is
You may go look, as I have.
Syph. What's the matter?
Chi. Why, question him and see: he talks of devils,
Hells, heavens, princes, powers, and potentates.

82 *I have had him by the horns, and rid him:*
He trots the dagger out o' the sheath] Weber is probably right in seeing a reminiscence here of the Moralities, in which the Vice (with his dagger of lath) bestrode the Devil. Dyce explains that Chilax in his dream imagined that his dagger leapt out of its sheath as he rode; but seems to reject the ref. to the Moralities.

93 *the soldier*] i. e. the soldiery, as l. 30.

You must to th' pot too.
Syph. How!
Chi. Do you know Elysium?
A tale he talks the wild-goose-chase of.
Syph. Elysium!
I have read of such a place.
Chi. Then get ye to him,
Ye are as fine company as can be fitted.
Your worship's fairly met. [*Exit* CHILAX.
Spyh. [*Aside.*] Mercy upon us,
What ails this gentleman?
Mem. Incision——
Syph. [*Aside.*] How his head works!
Mem. Between two ribs:
If he cut short, or mangle me, I 'll take him
And twirl his neck about.
Syph. [*Aside.*] Now gods defend us!
Mem. In a pure cup transparent, with a writing
To signify——
Syph. [*Aside.*] I never knew him thus:
Sure, he 's bewitch'd or poison'd.
Mem. Who 's there?
Syph. I, sir.
Mem. Come hither. Syphax?
Syph. Yes; how does your lordship?
Mem. Well, God-a-mercy, soldier, very well:
But, prithee, tell me——
Syph. Any thing I can, sir.
Mem. What durst thou do to gain the rarest beauty
The world has?
Syph. That the world has! 'tis worth doing.

100 *to the pot*] i. e. be sacrificed, proverbial phrase from a stew-pot into which all manner of ingredients are thrown. Cf. *Coriol.*, I. iv. 47, 'they have shut him in. To th' pot, I warrant him.' Peele's *Edw. I.*, sc. v. (ed. Bullen, i. 129), 'goes this wretch, this traitor, to the pot.'

104 *Your . . . met*] In both Ff 'Exit Chilax' is printed level with *fitted*, but the prefix 'Si.' is only placed before *Mercy* etc. Colman, unfollowed, thought the greeting more properly addressed to Memnon by Syphax.

105 *Incision*] Seward's correction, and obviously necessary.—Both the folios have *Provision*.—Earlier in this scene (l. 17) Memnon says,

'But I must be *incised* first, cut and open'd.'

And again in Act III. sc. ii.,

'You can *incise*
To a hair's breadth, without defacing?' (Dyce.)

Cf. note on *Hum. Lieut.*, IV. iv. 166.

111 *he's*] F2. *is* F1.

Mem. Is it so? but what doing bears it?
Syph. Why, any thing; all dangers it appears to.
Mem. Name some of those things; do.
Syph. I would undertake, sir,
A voyage round about the world.
Mem. Short, Syphax;
A merchant does it to spice pots of ale.
Syph. I would swim in armour.
Mem. Short, still; a poor jade
Loaden will take a stream, and stem it strongly,
To leap a mare.
Syph. The plague I durst.
Mem. Still shorter;
I 'll cure it with an onion.
Syph. Surfeits.
Mem. Short still;
They are often physics for our healths, and help us.
Syph. I would stand a breach.
Mem. Thine honour bids thee, soldier;
'Tis shame to find a second cause.
Syph. I durst, sir,
Fight with the fellest monster.
Mem. That 's the poorest;
Man was ordain'd their master. Durst ye die, sir?
Syph. How! die, my lord!
Mem. Die, Syphax; take thy sword,
And come by that door to her? There 's a price
To buy a lusty love at.
Syph. I am well content, sir,
To prove no purchaser.
Mem. Away, thou world-worm!
Thou win a matchless beauty!
Syph. 'Tis to lose 't, sir;
For, being dead, where 's the reward I reach at?
The love I labour for?
Mem. There it begins, fool.
Thou art merely cozen'd; for the loves we now know

118 *dangers*] F1. F2 *danger*.
118 *appears to*] confronts, in a legal sense; but if *which* is to be understood before *it appears to*, we should prefer to interpret the latter simply as 'comes in the way of.'
121 *to spice pots*] i. e. to fetch the spice that may do so.
133 *well*] F1. Omitted F2. 138 *merely*] i. e. absolutely, wholly.—Dyce.

Are but the heats of half an hour, and hated ;
Desires stirred up by Nature to increase her ;
Licking of one another to a lust ;
Coarse and base appetites, earth's mere inheritors,
And heirs of idleness and blood : pure love,
That that the soul affects, and cannot purchase
While she is loaden with our flesh, that love, sir,
Which is the price of honour, dwells not here ;
Your ladies' eyes are lampless to that virtue ;
That beauty smiles not on a cheek wash'd over,
Nor scents the sweets of ambers : below, Syphax,
Below us in the other world, Elysium,
Where 's no more dying, no despairing, mourning,
Where all desires are full, deserts down loaden,
There, Syphax, there, where loves are ever living !
Syph. Why do we love in this world, then ?
Mem. To preserve it,
The Maker lost his work else : but mark, Syphax,
What issues that love bears.
Syph. Why, children, sir.
[*Aside.*] I never heard him talk thus, thus divinely
And sensible before.
Mem. It does so, Syphax ;
Things, like ourselves, as sensual, vain, unvented,
Bubbles and breaths of air ; got with an itching
As blisters are, and, bred, as much corruption
Flows from their lives ; sorrow conceives and shapes 'em,
And oftentimes the deaths of those we love most :
The breeders bring them to the world to curse 'em ;
Crying they creep amongst us like young cats ;

139 *hated*] i. e. hated as soon as satisfied : so Dyce. Ff and the other edd. place the semicolon after *hour*, and no point at the end of the line, making *hated* ('hateful') for which Seward read *heated*, an epithet of *desires*.

147 *lampless to*] 'dark compared to'; cf. *King and No King*, IV. ii. 53, 'The wind is fix'd to thee' : but 'unreflective of' would agree better with ll. 148–9.

149 *sweets of ambers*] F1. F2 has *sweet*, etc. *Ambers* is ambergris, a secretion of the spermaceti whale : cf. IV. v. 49. The first of the *Miscellany Tracts* of Sir Thos. Browne mentions 'Amber, musk and civet' as perfumes.

150 *world*] F1 misprints *word*. 152 *down loaden*] with rewards.

159 *unvented*] So Ff, meaning possibly 'unfanned,' 'unsifted' ; but more probably 'unsold,' so 'valueless' ; 'vent' being often used for 'vend' (cf. 'rent' for 'rend'), and so Whitney in *The Century Dictionary*, 'unuttered.'

160 *breaths of air*] So F2. F1 *breath of ayres*.

163 *deaths*] F1. F2 *death*. i. e. often the death of our wives accompanies child-bearing. 165 *creep*] F2. F1 *weepe*.

Cares and continual crosses keeping with 'em,
They make time old to tend them, and experience
An ass, they alter so: they grow, and goodly;
Ere we can turn our thoughts, like drops of water,
They fall into the main, are known no more:
This is the love of this world. I must tell thee,
For thou art understanding——
Syph. What you please, sir.
Mem. And as a faithful man—nay, I dare trust thee—
I love the princess.
Syph. [*Aside.*] There 'tis, that has fired him;
I knew he had some inspiration.—
But does she know it, sir?
Mem. Yes, marry, does she;
I have given my heart unto her.
Syph. If ye love her.
Mem. Nay, understand me; my heart taken from me,
Out of my body, man, and so brought to her.
How lik'st thou that brave offer? There 's the love
I told thee of, and after death the living:
She must in justice come, boy, ha?
Syph. Your heart, sir!
Mem. Ay, so, by all means, Syphax.
Syph. [*Aside.*] He loves roast well,
That eats the spit.
Mem. And since thou art come thus fitly,
I 'll do it presently, and thou shalt carry it;
For thou canst tell a story, and describe it:
And I conjure thee, Syphax, by thy gentry,
Next by the glorious battles we have fought in,
By all the dangers, wounds, heats, colds, distresses,
Thy love next, and obedience, nay, thy life——
Syph. But one thing, first, sir. If she pleased to grant it,
Could you not love her here, and live? consider.
Mem. Ha! yes, I think I could.

170 *are*] F2. F1 *and*, which gets rid of the asyndeton and seems equally probable, the ellipse of the copulative verb being quite common.
172 *understanding*——] Break first by Weber on Mason's suggestion.
181 *living*] Seward was inclined to alter the Ff reading to *loving*, but Colman justified living by referring to l. 153, 'where loves are ever living.'

Syph. 'Twould be far nearer;
Besides, the sweets here would induce the last love,
And link it in.
Mem. Thou say'st right: but our ranks here
And bloods are bars between us; she must stand off too,
As I perceive she does.
Syph. Desert and duty
Makes even all, sir.
Mem. Then the king, though I
Have merited as much as man can, must not let her,
So many princes covetous of her beauty.
I would with all my heart—but 'tis impossible.
Syph. Why, say she marry after?
Mem. No, she dares not;
The gods dare not do ill. Come.
Syph. Do you mean it?
Mem. Lend me thy knife, and help me off.
Syph. For heaven sake,
Be not so stupid mad, dear general!
Mem. Despatch, I say.
Syph. As ye love that ye look for,
Heaven and the blessed life——
Mem. Hell take thee, coxcomb!
Why dost thou keep me from it? thy knife, I say!
Syph. Do but this one thing, on my knees I beg it,—
Stay but two hours till I return again;
For I will to her, tell her all your merits,
Your most unvalued love, and last your danger.
If she relent, then live still, and live loving,
Happy, and high in favour; if she frown——
Mem. Shall I be sure to know it?
Syph. As I live, sir,
My quick return shall either bring ye fortune,
Or leave you to your own fate.
Mem. Two hours?
Syph. Yes, sir.
Mem. Let it be kept. Away! I will expect it.
[*Exeunt severally.*

196 *bloods . . . stand off*] Cf. *All's Well*, II. iii. 125-8.
200 *her*] So F2. Omitted in F1. 201 *would*] F2 *wou'd*. F1 *woo'd*.
204 *help me off*] i. e. with my clothes (Mason), or armour.
212 *unvalued*] i. e. invaluable, inestimable. 218 s.d. severally] Dyce.

SCENE II.

The court of the Palace.

Enter CHILAX, Fool, *and* PICUS.

Chi. You dainty wits! two of ye to a cater,
To cheat him of a dinner?
Pic. Ten at court, sir,
Are few enough; they are as wise as we are.
Chi. Hang ye, I 'll eat at any time, and any where;
I never make that part of want. Preach to me
What ye can do, and when ye list.
Fool. Your patience;
'Tis a hard day at court, a fish-day.
Chi. So it seems, sir;
The fins grow out of thy face.
Fool. And to purchase
This day the company of one dear custard,
Or a mess of Rice ap Thomas, needs a main wit:

Sc. II. 1 *of*] F2. F1 *an* [a misprint for *on* i. e. of].—Dyce. The speech is perhaps an invitation.

3 *they*] the caters (caterers).

5 *Preach to me . . . list*] tell me what you can raise in the way of a dinner, and when you're going to have it.

7 *a fish-day*] Douce on 2 *Henry IV.*, II. iv. 370 sqq., says several statutes were made in the reign of Elizabeth and James I. for the regulation and observance of fish-days, victuallers being expressly forbidden to utter flesh in Lent. In 2 *Hen. VI.*, IV. iv. 8, Cade rewards the Ashford butcher, Dick, by doubling Lent, and giving him a licence to kill a hundred head 'lacking one' a week. The restrictions had an economic purpose, as cattle were becoming scarce.

8 *The fins*, etc.] alluding to the projecting side-flaps of the Fool's head-gear.

10 *a mess of Rice ap Thomas*] "The last editors [1778] suppose that *Rice ap Thomas* was the name of some dish well known at that time; but that is not the case. The Fool means only a mess of rice; but as *Rice* is the name of one of the great Welch families, he ludicrously adds to it the words *ap Thomas*.

> 'Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier,
> * * * * *
> And *Rice ap Thomas* with a valiant crew,' etc.
> *Richard the Third*, act iv. [sc. 5]."—Mason.

Weber notes the anachronism of the Welsh name, and Catholic fish-days, at Paphos.

Beef we can bear before us, lined with brewis,
And tubs of pork, vociferating veals,
And tongues that ne'er told lie yet.
Chi. Line thy mouth with 'em;
Thou hast need.
Fool. And great need; for these finny fish-days
The officers' understandings are so phlegmatic,
They cannot apprehend us.
Chi. That 's great pity;
For you deserve it, and, being apprehended,
The whip to boot.—Boy, what do you so near me?
I dare not trust your touch, boy.
Pic. As I am virtuous!
What, thieves among ourselves!

Enter STREMON *and his* Boy.

Chi. Stremon!
Stre. Lieutenant!
Chi. Welcome ashore, ashore!
Fool. What, Monsieur Music!

11 *Beef we can bear before us*] i. e. perhaps 'bear down before us,' 'vanquish'; but we rather suspect *bear*, and also the loss of a line preceding this. Chilax has asked 'What ye can do'; and this part of the Fool's reply, evidently relating to ordinary days, should be distinguished by some (? missing) words from ll. 7–10 which concern the fish-day.

11 *brewis*] "i. e. broth, soup, generally the liquor in which the meat is boiled."—Weber. See *Bonduca*, I. ii, 'ye eating rascals, Whose gods are beef and brewis.' Same word as Scotch *brose*. Lucio, however, in Lyly's *Moth. Bombie*, III. iv. 100, dreams of 'a stately peece of beefe . . . in greate pompe sitting vppon a cushion of white Brewish, linde with browne breade,' which seems rather to suggest suet.

12 *vociferating veals*] loudness or shrillness is implied in *The Sea Voyage*, I. iii. end, where on a general cry of the starving men 'Where is the meat?' Tibalt comments quibblingly 'What a veal voice is there!'; and perhaps, too, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. ii. 256, 'Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.'

13 *Line . . . 'em*] i. e. they'll improve your veracity.

17 *and, being apprehended*, etc.] "The reader need not be told that a most miserable pun is put into the mouth of Chilax," etc.—Weber.

20 s.d. and his Boy] 'and his boy Ed. Hor.', F1 'probably the abbreviated name of the boy who acted the part.' (Weber.) i. e. Edward Horton, who acted for the King's company in Carlell's *The Deserving Favourite*, 1629 (Fleay's *Shakespeare Manual*, p. 115). In IV. i. 1, where a song has to be sung, F1 gives another name 'Ric. Bax[ter]' (apparently for Stremon's Boy), who acted for the King's men in Massinger's *Believe as you List*, 1631 (Fleay, *ib.* and *Biog. Chron.*, i. 225). Mr. Fleay (*Biog. Chron.*, i. 207) believes their appearance in our play 'must have been at a revival c. 1630'; but their appearance as adult actors in the later plays would not prevent their appearance as boys in ours some dozen years earlier. In *Believe*, etc., Baxter combined several unimportant parts, but as Titus he had a long speech.

Stre. My fine fool!
Pic. Fellow crack! why, what a consort
Are we now bless'd withal!
Fool. Fooling and fiddling—
Nay, and we live not now, boys!—What new songs, sirrah!
Stre. A thousand, man, a thousand.
Fool. Itching airs,
Alluding to the old sport?
Stre. Of all sizes.
Fool. And how does small Tim Treble here, the heart on't?
Boy. To do you service.
Fool. Oh, Tim, the times! the times, Tim!
Stre. How does the general?
And next, what money's stirring?
Chi. For the general,
He's here; but such a general! the time's changed, Stremon;
He was the liberal general, and the loving,
The feeder of a soldier, and the father;
But now become the stupid'st.
Stre. Why, what ails he?
Chi. Nay, if a horse knew,—and his head's big enough,
I'll hang for't. Did thou ever see a dog
Run mad o' th' tooth-ache? such another toy
Is he now; so he gloats, and grins, and bites.
Fool. Why, hang him quickly,
And then he cannot hurt folks.
Chi. One hour raving,
Another smiling, not a word the third hour.
I tell thee, Stremon, h'as a stirring soul:
Whatever it attempts, or labours at,
Would wear out twenty bodies in another.
Fool. I'll keep it out of me, for mine's but buckram;

22 *crack*] Addressed to Stremon's Boy. "A term (very common in early plays) for an arch, lively boy."—Dyce.
22 *consort*] i. e. company or band of musicians.
38 *gloats*] i. e. stares. Nares quotes Drayton's *Polyolbion*, 'To glote upon those stars to us that never rise.'
45 *but buckram*] Schmidt gives it as 'coarse linen stiffened with glue,' which is here opposed to solid hide, a man's ordinary skin.

He would bounce that out in two hours.
Chi. Then he talks
The strangest and the maddest stuff from reason,
Or any thing ye offer. Stand thou there;
I 'll shew thee how he is, for I 'll play Memnon,
The strangest general that e'er thou heardst of.—
Stremon!
Stre. My lord!
Chi. Go presently, and find me
A black horse with a blue tail; bid the blank cornet
Charge through the sea, and sink the navy—softly!
Our souls are things not to be waken'd in us
With 'larums and loud bawlings; for in Elysium,
Stillness and quietness and sweetness—sirrah,
I will have, for it much concerns mine honour,
Such a strong reputation for my welcome
As all the world shall say—for, in the forefront,
So many on white unicorns, next them
My gentlemen, my cavaliers and captains,
Ten deep, and trapp'd with tenter-hooks, to take hold
Of all occasions; for Friday cannot fish out
The end I aim at. Tell me of Diocles,
And what he dares do! dare he meet me naked?
Thunder in this hand, in his left—Fool!
Fool. Yes, sir.
Chi. Fool, I would have thee fly i' th' air, fly swiftly
To that place where the sun sets, there deliver—
Fool. Deliver! what, sir?
Chi. This, sir, this, ye slave, sir!—[*All laugh.*

47 *from reason . . . offer*] as far removed as possible from reason or connection with anything you say to him.

52 *blank*] probably 'white': *cornet* in the obsolete sense of a company of horsemen or its standard. The *N. E. D.* quotes Peele's *Battle of Alcazar* (*Wks.*, 1829, ii. 95), 'Take a cornet of our horse,' and another instance as late as 1688.

58 *reputation*] Needlessly altered by Seward (at Sympson's suggestion) to *preparation*, approved by Mason only.

62 *trapp'd*] accoutred (Colman).

64 *Diocles*] the 'strong usurper' mentioned as subdued by Memnon in I. i. 15.

66 *his*] So Ff, nor do we see need to accept (with Dyce) Weber's alteration to *this*. Chilax in this line is parodying Memnon in I. i. 71.

69 s.d. All laugh] Ff: the occasion being perhaps some indecent gesture of Chilax.

Death, ye rude rogues, ye scarabs! [*Seizes the* Fool.
Fool. Hold, for Heaven's sake,
Lieutenant, sweet lieutenant!
Chi. I have done, sir.
Pic. You have wrung his neck off.
Chi. No, boy; 'tis the nature
Of this strange passion, when it hits, to hale people
Along by the hair, to kick 'em, break their heads.
Fool. Do ye call this acting? was your part to beat me?
Chi. Yes, I must act all that he does.
Fool. Plague act ye!
I 'll act no more.
Stre. 'Tis but to shew, man.
Fool. Then, man,
He should have shew'd it only, and not done it;
I am sure he beat me beyond action.—
Gouts o' your heavy fist!
Chi. I 'll have thee to him;
Thou hast a fine wit, fine Fool, and canst play rarely:
He 'll hug thee, boy, and stroke thee.
Fool. I 'll to the stocks first,
Ere I be stroked thus.
Stre. But how came he, Chilax?
Chi. I know not that.
Stre. I 'll to him.
Chi. He loves thee well,
And much delights to hear thee sing; much taken
He has been with thy battle-songs.
Stre. If music
Can find his madness, I 'll so fiddle him;
That out it shall by th' shoulders.
Chi. [*Aside.*] My fine fiddler,
He 'll firk you, and ye take not heed too: 'twill be rare sport
To see his own trade triumph over him;

70 *scarabs*] i. e. beetles.—Weber.
70 s.d. Seizes the Fool] Added Colman.
73 *when it hits*] i. e. when it seizes men.
79 *beyond action*] i. e. there was more than *acting* about it.
89 *firk*] General term for violent usage. Weber quotes *Henry V.*, IV. iv. 29: 'I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him.' Cf. *Night Walker*, V. i. 100, and below in this play, V. iv. 155.

His lute laced to his head, for creeping hedges ;
For money, there's none stirring.—Try, good Stremon,
Now what your silver sound can do ; our voices
Are but vain echoes.
Stre. Something shall be done
Shall make him understand all. Let 's to th' tavern ;
I have some few crowns left yet : my whistle wet once,
I 'll pipe him such a paven——
Chi. [*To* Fool.] Hold thy head up ;
I 'll cure it with a quart of wine ; come, coxcomb :—
Come, boy ; take heed of napkins.
Fool. You 'ld no more acting ?
Chi. No more, chicken.
Fool. Go, then. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III.

Before the Palace.

Enter SYPHAX *at one door, and a* Gentleman *at another.*

Syph. God save you, sir ! pray, how might I see the princess ?
Gent. Why, very fitly, sir ; she 's even now ready
To walk out this way into th' park : stand there,
Ye cannot miss her sight, sir.
Syph. I much thank you. [*Exit* Gentleman.

Enter CALIS, LUCIPPE, *and* CLEANTHE.

Calis. Let 's have a care, for I 'll assure ye, wenches,
I would not meet him willingly again :
For, though I do not fear him, yet his fashion

91 *for creeping hedges*] i. e. to prevent his creeping [through] hedges.—Mason. Halliwell's *Dictionary* says, "A creep-hedge is a vagrant in the eastern counties."

93 *silver sound*] The verse in which this expression, commonly applied to music, occurs, is quoted from Richard Edwardes' *Paradise of Daintie Deuises* by Peter to the Musicians in *Rom. and Jul.*, IV. v.

97 *paven*] Variously written, *pavan, pavin, pavian*,—means properly a grave, majestic dance, supposed Spanish.—Dyce.

98 *coxcomb*] Alluding to the Fool's cap.

99 *take heed of napkins*] i. e. take care not to steal napkins.—Weber. The line is addressed to Picus, and refers back to ll. 18–20, a napkin being a handkerchief as in *Hamlet*, V. ii. 299, etc.

100 *You'ld*] Both Ff *You'd*.

Sc. III. s.d. another] F1. the other F2.

I would not be acquainted much with.
Cle. Gentle lady
You need not fear; the walks are view'd, and empty:
But methinks, madam, this kind heart of his——
Lucip. Is slow a-coming.
Syph. [*Aside.*] Keep me, ye blest angels!
What killing power is this!
Calis. Why, dost thou look for 't?
Dost think he spoke in earnest?
Lucip. Methinks, madam,
A gentleman should keep his word, and to a lady,
A lady of your excellencies.
Calis. Out, fool!
Send me his heart! what should we do with 't? dance it?
Lucip. Dry it, and drink it for the worms.
Calis. Who 's that?
What man stands there?
Cle. Where?
Calis. There.
Cle. A gentleman,
Which I beseech your grace to honour so much,
As know him for your servant's brother.
Calis. Syphax?
Cle. The same, an 't please your grace.—[*Aside.*] What does he here?
Upon what business? and I ignorant?
Calis. He 's grown a handsome gentleman.—Good Syphax,
Y' are welcome from the wars: would ye with us, sir?
Pray, speak your will.—He blushes.—Be not fearful;
I can assure ye, for your sister's sake, sir,
There 's my hand on it.
Cle. Do you hear, sir?
Calis. Sure, these soldiers
Are all grown senseless.
Cle. Do ye know where ye are, sir?
Calis. Tongue-tied: he looks not well too; by my life, I think——

9 *view'd*] Ff, i. e. we have looked to see; but qy. *void.*
11 *Is*] F1. *He's* F2, confusing with other cases where *is* = he is.
11, 21 s.d. Asides first by Weber: Colman marked l. 21 by a break.
16 *with't*] F2. *wo't* F1.
16 *dance it*] i. e. bounce it like a ball. See above, I. i. 261.

Cle. Speak, for shame speak.
Lucip. A man would speak.
Calis. These soldiers
Are all dumb saints.—Consider, and take time, sir.—
Let 's forward, wenches, come ; his palate 's down.
Lucip. Dare these men charge i' th' face of fire and bullets,
And hang their heads down at a handsome woman ?
Good Master Mars, that 's a foul fault.
[*Exeunt* CALIS *and* LUCIPPE.
Cle. Fie, beast !
No more my brother !
Syph. Sister, honour'd sister !
Cle. Dishonour'd fool !
Syph. I do confess——
Cle. Fie on thee !
Syph. But stay till I deliver——
Cle. Let me go ;
I am ashamed to own thee.
Syph. Fare ye well, then :
Ye must ne'er see me more.
Cle. Why, stay, dear Syphax :
My anger 's past ; I will hear ye speak.
Syph. Oh, sister !
Cle. Out with it, man !
Syph. Oh, I have drunk my mischief !
Cle. Ha ! what ?
Syph. My destruction ;
In at mine eyes I have drunk it. Oh, the princess,
The rare sweet princess !
Cle. How, fool ! the rare princess !
Was it the princess that thou saidst ?
Syph. The princess.
Cle. Thou dost not love her, sure ? thou dar'st not.
Syph. Yes,
By heaven.

31 *dumb saints*] So Ff. Seward, following the 8vo. of 1711, gave 'dull *saints*.' Sympson needlessly proposed *dull sots*.

32 *his palate 's down*] "This seems to be the same as what is now called *chap-fallen* by the vulgar."—Colman. Dyce compares *Loyal Subject*, III. ii. 138, 'Your palate 's down, sir.'

35 s.d. Calis] Prin. Ff.

39 *ashamed*] F2. F1 *a shame*.

Cle. Yes, by heaven! I know thou dar'st not:
The princess! 'tis thy life, the knowledge of it;
Presumption that will draw into it all thy kindred,
And leave 'em slaves and succourless: the princess!
Why, she 's a sacred thing, to see and worship,
Fix'd from us as the sun is, high and glorious,
To be adored, not doted on. Desire things possible,
Thou foolish young man; nourish not a hope
Will hale thy heart out.
Syph. 'Tis my destiny,
And I know both disgrace and death will quit it,
If it be known.
Cle. Pursue it not, then, Syphax:
Get thee good wholesome thoughts may nourish thee;
Go home and pray.
Syph. I cannot.
Cle. Sleep, then, Syphax,
And dream away thy doting.
Syph. I must have her,
Or you no more your brother. Work, Cleanthe;
Work, and work speedily, or I shall die, wench.
Cle. Die, then; I dare forget. Farewell.
Syph. Farewell, sister;
Farewell for ever! see me buried.
Cle. Stay;
Pray, stay.—[*Aside.*] He 's all my brothers.—No way, Syphax?
No other woman?
Syph. None, none; she, or sinking.
Cle. Go, and hope well; my life I 'll venture for thee,
And all my art; a woman may work miracles.
No more. Pray heartily against misfortunes,
For much I fear a main one.
Syph. I shall do it. [*Exeunt severally.*

49 *'tis thy life, the knowledge of it*] i. e. thy life would be forfeited, if it was known.—Weber.
57 *quit*] i. e. requite.—Weber.
70 *misfortunes*] Colman's correction for *my fortunes* of both Ff.
71 s.d. severally] Added Dyce.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A grove near the Temple of Venus.

Enter a Priestess of Venus *and a* Boy.

Priest. Find him by any means; and, good child, tell him
He has forgot his old friend. Give him this;
[*Giving a ring.*
And say, this night, without excuse or business,
As ever he may find a friend, come to me;
He knows the way, and how. Be gone.
Boy. I gallop. [*Exit.*

Enter CLEANTHE.

Cle. I have been looking you.
Priest. The fair Cleanthe!
What may your business be?
Cle. Oh, holy mother,
Such business, of such strange weight! now or never,
As ye have loved me, as ye do or may do,
When I shall find a fit time——
Priest. If by my means
Your business may be fitted—ye know me,
And how I am tied unto you—be bold, daughter,
To build your best hopes.
Cle. Oh, but 'tis a strange one,
Stuck with as many dangers——
Priest. There 's the working;

III. i. 2 s.d. Giving a ring] Added Dyce.
5 s.d. Enter Cleanthe] F2. Om. F1.
6 *looking you*] "i. e. looking for you, searching you out. So again IV. ii. 3, 'I' the wars he would have *look'd* me.'"—Weber.
Also in the *Double Marriage*, II. i.; *The Night Walker*, III. i. 27, 'You may look the body.' A much earlier instance occurs in *Euphues*, 1578 (Lyly's *Works*, vol. i. p. 194, l. 32).

Small things perform themselves, and give no pleasures :
Be confident, through death I 'll serve [you].
Cle. Here. [*Offers a purse.*
Priest. Fie! no corruption.
Cle. Take it ; 'tis yours ;
Be not so spiced ; 'tis good gold,
And goodness is no gall to th' conscience :
I know ye have ways to vent it ; ye may hold it.
Priest. I 'll keep it for ye. When?
Cle. To-morrow morning
I 'll visit ye again ; and, when occasion
Offers itself——
Priest. Instruct me, and have at ye!
Cle. Farewell till then. Be sure.
Priest. As your own thoughts, lady.
Cle. 'Tis a main work, and full of fear.
Priest. Fools only
Make their effects seem fearful. Farewell, daughter.
[*Exit* CLEANTHE.
This gold was well got for my old tough soldier ;
Now I shall be his sweet again. What business
Is this she has a-foot? some lusty lover
Beyond her line ; the young wench would fain piddle ;
A little to revive her must be thought of ;
'Tis even so, she must have it. But how by my means,
A devil, can she drive it? I that wait still
Before the goddess, giving oracle,
How can I profit her? 'Tis her own project,
And if she cast it false, her own fault be it. [*Exit.*

16 [*you*]] Inserted by all editors.
16 s.d. Offers, etc.] Added Weber.
18 *Be . . . gold*] This line omitted F2, though *Be* is given as the catchword at the bottom of p. 242. Seward added *I'm sure* to complete the line.
18 *spiced*] nice, scrupulous; so explained by Tyrwhitt in his *Gloss.* to Chaucer's *Cant. Tales* where it occurs in Prologue, v. 527—
'Ne maked him no *spiced* conscience,'
and in the same phrase in *The Wif of Bathes Prologue*, v. 6016.—Dyce.
26 *effects*] Seward and Mason were inclined to read *affects*, i. e. desires or designs, but Weber pointed out that *effects* may bear that sense, e. g. *Hamlet*, III. iv. 129, 'do not look upon me, Lest with this piteous action you convert / My stern effects.'

SCENE II.

An anteckamber in the house of MEMNON.

Enter POLYDORE, EUMENES, POLYBIUS, PELIUS, *and* STREMON.

Polyd. Why, this is utter madness.
Eum. Thus it is, sir.
Polyd. Only the princess' sight?
Polyb. All we can judge at.
Polyd. This must be look'd to timely.
Eum. Yes, and wisely.
Polyd. He does not offer at his life?
Eum. Not yet, sir,
That we can hear of.
Polyd. Noble gentlemen,
Let me entreat your watches over him;
Ye cannot do a worthier work.
Pel. We came, sir,
Provided for that service.
Polyd. Where is Chilax?
Stre. A little busy, sir.
Polyd. Is the fool and boy here?
Stre. They are, sir.
Polyd. Let 'em be still so; and, as they find his humours—

Enter MEMNON.

Eum. Now ye may behold him.
Polyd. Stand close,
And make no noise. By his eyes, now, gentlemen,
I guess him full of anger.
Eum. Be not seen there. [*They retire.*
Mem. The hour's past long ago; he's false and fearful,——
Coward go with thy caitiff soul, thou cur-dog!

Sc. II. 13 *make*] F2; and so Seward. F1 *work;* and so Colman and Weber.
14 s.d. They retire] Added Weber.
16 *Coward go*] So F1 and all editors, i. e. the name or quality of coward go. F2 *Coward, go* etc.

Thou cold clod, wildfire warm thee! — monstrous fearful;
I know the slave shakes but to think on 't.
Polyd. Who's that?
Eum. I know not, sir.
Mem. But I shall catch ye, rascal;
Your mangy soul is not immortal here, sir;
Ye must die, and we must meet; we must, maggot,
Be sure we must; for not a nook of hell,
Not the most horrid pit, shall harbour thee;
The devil's tail shan't hide thee, but I 'll have thee;
And how I 'll use thee! whips and firebrands,
Toasting thy tail against a flame of wildfire,
And basting it with brimstone, shall be nothing,
Nothing at all: I 'll teach ye to be treacherous!
Was never slave so swinged since hell was hell,
As I will swinge thy slave's soul; and be sure on 't.
Polyd. Is this imagination, or some circumstance?
For 'tis extreme strange.
Eum. So is all he does, sir.
Mem. Till then I 'll leave ye.—Who's there? where 's the surgeon?
Demagoras!

Enter DEMAGORAS.

Dem. My lord!
Mem. Bring the surgeon;
And wait you too.
[*Exit* DEM., *and re-enters with* Surgeon.
Polyd. What would he with a surgeon?
Eum. Things mustering in his head: pray, mark.
Mem. Come hither.
Have you brought your instruments?
Sur. They are within, sir.
Mem. Put to the doors a while there.—You can incise
To a hair's breadth, without defacing?
Sur. Yes, sir.

24 *shan't*] F2 Seward and Colman. F1 *shall.* Weber and Dyce *shall not.*
34 s.d. Enter Dem.] Added Colman.
34 *Bring the surgeon*] All edd. but Dyce alter to *Bring* me *the surgeon.*
35 s.d. Exit Dem. etc.] So Weber. Ff have only Enter Surgion.
35 *he*] So F2. F1 *ye.*

Mem. And take out fairly from the flesh?
Sur. The least thing.
Mem. Well, come hither, then. Take off my doublet;
For, look ye, surgeon, I must have ye cut
My heart out here, and handsomely. Nay, stare not,
Nor do not start; I 'll cut your throat else, surgeon:
Come, swear to do it.
Sur. Good sir——
Mem. [*To* DEMAG.] Sirrah, hold him;
I 'll have but one blow at his head.
Sur. I 'll do it.
Living! hang living!—[*Aside.*] Is there ne'er a cat-hole
Where I may creep through? would I were in the Indies!
Mem. Swear, then, and after my death presently,
To kill yourselves and follow, as ye are honest,
As ye have faiths, and loves to me.
Dem. We 'll do it.
Why, what should we do living after you, sir?
We 'll die before [you], if ye please.
Mem. No, no!
Eum. [*To* POLYDORE.] Pray, do not stir yet; we are near enough
To run between all dangers.
Mem. Here I am, sir.
Come, look upon me, view the best way boldly;
Fear nothing, but cut home. If your hand shake, sirrah,
Or any way deface my heart i' th' cutting,
Make the least scratch upon it, not draw it whole,

41 *then*] Om. F2.
45, 54 s.d.] Added Weber.
46 *but one blow*] i. e. I'll make an end of him with one blow.
47 s.d. Aside] Marked in F2.
52–3 *Why, what . . .* Mem. *No, no!*] Both Ff annex these two lines to the Surgeon's speech, l. 46, where all the editors left them, though Seward assigned them to Demagoras, as more appropriate to him. They are, indeed, quite inconsistent with the Surgeon's promise 'I 'll do it'; but form a natural response by Demagoras to Memnon's request of ll. 49–51, and were probably transposed by copyist or compositor, owing to the similarity of 'I'll do it' with 'We 'll do it.'
53 [*you*]] Inserted by Seward and Colman.
59 *not*] i. e. fail to, altering *but*, the Ff reading, followed by all the edd. L. 63 requires the continuation of the idea of failure through the protasis.

Excellent fair, shewing at all points, surgeon,
The honour and the valour of the owner,
Mix'd with the most immaculate love I send it,—
(Look to 't) I 'll slice thee to the soul.
Sur. Ne'er fear, sir,
I 'll do it daintily.—[*Aside.*] Would I were out once!
Mem. I will not have ye smile, sirrah, when ye do it,
As though ye cut a lady's corn; 'tis scurvy:
Do me it, as thou dost thy prayers, seriously.
Sur. I 'll do it in a dump, sir!
Mem. In a dog, sir!
I 'll have no dumps, nor dumplings. Fetch your tools,
And then I 'll tell ye more.
Sur. [*Aside.*] If I return
To hear more, I 'll be hang'd for 't.
Mem. Quick, quick!
Dem. Yes, sir;
With all the heels we have.
[*Exeunt* Surgeon *and* DEMAGORAS.
Eum. Yet stand.
Polyd. He 'll do it.
Eum. He cannot, and we here.
Mem. Why, when, ye rascals,
Ye dull slaves? will ye come, sir? surgeon, syringe,
Dog-leech, shall I come fetch ye?
Polyd. Now I 'll to him.——
God save you, honour'd brother!
Mem. My dear Polydore,
Welcome from travel, welcome! and how do ye?
Polyd. Well, sir: would you were so!
Mem. I am, I thank ye.
You are a better'd man much; I the same still,
An old rude soldier, sir.
Polyd. Pray, be plain, brother,
And tell me but the meaning of this vision,

64, 70 s.d. Aside] Added Weber.

68 *In a dog, sir*] *dog* is used in accord with the common trick or repeating a person's phrase with the substitution of some quite inappropriate word, by way of ridicule. Cf. *Hum. Lieut.*, II. iv. 114, 'beat a *pudding*.'

73 *Why, when*] Cf. for this impatient expression *Rich. II.*, I. i. 162, 'when, Harry, when?' Dyce quotes *The Queen of Corinth*, II. iv., and from a play as late as Dryden's *Love Triumphant*.

74 *syringe*] F1 has *serring*. 75 *Dog-leech*] i. e. dog-doctor.—Weber

For to me it appears no more; so far
From common course and reason.
Mem. Thank thee, Fortune!
At length I have found the man, the man must do it,
The man in honour bound.
Polyd. To do what?
Mem. Hark;
For I will bless ye with the circumstance
Of that weak shadow that appear'd.
Polyd. Speak on, sir.
[*Walks with him.*
Mem. It is no story for all ears.
Polyd. The princess? [*Whispers.*
Mem. Peace, and hear all.
Polyd. How!
Eum. Sure, 'tis dangerous,
He starts so at it.
Polyd. Your heart! do you know, sir,——
Mem. Yes; pray thee, be softer.
Polyd. Me to do it!
Mem. Only reserved and dedicated.
Polyd. For shame, brother!
Know what ye are,—a man.
Mem. None of your Athens,
Good sweet sir, no philosophy: thou feel'st not
The honourable end, fool.
Polyd. I am sure I feel
The shame and scorn that follows. Have ye served
thus long
The glory of your country in your conquests?
The envy of your neighbours in your virtues?
Ruled armies of your own, given laws to nations,
Beloved and fear'd as far as Fame has travell'd,
Call'd the most fortunate and happy Memnon,
To lose all here at home, poorly to lose it?
Poorly, and pettishly, ridiculously,

86 *with the circumstance / Of that weak shadow that appear'd*] i. e. with the detailed reality, whose faint reflection you saw in my conduct just now—referring to 'this vision,' l. 81.

88 s.d. Whispers] Added in F2.

89 *How!*] This exclamation, appended to Memnon's preceding speech in F1, was rightly given to Polydore in F2.

92 *dedicated*] i. e. devoted to, designed to execute it.—Dyce.

To fling away your fortune? Where's your wisdom?
Where's that you govern'd others by, discretion?
Does your rule lastly hold upon yourself?
Fie, brother!
How are you faln! get up into your honour,
The top-branch of your bravery, and from thence
Look and lament how little Memnon seems now.
Mem. Hum:—'tis well spoken; but dost thou think, young scholar,
The tongues of angels from my happiness
Could turn the end I aim at? No, they cannot.
This is no book-case, brother. Will ye do it?
Use no more art: I am resolved.
Polyd. Ye may, sir,
Command me to do any thing that's honest,
And for your noble end: but this, it carries——
Mem. Ye shall not be so honour'd; live an ass still,
And learn to spell for profit: go, go study.
Eum. [*Aside to* POLYDORE.] Ye must not hold him up so; he is lost then.
Mem. Get thee to school again, and talk of turnips,
And find the natural cause out why a dog
Turns thrice about ere he lie down: there's learning.
Polyd. Come; I will do it now: 'tis brave; I find it,
And now allow the reason.
Mem. Oh, do you so, sir?
Do ye find it current?
Polyd. Yes, yes; excellent.
Mem. I told ye.
Polyd. I was foolish. I have here too
The rarest way to find the truth out: hark ye;
Ye shall be ruled by me.

110 *lament*] So F1. F2 *behold;* followed only by Seward.

113 *Could turn the end I aim at*] i. e. could turn my resolved intention from my happiness. Seward altered it to—

Th' end I aim at, could turn me.

114 *book-case*] Case for proceeding by rule, by the books.

120 s.d. Aside to Pol.] Added Weber.

121 *turnips*] Seward in a note proposed to read *turnspits*,—"which," he says, "is as low a subject in the science of mechanism, as the reason of a dog's turning round thrice is in another part of natural philosophy"; and Weber adopted his conjecture.—Dyce. Evolutionary science has raised the dog's action to a level of interest at least as high as that of turnips, recognizing therein the significant trace of wolvish ancestors, who had to select and prepare their bed in the forest.

123 *lie*] F1. F2 *lyes.*

Mem. I will be; but——
Polyd. I reach it:
If the worst fall, have at the worst! we'll both go.
But two days, and 'tis thus [*Whispers.*] Ha?
Mem. 'Twill do well so.
Polyd. Then is't not excellent? do ye conceive it?
Mem. 'Twill work for certain.
Polyd. Oh, 'twill tickle her!
And you shall know then by a line.
Mem. I like it;
But let me not be fool'd again.
Polyd. Doubt nothing;
You do me wrong then. Get ye in there private,
As I have taught ye: *basta.*
Mem. Work.
Polyd. I will do. [*Exit* MEMNON.
Eum. Have ye found the cause?
Polyd. Yes, and the strangest, gentlemen,
That e'er I heard of! anon I'll tell ye.—Stremon,
Be you still near him to affect his fancy,
And keep his thoughts off: let the fool and boy
Stay him; they may do some pleasure too.—Eumenes,
What if he had a wench, a handsome whore brought,
Rarely dress'd up, and taught to state it?
Eum. Well, sir?
Polyd. His cause is merely heat:—and made believe
It were the princess, mad for him?
Eum. I think
'Twere not amiss.
Polyb. And let him kiss her?
Polyd. What else?

131 s.d. Whispers] Added Weber.

133 *'Twill work for certain*] Opposite these words F1 has the stage direction 'A bowle ready,' referring to the cup produced by Polydore in sc. iv. l. 24: or, if that be too distant we must suppose it to contain drink for Chilax in sc. iii.

137 *basta*] Italian for 'enough.' Word and translation, the latter no doubt crept in from the margin, occur together in *The Little French Lawyer*, IV. i. (Weber.) Seward gave this word to Memnon.

142 *Stay him*] 'i. e. Stay for him, wait upon him.'—Weber. So in *Humorous Lieutenant*, I. i. 386, 'The Prince will stay us.'

144 *to state it*] i. e. to take state upon her.—Colman. Again, IV. v. 21. Cf. 'duke it' *Meas. for Meas.*, III. ii. 100, 'prince it' *Cymb.*, III. iii. 85, 'bride it' *Taming of the Shrew*, III. ii. 253.

Pel. I'll be his bawd, an't please you; young and wholesome,
I can assure ye, he shall have.
Eum. Faith, let him.
Polyd. He shall: I hope 'twill help him. Walk a little;
I'll tell you how his case stands, and my project,
In which you must be mourners; but, by all means,
Stir not you from him, Stremon.
Stre. On our lives, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before the house of the Priestess.

Enter Priestess *and* CHILAX.

Priest. Oh, y' are a precious man! two days in town,
And never see your old friend!
Chi. Prithee, pardon me.
Priest. And, in my conscience, if I had not sent—
Chi. No more; I would ha' come; I must.
Priest. I find ye;
God-a-mercy, Want! ye never care for me,
But when your slops are empty.
Chi. Ne'er fear that, wench;
'Shall find good current coin still. Is this the old house?
Priest. Have ye forgot it?
Chi. And the door still standing
That goes into the temple?
Priest. Still.
Chi. The robes, too,
That I was wont to shift in here?
Priest. All here still.

Sc. III. s.d. Priestess] F2. Priest F1.

1 Priest. *Oh, y' are a precious man!* etc.] Qy. had Foote an eye to the present scene when he wrote—

"*Mrs. Cole.* . . . What, you have been in town these two days?
Sir Geo. Since Wednesday.
Mrs. Cole. And never once called upon old Cole."
The Minor, Act i. sc. 1.—Dyce.

6 *slops*] See note, I. i. 334.

Chi. Oh, ye tough rogue, what troubles have I trotted through!
What fears and frights! every poor mouse a monster
That I heard stir, and every stick I trod on
A sharp sting to my conscience.
Priest. 'Las, poor conscience!
Chi. And all to liquor thy old boots, wench.
Priest. Out, beast!
Chi. To new-careen thy carcase; that's the truth on 't.
How does thy keel? does it need nailing? a tither
When all thy linen 's up, and a more yare——
Priest. Fie, fie, sir!
Chi. Ne'er stemm'd the straits.
Priest. How you talk!
Chi. I am old, wench,
And talking to an old man is like a stomacher;
It keeps his blood warm.
Priest. But, pray, tell me——
Chi. Anything.
Priest. Where did the boy meet with ye? at a wench, sure?
At one end of a wench, a cup of wine, sure?
Chi. Thou know'st I am too honest.
Priest. That 's your fault;
And that the surgeon knows.
Chi. Then, farewell:
I will not fail ye soon.
Priest. Ye shall stay supper;
I have sworn ye shall; by this, ye shall. [*Kisses him.*
Chi. I will, wench;
But, after supper, for an hour, my business——
Priest. And but an hour?
Chi. No, by this kiss; that ended,
I will return, and all night in thine arms, wench—
Priest. No more; I take your meaning. Come, 'tis supper time. [*Exeunt.*

16 *To new-careen . . . . . stemm'd the straits*] This passage only found in F1, and Seward omitted it. 'To careen' is to lay a ship on her side, lit. to clean the keel, fr. O. F. *carine* 'the keele of a ship,' Cotgrave, fr. Lat. *carina* (Skeat). *Tither*, i. e. tighter, is Weber's alteration (on Mason's suggestion) for *tother* of F1. Colman read *tether*. *Yare* means 'ready,' 'active.'
28 s.d. Kisses him] Added Weber. 32 *I*] All editors. *I'll* Ff.

SCENE IV.

A hall in the Palace.

Enter CALIS, CLEANTHE, *and* LUCIPPE.

Calis. Thou art not well.
Cle. Your grace sees more a great deal
Than I feel.—[*Aside.*] Yet I lie. Oh, brother!
Calis. Mark her;
Is not the quickness of her eye consumed, wench?
The lively red and white?
Lucip. Nay, she is much alter'd,
That, on my understanding; all her sleeps, lady,
Which were as sound and sweet——
Cle. Pray, do not force me,
Good madam, where I am not, to be ill;
Conceit 's a double sickness: on my faith, your highness
Is mere mistaken in me.
Calis. I am glad on 't:
[*A dead march within of drums and sackbuts.*
Yet this I have ever noted, when thou wast thus,
It still fore-run some strange event; my sister
Died when thou wast thus last—Hark, hark, ho!
What mournful noise is this comes creeping forward?
Still it grows nearer, nearer; do ye hear it?
Lucip. It seems some soldier's funeral: see, it enters.

Enter POLYDORE, EUMENES, POLYBIUS, *and* PELIUS, *mourning.*

Calis. What may it mean?
Polyd. The gods keep ye, fair Calis!
Calis. This man can speak, and well. He stands and views us;
Would I were ne'er worse look'd upon! how humbly
His eyes are cast now to the earth! pray, mark him,

Sc. IV. 2 s.d. Aside] Added Weber; a dash, Colman; *Yet I lie* in parentheses Ff.
8 *Conceit*] fancy.
9 s.d. A dead march, etc.] So Ff.
9 *mere*] absolutely, wholly.
11 *fore-run*] Ff and all editors.
15 s.d. mourning] So Ff.

And mark how rarely he has rank'd his troubles:
See, now he weeps; they all weep; a sweeter sorrow
I never look'd upon, nor one that braver
Became his grief.—Your will with us?
Polyd. Great lady,
Excellent beauty— [*Plucks out the cup.*
Calis. He speaks handsomely:
What a rare rhetorician his grief plays!
That stop was admirable.
Polyd. See, see, thou princess,
Thou great commander of all hearts——
Calis. I have found it:
Oh, how my soul shakes!
Polyd. See, see the noble heart
Of him that was the noblest! see, and glory,
Like the proud god himself, in what thou hast purchased;
Behold the heart of Memnon! Does it start ye?
Calis. Good gods, what has his wildness done?
Polyd. Look boldly;
You boldly said you durst: look, wretched woman!
Nay, fly not back, fair folly, 'tis too late now;
Virtue and blooming Honour bleed to death here:
Take it; the legacy of love bequeath'd ye,
Of cruel love a cruel legacy:
What was the will that wrought it, then? Can ye weep?
Embalm it in your truest tears, if women
Can weep in truth, or ever sorrow sunk yet
Into the soul of your sex; for 'tis a jewel
The world's worth cannot weigh down. Take it, lady;
And with it all—I dare not curse—my sorrows,
And may they turn to serpents!
Eum. How she looks
Still upon him! see, now a tear steals from her.

20 *rank'd*] disciplined, or, perhaps, displayed.

24 s.d. Plucks, etc.] So Ff. Cf. the s.d. in F1 opposite III. ii. 133, 'A bowle ready.'

30 *purchased*] gained, gotten, as IV. v. 32. In *The Night Walker*, I. i. 6, 'Stealing's thy only purchase,' i. e. means of gain, and the verb in l. 26, and again IV. i.

40 *in truth*] i. e. other than feigned tears. Ff and edd. *a truth*, except Seward, who omits *a*.

Pel. But still she keeps her eye firm.
Polyd. Next, read this:
But, since I see your spirit somewhat troubled,
I 'll do it for ye.
Pel. Still she eyes him mainly.
Polyd. [*Reads.*]

Go, happy heart! for thou shalt lie
Intomb'd in her for whom I die,
Example of her cruelty.

Tell her, if she chance to chide
Me for slowness, in her pride,
That it was for her I died.

If a tear escape her eye,
'Tis not for my memory,
But thy rites of obsequy.

The altar was my loving breast,
My heart the sacrificed beast,
And I was myself the priest.

Your body was the sacred shrine,
Your cruel mind the power divine,
Pleased with hearts of men, not kine.

Eum. Now it pours down.
Polyd. I like it rarely.—Lady—
Eum. How greedily she swallows up his language!
Pel. Her eye inhabits on him.
Polyd. Cruel lady,
Great as your beauty scornful! had your power
But equal poise on all hearts, all hearts perish'd;
But Cupid has more shafts than one, more flames too;
And now he must be open-eyed, 'tis justice:
Live to enjoy your longing; live and laugh at
The losses and the miseries we suffer;
Live to be spoken, when your cruelty
Has cut off all the virtue from this kingdom,

49 Polyd. [Reads]] Prefix om. Ff, supplied Seward: 'Reads' added Weber.
57 *rites*] So Seward and all edd. for *rights* of Ff, their frequent spelling for *rites*.
66 *inhabits on*] Schmidt gives 'durst inhabit on a living brow,' Shaksp. *Sonnet*, 68, l. 4.
66 *Cruel lady, Great as your beauty scornful!*] "As remarkable for your scorn and cruelty, as for your beauty," J. N. in ed. 1778. Rather, we think, 'whose scornful beauty is the measure of your cruel power.'
69 *But Cupid*, etc.] i. e. there are other women for men to love; but also with reference to Cupid's leaden shaft as opposed to his golden, and the punishment of rebuke the princess is now to suffer.

Turn'd honour into earth, and faithful service——
Calis. I swear his anger's excellent.
Polyd. Truth and most tried love
Into disdain and downfall;—
Calis. Still more pleasing.
Polyd. Live then, I say, famous for civil slaughters,
Live and lay out your triumphs, gild your glories;
Live and be spoken, "This is she, this lady,
This goodly lady, yet most killing beauty;
This with the two-edged eyes, the heart for hardness
Outdoing rocks, and coldness, rocks of crystal;
This with the swelling soul, more coy of courtship
Than the proud sea is when the shores embrace him";
Live till the mothers find ye, read your story,
And sow their barren curses on your beauty;
Till those that have enjoy'd their loves despise ye,
Till virgins pray against ye, old age find ye.
And, even as wasted coals glow in their dying,
So may the gods reward ye in your ashes!
But, y'are the sister of my king; more prophecies
Else I should utter of ye: true loves and loyal
Bless themselves ever from ye! So I leave ye.
Calis. Prithee, be angry still, young man: good fair sir,
Chide me again.—What would this man do pleased,
That in his passion can bewitch souls!—Stay.
Eum. Upon my life, she loves him.
Calis. Pray, stay.
Polyd. No.
Calis. I do command ye.
Polyd. No, ye cannot, lady;
I have a spell against ye, faith and reason;
Ye are too weak to reach me: I have a heart too,
But not for hawks' meat, lady.
Calis. Even for charity,
Leave me not thus afflicted: you can teach me—

77 *disdain*] Sympson wished to read *despair*, but *disdain* may quite well mean 'being disdain'd.' Inverted commas first in Colman.

89 *find*] So Ff. Altered by Seward to *fire*, on the ground that *find* was used as = find you out, l. 86, and that it is unusual to have a word used in two different senses in one sentence. Mason approved the alteration.

91 *reward ye in your ashes*] i. e. with impotent desires.

97 *passion*] F2. F1 *passions.*

Polyd. How can you preach that charity to others,
That in your own soul are an atheist,
Believing neither power nor fear? I trouble ye.
The gods be good unto ye!
[*Going, with* EUM., POLYB., *and* PEL.
Calis. Amen! [*She Swounes.*
Lucip. Lady—
Cle. Oh, royal madam——Gentlemen, for Heaven's sake! [*They come back.*
Polyd. Give her fresh air.—She comes again: away, sirs,
And here stand close till we perceive the working.
[*They retire.*
Eum. Ye have undone all.
Polyd. So I fear.
Pel. She loves ye.
Eum. And then all hope's lost this way.
Polyd. Peace: she rises.
Cle. [*Aside.*] Now for my purpose, Fortune!
Calis. Where's the gentleman?
Lucip. Gone, madam.
Calis. Why gone?
Lucip. H'as despatch'd his business.
Calis. He came to speak with me.
Cle. He did.
Calis. He did not;
For I had many questions.
Lucip. On my faith, madam,
He talk'd a great while to ye.
Calis. Thou conceiv'st not;
He talk'd not as he should do.—Oh my heart!
Away with that sad sight. Didst thou e'er love me?

107 s.d. Going, etc.] Added Dyce. Weber inserted 'Going' at l. 94.
107 s.d. She Swounes] Swounds F2. 108 s.d. They come back] So Ff.
110 s.d. They retire] Added Weber.
113 Cle. *Now for my purpose, Fortune!*] i. e. she recognizes the arrival of the 'fit time' for carrying out her plot with the Priestess (cf. III. i. 10).
113 s.d. Aside] Added Dyce.
115 Cle. *He did* / Calis. *He did not* / *For I had*, etc.] In Ff the prefixes 'Cle.' and 'Calis' had slipped down a line too low. Seward restored them to their proper position, but needlessly altered 'Cle.' to 'Luc.'
119 *that sad sight!*] Weber and Dyce inserted s.d. 'Pointing to the cup,' to which of course she refers.

Lucip. Why do you make that question?
Calis. If thou didst,
Run, run, wench, run. Nay, see how thou stirr'st!
Lucip. Whither?
Calis. If 'twere for any thing to please thyself,
Thou wouldst run to th' devil: but I am grown—
Cle. Fie, lady!
Calis. I ask none of your fortunes nor your loves,
None of your bent desires I slack; ye are not
In love with all men, are ye? one, for shame,
You will leave your honour'd mistress. Why do ye stare so?
What is [it] that ye see about me? tell me.—
Lord, what am I become! I am not wild, sure;
Heaven keep that from me! Oh, Cleanthe, help me,
Or I am sunk to death!
Cle. Ye have offended,
And mightily; Love is incensed against ye,
And therefore take my counsel: to the temple,
For that 's the speediest physic; before the goddess
Give your repentant prayers; ask her will,
And from the oracle attend your sentence:
She is mild and merciful.
Calis. I will.—Oh, Venus!
Even as thou lov'st thyself——
Cle. [*Aside.*] Now for my fortune.
[*Exeunt* CALIS *and* Women.
Polyd. What shall I do?
Polyb. Why, make yourself.
Polyd. I dare not;
No, gentlemen, I dare not be a villain,
Though her bright beauty would entice an angel.
I will to th' king, my last hope.—Get him a woman,
As we before concluded; and, as ye pass,
Give out the Spartans are in arms, and terrible;
And let some letters to that end be feign'd too,
And sent to you; some posts too to the general;

128 *is* [*it*] *that*] Seward inserted *it*; the compositor's omission here is natural enough.
138 s.d. Aside] Added Weber. 138 s.d. Ex . . . women] So Ff.
146 *posts*] F2. F1 misprints 'Poets.'

And let me work. Be near him still.
Eum. We will, sir.
Polyd. Farewell, and pray for all: whate'er I will ye,
Do it, and hope a fair end.
Eum. The gods speed ye!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

An antechamber in the house of MEMNON.

Enter STREMON, Fool, PICUS, *and* Servants.

First Serv. He lies quiet.
Stre. Let him lie; and, as I told ye,
Make ready for this show. H 'as divers times
Been calling upon Orpheus to appear,
And shew the joys—Now I will be that Orpheus;
And, as I play and sing, like beasts and trees
I would have you shaped, and enter; thou a dog, Fool,—
I have sent about your suits,—the boy a bush,
An ass you,—you a lion.
Fool. I a dog!
I 'll fit you for a dog. Bow wow!
Stre. 'Tis excellent.
Steal in, and make no noise.
Fool. Bow wow!
Stre. Away, rogue!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A room in the house of the Priestess.

Enter Priestess and CHILAX.

Priest. Good sweet friend, be not long.
Chi. Thou think'st each hour ten
Till I be ferreting.

Sc. V. s.d. Picus] Dyce. Ff Boy.
1 First Serv.] Dyce. Servant F1. Servants F2.
Sc. VI. s.d. Priestess] F2. Priest F1.

Priest. You know I love ye.
Chi. I will not be above an hour: let thy robe be ready,
And the door be kept.
[*Knock*, CLEANTHE *knocks within.*
Priest. Who knocks there?—Yet more business!
Chi. Have ye more pensioners?

Enter CLEANTHE.

[*Aside.*] The princess' woman!
Nay, then, I 'll stay a little: what game 's a-foot now?
[*Retires.*
Cle. Now is the time. [*Whispers to the* Priestess.
Chi. [*Aside.*] A rank bawd, by this hand, too;
She grinds o' both sides, hey, boys!
Priest. How! your brother Syphax!
Loves he the princess?
Cle. Deadly; and you know
He is a gentleman descended nobly.
Chi. [*Aside.*] But a rank knave as ever piss'd.
Cle. Hold, mother,
Here 's more gold and some jewels.
Chi. [*Aside.*] Here 's no villainy!
I am glad I came to th' hearing.
Priest. Alas, daughter,
What would ye have me do?
Chi. [*Aside.*] Hold off, ye old whore!
There 's more gold coming; all 's mine, all.
Cle. Do ye shrink now?
Did ye not promise faithfully, and told me,
Through any danger——
Priest. Any I can wade through.

4 s.d. Knock, Cleanthe, etc.] So Ft.
5 s.d. Aside] Dyce. A dash in Weber. 'Aside' l. 11, Colman; the rest in this scene Weber, except ll. 7, 39, Dyce.
6 s.d. Retires] Added Weber. 7 s.d. Whispers, etc.] Added Weber.
12 *Here's no villainy*] Ironical negative to express an affirmative superlative, as Colman pointed out citing Warburton's note on Falstaff's exclamation on sight of Sir Walter Blunt, 'Here's no vanity!' 1 *Henry IV.*, V. 3. Cf. *The Double Marriage*, I. ii. 50, 'Here 's no flattering rogue.' *The Faithful Friends*, IV. iii., 'This is no rich idolatry.' Middleton's *Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, III., 'Here's no unconscionable villany.' Seward, after Sympson, *Here's more villany!*
14 *Hold off*] i. e. keep up the pretence of reluctance.

Cle. Ye shall and easily; the sin not seen neither.
Here's for a better stole and a new veil, mother:
Come, ye shall be my friend. If all hit——
Chi. [*Aside.*] Hang me!
Cle. I 'll make ye richer than the goddess.
Priest. Say, then—
I am yours—what must I do?
Cle. I' th' morning
But very early, will the princess visit
The temple of the goddess, being troubled
With strange things that distract her: from the oracle
(Being strongly too in love) she will demand
The goddess' pleasure, and a man to cure her.
That oracle you give: describe my brother;
You know him perfectly.
Priest. I have seen him often.
Cle. And charge her take the next man she shall meet with,
When she comes out;—you understand me?—
Priest. Well.
Cle. Which shall be he attending. This is all,
And easily without suspicion ended;
Nor none dare disobey, 'tis Heaven that does it,
And who dares cross it then, or once suspect it?
The venture is most easy.
Priest. I will do it.
Cle. As ye shall prosper?
Priest. As I shall prosper!
Cle. Take this too, and farewell; but, first, hark hither.
Chi. [*Aside.*] What a young whore's this to betray her mistress!
A thousand cuckolds shall that husband be
That marries thee, thou art so mischievous.
I 'll put a spoke among your wheels.

20 *If all hit*—— / Chi. [Aside.] *Hang me!* / Cle. *I 'll make you richer than the goddess.* — F1 adds *I 'll . . . goddess* to Chilax's speech. F2 gives the whole, *If all hit . . . . . goddess* to Chilax. Seward made the necessary correction.

38 *this too*] Dyce added s.d. 'Gives money.'

Cle. Be constant.
Priest. 'Tis done.
Chi. [*Aside.*] I 'll do no more at drop-shot, then.
[*Exit* CHILAX.
Priest. Farewell, wench. [*Exeunt severally.*

43 *drop-shot*] Weber says 'a cant expression for a listener' and compares 'eaves-dropping.' The *N. E. D.* does not recognize *drop-shot*, but explains 'eaves-dropping' as standing within the 'eaves-drop' of a house in order to listen to secrets. *Drop-shot* may have arisen from the dropping of a stone into a well or hollow place, listening meanwhile to ascertain the depth or presence of water—it seems a natural expression in an old campaigner.
44 s.d. severally] Dyce. Priest and Cleanthe, Ff.

435

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

An antechamber in the house of MEMNON.

Enter a Servant *and* STREMON, *at the door.*

Serv. He stirs, he stirs.
Stre. Let him; I am ready for him:
He shall not this day perish, if his passions
May be fed with music. Are they ready?

Enter MEMNON.

Serv. All, all. See where he comes.
Stre. I 'll be straight for him. [*Exit* STREMON.

Enter EUMENES, POLYBIUS, *and* PELIUS, *and remain at the side of the stage.*

Serv. [*Aside.*] How sad he looks, and sullen! Here are the captains;
My fear 's past now.
Mem. Put case, i' th' other world
She do not love me neither? I am old, 'tis certain—
Eum. His spirit is a little quieter.
Mem. My blood lost, and my limbs stiff; my embraces,
Like the cold stubborn bark's, hoary and heatless;
My words worse: my fame only, and achievements,

IV. i. s.d. Enter a Servant and Stremon, at the door] So F2. For 'at the door' Dyce prints 'and remain at the side of the stage' which is, no doubt, the meaning. F1 has 'Enter a Servant and *R. Bax*, and Stremon at the doore.' *R. Bax* is Richard Baxter, the name of the boy who here plays Stremon's Boy, though II. ii. 20 F1 names Ed. Hor[ton] for the part: here, however, he has to sing. See note on the former passage.

4 s.d. and remain at the side of the stage] So Dyce interprets the stage direction of Ff 'Stand close' placed after *sullen*, l. 5. He marks the aside.

9 *my limbs*] F1. F2 omits *my*.

10 *bark's*] F1 *barkes*. F2 *bark*.

(Which are my strength, my blood, my youth, my fashion,)
Must woo her, win her, wed her;—that's but wind,
And women are not brought to bed with shadows.
I do her wrong, much wrong; she is young and blessed,
Sweet as the spring, and as his blossoms tender,
And I a nipping north-wind, my head hung
With hails and frosty icicles: are the souls so too,
When they depart hence, lame and old, and loveless?
No, sure; 'tis ever youth there; Time and Death
Follow our flesh no more; and that forced opinion
That spirits have no sexes, I believe not:
There must be love, there is love.

Re-enter STREMON, *like* Orpheus, *and his* Boy, *like* Charon.

What art thou?

SONG by STREMON.

Orpheus I am, come from the deeps below,
To thee, fond man, the plagues of love to shew.
To the fair fields where loves eternal dwell
There's none that come, but first they pass through hell:
Hark, and beware! unless thou hast loved ever,
Beloved again, thou shalt see those joys never.

Hark, how they groan that died despairing!
Oh, take heed, then!
Hark how they howl for over-daring!
All these were men.

They that be fools, and die for fame,
They lose their name;
And they that bleed,
Hark how they speed!

Now in cold frosts, now scorching fires
They sit, and curse their lost desires:
Nor shall these souls be free from pains and fears,
Till women waft them over in their tears.

Mem. How should I know my passage is denied me,

23 s.d. and his Boy, like Charon] These words are Weber's addition to the stage-direction of Ff, which do not indicate the personator of Charon. Dyce points out that the Boy's musical attainments are alluded to in II. ii. 22, 27.

23 s.d. by Stremon] Added Dyce.

28 *loved ever, Beloved again*] Colman, Weber and Dyce alter the Ff punctuation to 'loved, ever Beloved again,' but the sense is the same.

42 *How should I know*] We see no better reason for Colman's change of the

Or which of all the devils dare——
Eum. This song
Was rarely form'd to fit him.

SONG.

Orph. Charon, oh, Charon,
Thou wafter of the souls to bliss or bane!
Cha. Who calls the ferryman of hell?
Orph. Come near,
And say who lives in joy, and who in fear.
Cha. Those that die well, eternal joy shall follow;
Those that die ill, their own foul fate shall swallow.
Orph. Shall thy black bark those guilty spirits stow
That kill themselves for love?
Cha. Oh, no, no, [no]!
My cordage cracks when such great sins are near;
No wind blows fair, nor I myself can steer.
Orph. What lovers pass, and in Elysium reign?
Cha. Those gentle loves that are beloved again.
Orph. This soldier loves, and fain would die to win;
Shall he go on?
Cha. No, 'tis too foul a sin:
He must not come aboard; I dare not row;
Storms of despair and guilty blood will blow.
Orph. Shall time release him, say?
Cha. No, no, no, no.
Nor time nor death can alter us, nor prayer:
My boat is destiny; and who, then, dare,
But those appointed, come aboard? Live still,
And love by reason, mortal, not by will.
Orph. And when thy mistress shall close up thine eyes——
Cha. Then come aboard, and pass.
Orph. Till when, be wise.
Cha. Till when, be wise.

Eum. How still he sits! I hope this song has settled him.
Polyb. He bites his lip, and rolls his fiery eyes yet: I fear, for all this——
Pel. Stremon, still apply to him.

---

folios' punctuation to *How! should I know*, etc. (i. e. 'What! if only I knew,' etc.) than for Sympson's correction of *I* to *he*. Orpheus, as Colman points out, might be expected to know: but Memnon wants further evidence.
48 *who in*] F2. *whom in* F1.
50 *foul*] F2. *soule* F1.
52 [*no*]*!*] the 3rd, om. Ff, was inserted by Seward and all edd. Cf. l. 61.
63 *destiny*] Seward gave Sympson's conjecture,—*Destiny's*.
65 F2 supplied the commas.
70 *fiery*] F2, with comma at *eyes* and no stop at *yet*. F1 *fierce eyes yet*,. Seward alone followed the punctuation of F2.

Stre. Give me more room then.—Sweetly strike, divinely,
Such strains as old earth moves at!—
Orph. The power I have over both beast and plant,
Thou, man, alone feel'st miserable want.
Strike, you rare spirits that attend my will,
And lose your savage wildness by my skill.

Music. Enter the Fool, PICUS, *and* Servants, *disguised as beasts, birds, and trees; and dance.*

This lion was a man of war that died,
As thou wouldst do, to gild his lady's pride;
This dog, a fool that hung himself for love;
This ape, with daily hugging of a glove,
Forgot to eat, and died; this goodly tree,
An usher that still grew before his lady,
Wither'd at root; this, for he could not woo,
A grumbling lawyer; this pied bird, a page
That melted out because he wanted age:
Still these lie howling on the Stygian shore,
Oh, love no more, oh, love no more!

[*Exit* MEMNON.

Eum. He steals off silently, as though he would sleep.
No more; but all be near him; feed his fancy,

72 *then*] Om. F2.

73 *as*] F2, correcting the *and* of F1.

74 *The power*] To mend the grammar and make clear the sense Seward read o' TH' *power*.

76 *Strike*] i. e. Orpheus gives to supposed invisible spirits the same direction that Stremon has just given, l. 72, to the musicians he may be supposed to have brought with him and left within call. Dyce is right in transferring the Ff s.d. 'Musick' from l. 75 to the s.d. at l. 77.

76 *you*] So F2. F1 *your*.

77 s.d. as Dyce. "Though Stremon proceeds to mention only one tree, several are intended to make their appearance here: see III. v. 5."—Dyce. Ff simply 'Enter a Maske of Beasts.'

79 *his*] F2. F1 *her*.

82 *this goodly tree*, etc.] 'On this passage, which certainly appears to be corrupted, Coleridge has the following ingenious remarks: "There must have been omitted a line rhyming to 'tree'; and the words of the next line have been transposed—

—'this goodly tree,
Which leafless and obscur'd with moss you see,
An usher this that 'fore his lady grew,
Wither'd at root: this, for he could not woo,' etc."
Remains, ii. 303.' (Dyce.)

85 *pied*] i. e. variegated.

Good Stremon, still: this may lock up his folly;
Yet, heaven knows, I much fear him. Away, softly!
[*Exeunt* Captains.
Fool. Did I not do most doggedly?
Stre. Most rarely.
Fool. He's a brave man. When shall we dog again?
Pic. Untie me first, for God's sake.
Fool. Help the boy;
He's in a wood, poor child.—Good honey Stremon,
Let's have a bear-baiting; ye shall see me play
The rarest for a single dog: at head, all!
And, if I do not win immortal glory,
Play dog, play devil!
Stre. Peace for this time.
Fool. Prithee,
Let's sing him a black santis; then let's all howl
In our own beastly voices. Tree, keep your time.
Untie there.—Bow, wow, wow;
Stre. Away, ye ass, away!
Fool. Why, let us do something
To satisfy the gentleman; he's mad,—
A gentleman-like humour, and in fashion,—
And must have men as mad about him.
Stre. Peace,
And come in quickly; 'tis ten to one else
He'll find a staff to beat a dog. No more words;
I'll get ye all employment. Soft, soft; in, all!
[*Exeunt.*

92 *much*] So F2. F1 *must.*

98 *dog: at head, all!*] Ff and Seward punctuate *dog: at head all;* Colman and Weber *dog! at head all;* Dyce *dog, at head all:* without note. The bear to be baited is one of the servants disguised as such in the masque. 'At head, all!' a cry to dogs: See Dyce's *Shaksp. Glossary, s.v., fought at head.*

101 *black santis*] 'A corruption of *black Sanctus*, which was a burlesque hymn, set probably to some loud and discordant tune,—"in ridicule, I fear" (says Nares, *Gloss.* in v.), "of the *Sanctus*, or Holy, Holy, Holy, of the Romish Missal." This parody, which seems to have been very popular, was in all probability as old as the Reformation. Gifford observes that "Sir John Harington, who printed it entire [see Prologue to his *Metamorphosis of Ajax*], calls it 'the Monks Hymn to Saunte Satan'." B. Jonson's *Works*, viii. 12' (Dyce). Compare Nash's *Have with you to Saffron Walden* (1596), where, threatening Gabriel Harvey with castigation at Lyly's hands, he says, "With a blacke sant he meanes shortly to bee att his chamber window, for calling him the Fiddlestick of Oxford." Weber quotes an instance from *The Wild-Goose Chace*, IV. iii. 50, "Do you think my heart is softened with a black santis?"

SCENE II.

A street.

Enter CHILAX *and* CLOE.

Chi. When cam'st thou over, wench?
Cloe. But now this evening,
And have been ever since looking out Syphax;
I' th' wars he would have look'd me: sure, h 'as gotten
Some other mistress?
Chi. A thousand, wench, a thousand;
They are as common here as caterpillars
Among the corn; they eat up all the soldiers.
Cloe. Are they so hungry? yet, by their leave, Chilax,
I 'll have a snatch too.
Chi. Dost thou love him still, wench?
Cloe. Why should I not? he had my maidenhead
And all my youth.
Chi. Thou art come the happiest,
In the most blessed time, sweet wench, the fittest,
If thou dar'st make thy fortune: by this light, Cloe—
And so I 'll kiss thee; and, if thou wilt but let me—
For 'tis well worth a kindness——
Cloe. What should I let ye?
Chi. Enjoy thy minikin.
Cloe. Thou art still old Chilax.
Chi. Still, still, and ever shall be. If, I say,
Thou wo't strike the stroke—I cannot do much harm, wench—
Cloe. Nor much good.
Chi. Syphax shall be thy husband,
Thy very husband, woman; thy fool, thy cuckold,
Or what thou wilt make him. I am overjoy'd,
Ravish'd, clean ravish'd with this fortune! Kiss me,

Sc. II. 3 *look'd me*] See note on IV. i. 6.
20–2 *I am overjoy'd . . . lose myself*] These words, assigned to Chilax by Ff and by Seward, were transferred to Cloe by Colman and succeeding edd. We think them inconsistent with her tone up to this point.

Or I shall lose myself.
Cloe. My husband, said ye?
Chi. Said I! and will say, Cloe; nay, and do it,
And do it home too; peg thee as close to him
As birds are with a pin to one another:
I have it, I can do it. Thou want'st clothes too,
And he'll be hang'd, unless he marry thee,
Ere he maintain thee: now he has ladies, courtiers,
More than his back can bend at, multitudes;
We are taken up for threshers. Will ye bite?
Cloe. Yes.
Chi. And let me——
Cloe. Yes, and let ye——
Chi. What?
Cloe. Why, that you wot of.
Chi. The turn, the good turn?
Cloe. Any turn, the roach turn.
Chi. That's the right turn; for that turns up the belly.
I cannot stay; take your instructions,
And something toward household: come; whatever
I shall advise ye, follow it exactly,
And keep your times I point ye; for, I'll tell ye,
A strange way you must wade through.
Cloe. Fear not me, sir.
Chi. Come, then, and let's despatch this modicum,
For I have but an hour to stay, a short one;
Besides, more water for another mill,
An old weak over-shot, I must provide for.
There's an old nunnery at hand.
Cloe. What's that?
Chi. A bawdy-house.
Cloe. A pox consume it!
Chi. If the stones 'tis built on
Were but as brittle as the flesh lives in it,

25 *As birds are with a pin*] Seward on Sympson's conjecture read *boards* for *birds*, though allowing the folio reading to be 'not nonsense.' Weber recommended him to visit a poulterer's.

32–3 Chi. *The turn . . . turns up the belly*] Only in F1. Omitted by Seward. Weber comments: "In 1679, when these lines were expunged from the second folio, direct bawdry had given place to *double entendre*."

46 *brittle*] F2. Dyce retains *brickle*, the form of F1, which Halliwell says occurs in Broke's *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562—but neither form occurs there.

Your curse came handsomely. Fear not; there's ladies,
And other good sad people, your pink'd citizens,
That think no shame to shake a sheet there. Come, wench. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An apartment in the Palace.

Enter CLEANTHE *and* SYPHAX.

Cle. A soldier, and so fearful!
Syph. Can ye blame me,
When such a weight lies on me?
Cle. Fie upon ye!
I tell ye ye shall have her, have her safely,
And for your wife, with her own will.
Syph. Good sister——
Cle. What a distrustful man you are! to-morrow,
To-morrow morning——
Syph. Is it possible!
Can there be such a happiness?
Cle. Why, hang me
If then ye be not married! if to-morrow night
Ye do not——
Syph. Oh, dear sister——
Cle. What ye would do,
What ye desire to do—lie with her: devil!
What a dull man are you!
Syph. Nay, I believe now:

48 *sad*] i. e. grave, respectable.
48 *pink'd citizens*] i. e. citizens who wear *pinked* or slashed doublets, so 'well-dressed.' Cf. *Scornful Lady*, III. i. 92, 'three piled people.'
49 *shake a sheet*] Cf. *Bonduca*, II. iii.—

> "1 *Daughter*. Ye shall be set, sir,
> Upon a jade will shake ye.
> *Judas*. Sheets, good madam,
> Will do it ten times better."

on which Weber comments, "the shaking of sheets was a favourite dance, repeatedly alluded to in old plays," "generally," adds Dyce, "with a *double entendre*."

And shall she love me?
Cle. As her life, and stroke ye.
Syph. Oh, I will be her servant!
Cle. 'Tis your duty.
Syph. And she shall have her whole will.
Cle. Yes, 'tis reason;
She is a princess, and by that rule boundless.
Syph. What would you be? for I would have ye, sister,
Choose some great place about us: as her woman,
Is not so fit.
Cle. No, no, I shall find places.
Syph. And yet to be a lady of her bed-chamber,
I hold not so fit neither. Some great title,
Believe it, shall be look'd out.
Cle. Ye may; a duchess,
Or such a toy; a small thing pleases me, sir.
Syph. What you will, sister. If a neighbour prince,
When we shall come to reign——
Cle. We shall think on't.
Be ready at the time, and in that place too,
And let me work the rest: within this half-hour
The princess will be going; 'tis almost morning.
Away, and mind your business.
Syph. Fortune bless us! [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.

A hall in the Palace.

Enter KING, POLYDORE, *and* Lords.

Polyd. I do beseech your grace to banish me!
King. Why, gentleman, is she not worthy marriage?
Polyd. Most worthy, sir, where worth again shall meet her;
But I, like thick clouds, sailing slow and heavy,

Sc. III. 21 *Ye may*] An expression used in answer to chaff, *Coriolanus*, II. iii. 39, 'You are never without your tricks: you may, you may.'
28 s.d. severally] Added Dyce.
Sc. IV. 4 *slow*] Sympson proposed *low;* adopted by Colman.

Although by her drawn higher, yet shall hide her.
I dare not be a traitor; and 'tis treason
But to imagine—As you love your honour——
King. 'Tis her first maiden doting, and, if cross'd,
I know it kills her.
First Lord. How knows your grace she loves him?
King. Her woman told me all, (beside his story,)
Her maid Lucippe; on what reason too;
And 'tis beyond all but enjoying.
Polyd. Sir,
Even by your wisdom, by that great discretion
You owe to rule and order——
Sec. Lord. This man 's mad, sure,
To plead against his fortune.
First Lord. And the king, too,
Willing to have it so.
Polyd. By those dead princes,
From whose descents ye stand a star admired at,
Lay not so base allay upon your virtues!
Take heed, for honour's sake, take heed! The bramble
No wise man ever planted by the rose,
It cankers all her beauty; nor the vine,
When her full blushes court the sun, dares any
Choke up with wanton ivy.—Good my lords,
Who builds a monument, the basis jasper,
And the main body brick?
Sec. Lord. Ye wrong your worth;
Ye are a gentleman descended nobly.
First Lord. In both bloods truly noble.
King. Say ye were not,
My will can make ye so.
Polyd. No, never, never:
'Tis not descent nor will of princes does it;
'Tis virtue which I want, 'tis temperance;
Man, honest man. Is 't fit your majesty
Should call my drunkenness, my rashness, brother?
Or such a blessed maid my breach of faith

12 *'tis beyond all but enjoying*] The only way to cure her passion is to gratify it.

18 *allay*] Ff *a lay*, corrected by Seward. Prof. Skeat says 'alloy' was often spelt 'alay' or 'allay,' though quite unconnected with the verb.

(For I am most lascivious), and fell angers
(In which I am also mischievous) her husband?
Oh, gods preserve her! I am wild as winter,
Ambitious as the devil: out upon me!
I hate myself, sir. If ye dare bestow her
Upon a subject, ye have one deserves her.
King. But him she does not love: I know your meaning.—
[*Aside.*] This young man's love unto his noble brother
Appears a mirror.—What must now be done, lords?
For I am gravell'd: if she have not him,
She dies for certain; if his brother miss her,
Farewell to him, and all our honours!
First Lord. He is dead, sir,—
Your grace has heard of that?—and strangely.
King. No,
I can assure you, no; there was a trick in 't:
Read that, and then know all. [*Gives a paper.*]—
What ails the gentleman?
[POLYDORE *is sick o' th' sudden.*
Hold him. How do ye, sir?
Polyd. Sick o' th' sudden,
Extremely ill, wondrous ill.
King. Where did it take ye?
Polyd. Here in my head, sir, and my heart. For Heaven sake——
King. Conduct him to his chamber presently,
And bid my doctors——
Polyd. No, I shall be well, sir.
I do beseech your grace, even for the gods' sake,
Remember my poor brother! I shall pray, then—
King. Away! he grows more weaker still.—I will do it,
Or Heaven forget me ever! [POLYDORE *is led out.*
Now your counsels,
For I am at my wit's end.

48 s.d. Gives a paper] Added Weber.
48 s.d. Polydore . . . sudden] So Ff (F1 *a th'*)—A feigned sickness, as preparation for his pretended death, V. iv. 127, 250.
56 *more weaker*] So F1, in accordance with common grammatical usage. The second folio, 1679, prints *more weak*, followed by Seward and Colman.
57 s.d. Polydore . . . out] Weber. F1 Exit Polidor. F2 Ex. Pol.

Enter Messenger *with a Letter.*

What with you, sir?

Mess. Letters from warlike Pelius.

King. Yet more troubles?——

The Spartans are in arms, and like to win all;
Supplies are sent for, and the general.—
This is more cross than t' other. Come, let 's to him;
For he must have her ('tis necessity),
Or we must lose our honours. Let 's plead all,
(For more than all is needful,) shew all reason,
If love can hear o' that side: if she yield,
We have fought best, and won the noblest field.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

An antechamber in the house of MEMNON.

Enter EUMENES, POLYBIUS, PELIUS, *and* STREMON.

Pel. I have brought the wench; a lusty wench, and somewhat
Like the princess.

Eum. 'Tis the better; let 's see her. [*Exit* PELIUS.
And go you in, and tell him that her grace
Is come to visit him: how sleeps he, Stremon?

Stre. He cannot; only thinks, and calls on Polydore;
Swears he will not be fool'd; sometimes he rages,
And sometimes sits and muses. [*Exit* STREMON.

Eum. He 's past all help, sure.

58 s.d. Enter . . . letter] So Ff.

59 *Pelius*] Fletcher, writing 'Captains,' '2 Capt.,' in s.d. and prefixes forgets that this name is already appropriated.

60 *The Spartans are in arms*] Probably feigned news, the execution of the plan of III. iv. 144–6. There, however, the letters were to be sent to Polybius and Memnon to distract him from his passion; here they are sent to the king to induce him to favour Memnon's suit before asking his military assistance—an effect they actually produce, ll. 63–7. Cf. however, V. iv. 362. Colman seems right in supposing this and the following line to contain a hasty summary of the news in the letter over which the King has glanced rather than to be a quotation from it.

Sc. V. 1 Pel.] "Both the folios '1 Cap.' [i. e. Polybius].—See III. ii. 148, where Pelius says, 'I 'll be his bawd.'"—Dyce. See, too, ll. 12–14, below. Colman had previously corrected it to '2 Capt.'

2 s.d. Exit Pelius] Added Weber and Dyce.

Re-enter PELIUS, *with* Courtesan.

How do ye like her?
Polyb. By the mass, a good round virgin;
And, at first sight, resembling: she is well clothed too.
Eum. But is she sound?
Pel. Of wind and limb, I warrant her.
Eum. You are instructed, lady?
Court. Yes, and know, sir,
How to behave myself, ne'er fear.
Eum. Polybius,
Where did he get this vermin?
Polyb. Hang him, badger!
There's not a hole free from him; whores and whores' mates
Do all pay him obedience.
Eum. Indeed, i' th' war
His quarter was all whore, whore upon whore,
And lined with whore. Beshrew me, 'tis a fair whore.
Polyb. She has smock'd away her blood; but fair or foul,
Or blind or lame, that can but lift her leg up,
Comes not amiss to him; he rides like a nightmare,
All ages, all religions.
Eum. Can ye state it?
Court. I 'll make a shift.
Eum. He must lie with ye, lady.
Court. Let him; he's not the first man I have lain with,
Nor shall not be the last.
Pel. He comes; no more words;
She has her lesson throughly.

7 s.d. Re-enter Pelius, with Courtesan] Ff '*Enter Whoore* ('Whore, and' F2), *Captain*,' and at her exit at l. 63, '*Ex. Cloe.*' This led Seward to suppose Cloe and the Courtesan the same person, and Colman into a long note to establish the former's superiority and separate identity. Dyce well suggests that the Ff 'Ex. Cloe' may be due to the playing of the two parts by the same boy.

8 Polyb.] Colman prints '1 Capt.,' correcting the '2 Capt.' (i. e. Pelius) of Ff.

10 Pel.] Here Ff read, as they should, '2 Capt.'

17 *with whore*] F2. F1 *with a whore.*

18 *smock'd*] Cf. *Maid in the Mill*, IV. i., 'going a-smocking.'

21 *state it*] Take state upon you, as in III. ii. 144.

Enter MEMNON.

How he views her!
Eum. Go forward now; so, bravely; stand.
Mem. Great lady,
How humbly I am bound——
Court. You shall not kneel, sir:
Come, I have done you wrong,—stand up, my soldier,—
And thus I make amends. [*Kisses him.*
Eum. A plague confound ye!
Is this your state?
Pel. 'Tis well enough.
Mem. Oh, lady,
Your royal hand, your hand, my dearest beauty,
Is more than I must purchase! here, divine one,
I dare revenge my wrongs.—Ha!
Polyb. A damn'd foul one.
Eum. The lees of bawdy prunes; mourning gloves!
All spoil'd, by Heaven!
Mem. Ha! who art thou?
Pel. A shame on ye,
Ye clawing scabby whore!
Mem. I say, who art thou?
Eum. Why, 'tis the princess, sir.
Mem. The devil, sir!
'Tis some rogue thing.
Court. If this abuse be love, sir,
Or I, that laid aside my modesty——
Eum. [*Aside.*] So far thou 't never find it.

28 *up*] F1. Om. F2. 29 s.d. Kisses him] So Ff.

32 *purchase*] Obtain, as III. iv. 30, where see note.

34 *bawdy prunes*] Seward gets rid of the metrical defect by reading *bawdy brewis*. Weber overcomes it by spelling *pruins*. As Steevens abundantly proved in a note on 1 *Henry IV.*, III. iii. 128, 'no more faith in thee than a stew'd prune,' stewed prunes were a common dish in brothels.

34 *prunes: mourning gloves!*] So punctuated Ff. Eumenes anticipates the failure of the scheme, Memnon's consequent death, and their own mourning. Dyce punctuates *prunes, . . . gloves* without note. Preceding edds. had substituted comma at *prunes*.

35 Pel.] Both the folios '2 Capt.,' which there is no need to alter. Colman 1 Capt.,' Dyce 'Polyb.'

38 *rogue thing*] F1. F2 *roguey thing*.

40 *So far thou't never find it*] Both Ff have *thou't*, but its identity with 'thou'lt' is shewn by Dyce's reference to *The Coxcomb*, IV. vii., where F1 reads '*Thou't* ne'er be good,' and F2 has '*Thou'lt*,' etc. Eumenes may be understood as meaning either that the Courtesan has put her modesty so far from her

Mem. Do not weep;
For, if ye be the princess, I will love ye,
Indeed I will, and honour ye, fight for ye:
Come, wipe your eyes.—By Heaven, she stinks—Who art 'a?—
Stinks like a poison'd rat behind a hanging—
Woman, who art 'a?—like a rotten cabbage!
Pel. Y' are much to blame, sir; 'tis the princess.
Mem. How!
She the princess!
Eum. And the loving princess.
Polyb. Indeed, the doting princess.
Mem. Come hither once more:
The princess smells like morning's breath, pure amber,
Beyond the courted Indies in her spices.——
Still a dead rat, by Heaven!—Thou a princess!
Eum. What a dull whore is this!
Mem. I 'll tell ye presently;
For, if she be a princess, as she may be,
And yet stink too, and strongly, I shall find her.
Fetch the Numidian lion I brought over:
If she be sprung from royal blood,—the lion,
He 'll do ye reverence; else——
Court. I beseech your lordship——
Eum. He 'll tear her all to pieces.
Court. I am no princess, sir.
Mem. Who brought thee hither?
Pel. If ye confess, we 'll hang ye.

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as to be irrecoverable, or that up to this point Memnon will not guess the deception—the former is best.—'Aside' here first.

43, 45 *art 'a*] Dyce. *art ta* F1. F2 *art thou* and *art* followed by Colman.

49 *amber*] Cf. II. i. 149 note.

50 *courted Indies*] by merchants. Seward and Colman altered to 'India.'

51 *Thou a princess!*] So F2. F1 *Thou art a princesse;* which Weber adopted, affixing a mark of interrogation.

56 *sprung from royal blood*, etc.] F1. *the royal* F2. "This refers to the well-known fable of the respect in which royal blood is held by the king of beasts, which was a favourite fiction among writers of romance. So in *Octouian Imperator* (*Metr. Romances*, Edin. 1810, vol. iii. v. 481)—

'A chyld that ys of kynges blood,
A lyoun ne struys hyt for no good.'"—Weber.

Cf. *Noble Gentleman*, V. i. 395 sqq., and Falstaff in 1 *Henry IV.*, II. iv. 261, 'the lion will not touch the true prince.'

58 Eum.] Altered by Seward to 'Mem.', on which Colman remarked that Memnon would have substituted *you* for *her*.

Court. Good my lord—— 60
Mem. Who art thou, then?
Court. A poor retaining whore, sir,
To one of your lordship's captains.
Mem. Alas, poor whore!
Go; be a whore still, and stink worse. Ha, ha, ha!
[*Exit* Courtesan.
What fools are these, and coxcombs! [*Exit* MEMNON.
Eum. I am right glad yet,
He takes it with such lightness.
Polyb. Methinks his face, too, 65
Is not so clouded as it was: how he looks!
Eum. Where 's your dead rat?
Pel. The devil dine upon her!
Lions! why, what a medicine had he gotten
To try a whore!

Re-enter STREMON.

Stre. Here 's one from Polydore stays to speak with ye. 70
Eum. With whom?
Stre. With all. Where has the general been?
He 's laughing to himself extremely.
Eum. Come,
I 'll tell thee how; I am glad yet he 's so merry.
[*Exeunt.*

63 s.d. Courtesan] Colman, for 'Cloe' of Ff.
68 *Lions*] Misspelt *Loins* in F2.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Temple of Venus. The Oracle in the background. A recess, with a curtain before it, on one side.

Enter CHILAX *and* Priestess.

Chi. What lights are those that enter there? still nearer!—
Plague o' your rotten itch! do you draw me hither
Into the temple, to betray me? was there no place
To satisfy your sin in—Gods forgive me!
Still they come forward.
Priest. Peace, ye fool: I have found it;
'Tis the young princess Calis.
Chi. 'Tis the devil,
To claw us for our caterwauling.
Priest. Retire softly.—
I did not look for you these two hours, lady;
Beshrew your haste!—[*To* CHILAX] That way.
Chi. That goes to the altar,
Ye old blind beast.
Priest. I know not; any way.
Still they come nearer. I 'll in to the oracle.
Chi. That 's well remember'd; I 'll in with ye.
Priest. Do.
[*They go in to the Oracle.*

Enter CALIS *and her train with lights, singing:* LUCIPPE, CLEANTHE.

Oh, fair sweet goddess, queen of loves,
Soft and gentle as thy doves,

Sc. I. Locality as Dyce.

s.d. Enter Chilax and Priestess] The Ff add 'Calis, Lady and Nun,' although they indicate the entrance of Calis and her train, and of a Nun, by separate stage directions below.

5 *I have found it*] i. e. I know what it is.

9 s.d. To Chilax] Added F2.

12 s.d. They . . . Oracle] So Dyce. Ff Exeunt Priest. and Chilax.

Humble-eyed, and ever ruing
Those poor hearts, their loves pursuing!
Oh, thou mother of delights,
Crowner of all happy nights,
Star of dear content and pleasure,
Of mutual loves the endless treasure!
Accept this sacrifice we bring,
Thou continual youth and spring;
Grant this lady her desires,
And every hour we 'll crown thy fires.

Enter a Nun.

Nun. You about her, all retire,
Whilst the princess feeds the fire.
[*Exeunt* CLEANTHE, LUCIPPE, *and* Attendants.
When your devotions ended be,
To the oracle I will attend ye.
[CALIS *enters the recess:* Nun *draws the curtain close to her, and then exit.*

SCENE II.

A street.

Enter STREMON *and* EUMENES.

Stre. He will abroad.
Eum. How does his humour hold him?
Stre. He is now grown wondrous sad, weeps often too,
Talks of his brother to himself, starts strangely.
Eum. Does he not curse?
Stre. No.
Eum. Nor break out in fury,
Offering some new attempt?
Stre. Neither. "To the temple,"

26 s.d. Exeunt . . . Attendants] Added Dyce.

28 s.d. Calis . . . exit] Dyce. Ff 'Exit Nun and draws the Curtain close to Calis,' followed by the other editors. Calis is concealed with the curtain to allow of the intervention of the following scene, which, as is evident from ll. 5–6, is laid in a different place; then when in sc. iii. the scene reverts to the Temple, the Nun 'opens the curtain to Calis.' Dyce refers us to *The Faithful Shepherdess*, V. 2 (end), where he notes that 'the want of moveable painted scenery in the early theatres probably forced this expedient on the poet.'

Sc. II. 5 "*To the temple*"] This visit, carried out in V. iv. 24, has not been hinted at before, though Memnon's soliloquy in IV. i. shows him beginning to waver in his passion. Cf. IV. i. 8, 'His spirit is a little quieter.'

Is all we hear of now: what there he will do——
Eum. I hope, repent his folly: let 's be near him.
Stre. Where are the rest?
Eum. About a business
Concerns him mainly: if Heaven cure this madness,
He 's man for ever, Stremon.
Stre. Does the king know it?
Eum. Yes, and much troubled with it: he 's now gone
To seek his sister out.
Stre. Come, let 's away, then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Temple, as before. The Priestess, *and* CHILAX *who has put on her robe, in the Oracle.* CALIS *in the recess.*

Enter Nun, *who opens the curtain to* CALIS.

Nun. Peace to your prayers, lady! will it please ye
To pass on to the oracle.
Calis. Most humbly.
Chi. Do ye hear that?
Priest. Yes; lie close.
Chi. A wildfire take ye!
What shall become of me? I shall be hang'd now:
Is this a time to shake? a halter shake ye!
Come, up and juggle, come.
Priest. I am monstrous fearful.
Chi. Up, ye old gaping oyster, up and answer:
A mouldy mange upon your chops! ye told me
I was safe here till the bell rung.
Priest. I was prevented,
And did not look these three hours for the princess.

9 *this*] F1. F2 *his.*
10 *man*] F1. F2 *made.*
12 s.d. Exeunt] Ff have by mistake 'Exeunt Eumen., Stremon, Calis.'
Sc. III. s.d. The Priestess, and Chilax . . . curtain to Calis] Dyce. Ff have 'Enter Nun, she opens the Curtain to Calis. Calis at the Oracle,' to which F1 adds 'Arras.' Opposite *humbly*, l. 2, Ff have 'Chilax and Priest. in the Oracle.'
9 *prevented*] i. e. anticipated.

Chi. Shall we be taken?
Priest. Speak, for love's sake, Chilax:
I can not, nor I dare not.
Chi. I'll speak treason,
For I had as lieve be hang'd for that——
Priest. Good Chilax—
Chi. Must it be sung or said? what shall I tell 'em?
They are here; here now, preparing.
Priest. Oh, my conscience!
Chi. Plague o' your spur-gall'd conscience! does it tire now,
Now when it should be toughest? I could make thee——
Priest. Save us: we are both undone else.
Chi. Down, you dog, then;
Be quiet, and be staunch too; no inundations.
Nun. Here kneel again; and Venus grant your wishes!
Calis. Oh, divine[st] star of heaven,
Thou, in power above the seven;
Thou sweet kindler of desires,
Till they grow to mutual fires;
Thou, oh gentle queen, that art
Curer of each wounded heart;
Thou, the fuel and the flame;
Thou, in heaven and here the same;
Thou, the wooer and the woo'd;
Thou, the hunger and the food;
Thou, the prayer and the pray'd;
Thou, what is or shall be said;
Thou, still young and golden-tressed,
Make me by thy answer blessed!
Chi. When?
Priest. Now speak handsomely, and small by all means?
I have told ye what.

16 *spur-gall'd*] i. e. one that has been worked hard.
21 *divine[st]*] Ff *divine*, the *-st* having evidently dropped out before the *star*. Seward made the correction.
22 *the seven*] The seven planets of the Ptolemaic system, viz. the Moon, Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 481, 'They pass the Planets Seven, and pass the Fixed,' etc.
35 *small*] *Merry Wives*, I. i. 49, 'speaks small like a woman.'

Chi. But I 'll tell you a new tale.—
Now for my neck-verse.—I have heard thy prayers,
And mark me well. [*Thunder.*
Nun. The goddess is displeased much;
The temple shakes and totters: she appears.——
[*Music.* VENUS *descends.*
Bow, lady, bow! [CALIS *kneels.*
Venus. Purge me the temple round,
And live by this example henceforth sound.—
Virgin, I have seen thy tears,
Heard thy wishes and thy fears;
Thy holy incense flew above:
Hark, therefore, to thy doom in love.
Had thy heart been soft at first,
Now thou hadst allay'd thy thirst;
Had thy stubborn will but bended,
All thy sorrows here had ended;
Therefore, to be just in love,
A strange fortune thou must prove;
And, for thou hast been stern and coy,
A dead love thou shalt enjoy.
Calis. Oh, gentle goddess!
Venus. Rise, thy doom is said;
And fear not; I shall please thee with the dead.
[VENUS *ascends.*
Nun. Go up into the temple, and there end
Your holy rites; the goddess smiles upon you.
[*Exeunt* CALIS *and* Nun.

37 *neck-verse*] This common phrase for the passage read or recited at the scaffold by criminals who wished to claim the 'benefit of clergy,' needs no illustration. Dyce in a note on the Com. Poems (vol. i. xvi. of his ed.) says it was generally the beginning of the 51st Psalm, 'Miserere mei,' etc.
37 *I have . . . me well*] Weber added s.d. 'In a disguised voice.'
38 s.d. Thunder] So Ff. 39 s.d. Music. Venus descends] So Ff.
40 s. d. Calis kneels] Added Weber.
45 *to*] F2. Omitted in F1, and by Weber and Dyce.
51 *A*] F2. F1 *And.*
55 *shall*] F1. F2 *will.*
55, 57 s.d.] As Ff.

SCENE IV.

The area before the Temple.

Enter CHILAX, *in the robe of the* Priestess.

Chi. I 'll no more oracles nor miracles,
Nor no more church-work; I 'll be drawn and hang'd first.
Am not I torn a-pieces with the thunder?
Death, I can scarce believe I live yet:
It gave me on the buttocks a cruel, a huge bang;
I had as lieve ha' had 'em scratch'd with dog-whips.
Be quiet henceforth, now ye feel the end on 't,
I would advise ye, my old friends: the good gentlewoman
Is strucken dumb, and there her grace sits mumping,
Like an old ape eating a brawn: sure, the good goddess
Knew my intent was honest, to save the princess,
And how we young men are enticed to wickedness
By these lewd women; I had paid for 't else too.
I am monstrous holy now, and cruel fearful:
Oh, 'twas a plaugey thump, charged with a vengeance!
Would I were well at home! The best is, 'tis not day.

Enter SYPHAX, *walks softly over the stage, and goes in.*

Who 's that? ha! Syphax! I 'll be with you anon, sir:
Ye shall be oracled, I warrant ye,
And thunder'd too, as well as I; your lordship
Must needs enjoy the princess? yes—Ha! torches!
And Memnon coming this way! He 's dog-mad,
And, ten to one, appearing thus unto him,
He worries me: I must go by him.

Sc. IV. s.d. the robe, etc.] Weber. His Robe Ff.

8 *friends*] So Ff. Mason, Weber, and Dyce corrected to *friend*, i. e. the Priestess; but Chilax is probably addressing his buttocks. Like the bookseller in *Humphry Clinker*, he has 'exhibited marks of bodily fear more ways than one,' causing the Priestess to inflict the 'cruel bang' of l. 5. *The good gentlewoman* is perhaps the Nun.

16 s.d.] As in Ff.

20 *Ha!*] F1. *Ha'!* F2.

Enter MEMNON, EUMENES, STREMON, *and two carrying torches.*

Eum. Sir—
Mem. Ask me no further questions.—What art thou?
How, dost thou stare? stand off. Nay, look upon me;
I do not shake, nor fear thee. [*Draws his sword.*
Chi. [*Aside.*] He will kill me:
This is for church-work.
Mem. Why dost thou appear now?
Thou wert fairly slain. I know thee, Diocles,
And know thine envy to mine honour: but——
Chi. Stay, Memnon;
I am a spirit, and thou canst not hurt me.
Eum. This is the voice of Chilax.
Stre. What makes him thus?
Chi. 'Tis true that I was slain in field, but foully,
By multitudes, not manhood: therefore, mark me;
I do appear again to quit mine honour,
And on thee single.
Mem. I accept the challenge.
Where?
Chi. On the Stygian banks.
Mem. When?
Chi. Four days hence.
Mem. Go, noble ghost; I will attend.
Chi. I thank ye.
Stre. Ye have saved your throat, and handsomely: farewell, sir. [*Exit* CHILAX.
Mem. Sing me the battle of Pelusium,
In which this worthy died.
Eum. This will spoil all,
And make him worse than e'er he was.—Sit down, sir,
And give yourself to rest.

SONG by STREMON.

Arm, arm, arm, arm! the scouts are all come in:
Keep your ranks close, and now your honours win.

23, 26, 38 s.d.] As Ff. 'Aside' first in Dyce.
26 *He*] F2. F1 *A.*
28 *Diocles*] Cf. I. i. 15.
31 *him*] F2. *he* F1.
34 *quit*] i. e. clear, vindicate.—Dyce.
39 *battle*] F1. F2 *battles.* Pelusium lay at the mouth of the most eastern branch of the Nile, rather west of the modern Port Said.
42 s.d. by Stremon] Added Weber and Dyce.

Behold from yonder hill the foe appears ;
Bows, bills, glaves, arrows, shields, and spears,
Like a dark wood he comes, or tempest pouring ;
Oh, view the wings of horse the meadows scouring !
The van-guard marches bravely : hark, the drums,
Dub, dub !
They meet, they meet, and now the battle comes :
See how the arrows fly,
That darken all the sky !
Hark how the trumpets sound,
Hark how the hills rebound,
Tara, tara, tara, tara, tara !
Hark how the horses charge ! in, boys, boys, in !
The battle totters ; now the wounds begin :
Oh, how they cry !
Oh, how they die !
Room for the valiant Memnon, arm'd with thunder !
See how he breaks the ranks asunder !
They fly, they fly ! Eumenes has the chase,
And brave Polybius makes good his place.
To the plains, to the woods,
To the rocks, to the floods,
They fly for succour. Follow, follow, follow !
Hark how the soldiers hollow.
Hey, hey !
Brave Diocles is dead,
And all his soldiers fled ;
The battle 's won, and lost,
That many a life hath cost.

Mem. Now forward to the temple. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter CHILAX.

Chi. Are ye gone ?
How have I 'scaped this morning ? by what miracle ?
Sure, I am ordain'd for some brave end.

Enter CLOE, *disguised as* CALIS.

Cloe. How is it ?
Chi. Come ; 'tis as well as can be.
Cloe. But is it possible
This should be true you tell me ?

46 *glaves*] 'Weapons shaped like halberts.' Weber, who quotes from Marlowe's *Edward II.*, 'sword and gleave.'

50, 56, 69 *Dub, dub*, etc.] These expletives are printed in margin and in a different type in Ff, because, though part of the song, they are also stage directions.

51 *and now*] F2. F1 simply *now*.

57 *in, boys, boys, in !*] F2. F1 *in boys, in boys, in.*

76 s.d. disguised as Calis] Added Weber and Dyce.

Chi. 'Tis most certain.
Cloe. Such a gross ass to love the princess?
Chi. Peace:
Pull your robe close about ye. You are perfect
In all I taught ye?
Cloe. Sure.
Chi. Gods give thee good luck!
'Tis strange my brains should still be beating knavery,
For all these dangers; but they are needful mischiefs,
And such are nuts to me, and I must do 'em.
You will remember me?
Cloe. By this kiss, Chilax.
Chi. No more of that; I fear another thunder.
Cloe. We are not i' th' temple, man.
Chi. Peace; here he comes.
Now to our business handsomely.—
Away now!
[*Exeunt* CHILAX *and* CLOE.

[*Re-*]*enter* SYPHAX.

Syph. 'Twas sure the princess, for he kneel'd unto her,
And she look'd every way: I hope the oracle
Has made me happy; me I hope she look'd for.
Fortune, I will so honour thee! Love, so adore thee!

[*Re-*]*enter* CHILAX, *and* CLOE *at the other door.*

[*Aside.*] She is here again; looks round about again too;
'Tis done, I know 'tis done. 'Tis Chilax with her,
And I shall know of him.—Who 's that?
Chi. Speak softly:
The princess from the oracle.
Syph. She views me;
By Heaven, she beckons me!
Chi. Come near, she would have ye.
Syph. Oh, royal lady! [*Kisses her hand.*

88 *to our business*] Lines 89–90 show that some pantomime is intended here to delude Syphax. Dyce inserted s.d. 'Chilax kneels. Cloe looks round her.'
92, 98 s.d.] As in both Ff.
93 *about*] F1. *about her* F2. The 'Aside' first marked in Dyce.

Chi. She wills ye read that ; for belike, she 's bound to silence
For such a time : she is wondrous gracious to ye.
Syph. Heaven make me thankful!
Chi. She would have ye read it.
Syph. [*Reads.*] *Syphax, the will of Heaven hath cast me on thee*
To be thy wife, whose will must be obey'd:
Use me with honour ; I shall love thee dearly,
And make thee understand thy worths hereafter.
Convey me to a secret ceremony,
That both our hearts and loves may be united ;
And use no language, till before my brother
We both appear, where I will shew the oracle ;
For till that time I am bound, I must not answer.
Oh, happy I!
Chi. Ye are a made man.
Syph. But, Chilax,
Where are her women?
Chi. None but your grace's sister—
Because she would have it private to the world yet—
Knows of this business.
Syph. I shall thank thee, Chilax ;
Thou art a careful man.
Chi. Your grace's servant.
Syph. I 'll find a fit place for thee.
Chi. If you will not,
There 's a good lady will. She points ye forward :
Away, and take your fortune! not a word, sir.—
[*Aside.*] So ; you are greased, I hope.—
[*Exeunt* SYPHAX *and* CLOE, *manet* CHILAX.

Enter STREMON, Fool, *and* PICUS.

Stremon, Fool, Picus!
Where have you left your lord?
Stre. I' th' temple, Chilax.
Chi. Why are ye from him?
Stre. Why, the king is with him,
And all the lords.

102 s.d.] As in both Ff. 119 s.d. Aside] Dyce.
119 *greased*] Gulled, cheated, as I. ii. 102 (see note) ; and so Dyce (Addenda) comparing *The Wild Goose Chase*, IV. ii., where, on the entrance of the women laughing, Bellair asks ' Am I greased once again?'

Chi. Is not the princess there too?
Stre. Yes;
And the strangest coil amongst 'em: she weeps bitterly;
The king entreats, and frowns; my lord, like autumn,
Drops off his hopes by handfuls; all the temple
Sweats with this agony.
Chi. Where 's young Polydore?
Stre. Dead, as they said, o' th' sudden.
Chi. Dead!
Stre. For certain;
But not yet known abroad.
Chi. There 's a new trouble.
A brave young man he was; but we must all die.
Stre. Did not the general meet you this morning
Like a tall stallion-nun?
Chi. No more o' that, boy.
Stre. You had been ferreting.
Chi. That 's all one.—Fool,
My master Fool, that taught my wits to traffick,
What has your wisdom done? how have you profited?
Out with your audit; come, you are not empty:
Put out mine eye with twelve-pence, do you, shaker?
What think you of this shaking? [*Pulls out a purse*]
here 's wit, coxcomb!
Ha, boys! ha, my fine rascals! here 's a ring;
How right they go!
Fool. Oh, let me ring the fore-bell!
Chi. And here are thumpers, chequins, golden
rogues:

132 *Like a tall stallion-nun*] i. e. disguised in the Priestess's robe. See above, ll. 30–31.

137 *Put out mine eye with twelve-pence*] Chilax alludes here to what the Fool had previously said (I. i. 335)—

"I'll have a *shilling* for a can of wine,
When you shall have two sergeants for a counter."—Dyce.

137 *do you, shaker*] Altered by Seward to—

do you shake? Here

Weber thinks *shaker* may refer to the double entendre about 'shaking a sheet.' Cf. note on IV. ii. 49.

138 s.d. Pulls . . . purse] So Ff.

139 *here's a ring*] "Meaning the ringing of the money. So Shakespeare compares a voice to a piece of uncurrent gold, crack'd in the *ring*."—Colman.

141 Chi.] Prefix omitted F2.

141 *chequins*] F1 *chickens*. F2 *chiqueens*. Spelt 'chequin' in *Pericles*, IV. ii. 28. The chequin or sequin was a Venetian gold coin worth about 9*s*.

Wit, wit, ye rascals!
Fool. I have a sty here, Chilax.
Chi. I have no gold to cure it, not a penny,
Not one cross, cavalier: we are dull soldiers,
Gross heavy-headed fellows; fight for victuals!
Fool. Why, ye are the spirits of the time.
Chi. By no means.
Fool. The valiant, fiery.
Chi. Fie, fie! no.
Fool. Belee me, sir.
Chi. I would I could, sir!
Fool. I will satisfy ye.
Chi. But I will not content you.—[*To* PICUS.] Alas, poor boy!
Thou shew'st an honest nature weeps for thy master!
There 's a red rogue, to buy thee handkerchers.
Fool. He was an honest gentleman: I have lost too—
Chi. You have indeed, your labour, Fool.—But, Stremon,
Dost thou want money too? no virtue living?
No firking out at fingers' ends?
Stre. It seems so.
Chi. Will ye all serve me?
Stre. Yes, when ye are lord-general;
For less I will not go.
Chi. There 's gold for thee, then;

142 *a sty here . . . gold to cure it*] This popular superstition is referred to again in *The Elder Brother*, II. iv. "There is a stie grown o'er the eye o' th' Bull. . . . Put a gold ring in 's nose and that will cure him."—Nares.

144 *Not one cross*] Equivalent to—not one farthing.—Dyce.

147 *fiery*] Colman's rendering of the folio reading—*firie*, which Seward altered to *frie*, with Mason's approval.

147 *Belee me*] A corruption of *Believe me*, as Weber conjectured.

150 *Thou shew'st an honest nature weeps for thy master!*] So F1, i. e. 'nature [that] weeps.' F2 has 'Thou shewst an honest nature, *weep'st* for thy master,' followed by all the edd., Colman and Weber placing a needless interrogation-point at the end of the line. Picus' master must be Polydore, who is supposed dead. In I. i. 306 (Polydore being still at Athens) the Fool alludes to 'his master's absence.'

151 *a red rogue*] Sufficiently explained by 'golden rogues,' l. 141; yet Colman printed *a red, rogue!* 'Handkerchers' refers back to II. ii. 18–20, 99.

155 *firking*] See II. ii. 89 note. "Evidently signifies—stealing, picking pockets." Weber. "Chilax, I believe, means—have people no liberality? do they give you nothing?" Dyce—better.

157 *less I will not go*] An expression borrowed from gaming. So *Four Plays in One*, sc. i.—'make my mind go less.'

Thou hast a soldier's mind.—Fool!
Fool. Here, your first man.
Chi. I will give thee for thy wit (for 'tis a fine wit,
A dainty diving wit)—hold up—just nothing.
Go, graze i' th' commons: yet I am merciful;
There 's sixpence; buy a saucer, steal an old gown,
And beg i' th' temple for a prophet.—Come away, boys;
Let 's see how things are carried.—Fool up, sirrah;
You may chance get a dinner.—Boy, your preferment
I 'll undertake; for your brave master's sake,
You shall not perish.
Fool. Chilax—
Chi. Please me well, Fool,
And you shall light my pipes. Away to the temple!
But stay; the king is here: sport upon sport, boys.

Enter KING, Lords, SYPHAX, *and* CLOE *veiled.* SYPHAX *kneels.*

King. What would you have, captain?
Speak suddenly, for I am wondrous busy.
Syph. A pardon, royal sir.
King. For what?
Syph. For that,
Which was Heaven's will, should not be mine alone, sir,—
My marrying with this lady.
King. It needs no pardon,
For marriage is no sin.
Syph. Not in itself, sir;

158 *your first man*] i. e. first to enlist under him as lord-general.

162 *a saucer*] To receive alms in (Dyce), i. e. the clap-dish usually carried by Bedlam beggars.

164 *Fool up, sirrah*] i. e. ply your fool's trade hard. Weber quotes the same expression in *The Night-Walker* (at the end). The preference shown to Picus has no better ground than Chilax's wish to make the Fool, the elder and leader of the pair, jealous. The soldier is paying him off for his sneers in I. i., a score already cleared in part by his pummelling in II. ii.

169 s.d. Enter, etc.] Dyce. Ff 'Enter King, Lords, Siphax kneeling, Cloe with a Vaile.' One would be inclined to suppose the entry effected by drawing a curtain, revealing some interior chamber of the temple, where the king was at ll. 120–1, and whither Syphax and Cloe repaired at l. 119 on the mission suggested ll. 108–9; but ll. 180, 185 seem to show that the king is here outside the building, and the form of the s.d. in Ff must be merely due to abbreviation.

But in presuming too much: yet, Heaven knows,
So does the oracle that cast it on me,
And——the princess, royal sir.
King. What princess?
Syph. Oh, be not angry, my dread king! your sister.
King. My sister! she 's i' th' temple, man.
Syph. She is here, sir.
First Lord. The captain 's mad: she 's kneeling at the altar.
King. I know she is.—With all my heart, good captain,
I do forgive ye both.—Be unveil'd, lady.—
[CLOE *puts off her veil.*
Will ye have more forgiveness?—The man 's frantic.
Come, let 's go bring her out.—God give ye joy, sir!
[*Exeunt* KING *and* Lords.
Syph. How! Cloe! my old Cloe!
Cloe. Even the same, sir.
Chi. Gods give your manhood much content!
Stre. The princess
Looks something musty since her coming over.
Fool. 'Twere good you'd brush her over.
Syph. Fools and fiddlers
Make sport at my abuse too!
Fool. Oh, 'tis the nature
Of us fools to make bold with one another;
But you are wise, brave sir.
Chi. Cheer up your princess.
Believe it, sir, the king will not be angry;
Or, say he were, why, 'twas the oracle,
The oracle, an 't like your grace, the oracle.
Stre. And who, most mighty Syphax——
Syph. With mine own whore!
Cloe. With whom else should ye marry? speak your conscience;
Will ye transgress the law of arms, that ever
Rewards the soldier with his own sins?
Syph. Devils!

178 *And*——] The dash is in Ff and all editors.
183 s.d. Cloe, etc.] 'Puts off her vail.' Ff.
185 s.d. Exeunt . . . Lords] In Ff.
192 *sir*] Seward. Ff *sirs*.

Cloe. Ye had my maidenhead, my youth, my sweetness;
Is it not justice, then?
Syph. I see it must be;
But, by this hand, I'll hang a lock upon thee.
Cloe. You shall not need; my honesty shall do it.
Syph. If there be wars in all the world——
Cloe. I'll with ye;
For you know I have been a soldier.
Come, curse on.
Syph. When I need another oracle——
Chi. Send for me, Syphax; I'll fit ye with a princess:
And so, to both your honours!
Fool. And your graces!
Syph. The devil grace ye all!
Cloe. God-a-mercy, Chilax!
Chi. Shall we laugh half an hour now?
Stre. No; the king comes,
And all the train.
Chi. Away, then! our act's ended.
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter KING, CALIS, MEMNON, *and* CLEANTHE, Lords.

King. You know he does deserve ye, loves ye dearly;
You know what bloody violence h'ad used
Upon himself, but that his brother cross'd it;
You know the same thoughts still inhabit in him,
And covet to take birth: look on him, lady;
The wars have not so far consumed him yet,
Cold age disabled him, or sickness sunk him,
To be abhorr'd: look on his honour, sister;
That bears no stamp of time, no wrinkles on it;
No sad demolishment nor death can reach it:

206 *When I need another oracle*] Both Ff give these as well as three preceding words to Cloe. Seward, with Sympson's concurrence, assigned the whole line to Syphax. First printed as here by Colman.

211 s.d. King . . . Lords] So Ff, F1 adding 'Curtisan,' followed by Weber only. Dyce substituted for 'Curtisan' 'Lucippe,' who was mentioned in the Ff s.d. on the princess's first arrival, V. i. 12; but see l. 112.

213 *h'ad used*] Seward and Dyce. Ff *had used*. Colm. *h' had used*. Weber *he had used*. Opposite these words both Ff have s.d. 'The Hearse ready, Polidor, Eumenes, and Captains.'

Look with the eyes of Heaven, that nightly waken
To view the wonders of the glorious Maker,
And not the weakness: look with your virtuous eyes;
And then, clad royally in all his conquests,
His matchless love hung with a thousand merits,
Eternal youth attending, fame and fortune;
Time and oblivion vexing at his virtues;——
He shall appear a miracle: look on our dangers,
Look on the public ruin.
Calis. Oh, dear brother!
King. Fie! let us not, like proud and greedy waters,
Gain to give off again: this is our sea,
And you, his Cynthia, govern him; take heed:
His floods have been as high and full as any,
And gloriously now's got up to girdle
The kingdoms he hath purchased: noble sister,
Take not your virtue from him; oh, take heed
We ebb not now to nothing; take heed, Calis!
Calis. The will of Heaven (not mine) which must not alter,
And my eternal doom, for aught I know,
Is fix'd upon me. Alas, I must love nothing;
Nothing that loves again must I be bless'd with!
The gentle vine climbs up the oak, and clips him,
And when the stroke comes, yet they fall together.
Death, death must I enjoy, and live to love him!
Oh, noble sir!
Mem. Those tears are some reward yet:
Pray, let me wed your sorrows.
Calis. Take 'em, soldier;
They are fruitful ones; lay but a sigh upon 'em,

223 *of the*] F2. F1 *of my.*

224 *And not the weakness*] Weber's explanation is the best—'Look upon the virtues of Memnon, not upon his faults; as the eyes of heaven, the stars, awake nightly to behold the miraculous parts of creation, not to search out the little weaknesses and vices of those who live upon the world.' Seward proposed to make the sense clearer by reading 'And see no weakness.'

225 *royally*] Mason's correction, for *royaltie* of Ff, a meaningless locution which Seward and Colman printed without comment.

235 *now's got up to girdle*] Ff *now is got up to the girdle,*. Seward threw out the *the* and the comma, restoring the true sense, though he gave *he's now* for *now is.*

243 *clips*] i. e. embraces.—Dyce.

248 *sigh*] The correction of F2 for *sight* of F1, a recognized variant, found in *England's Helicon* (p. 217 ed. Bullen) as a rhyme to 'delight,' and in Q1 of Lyly's *Sapho and Phao*, III. iv. 71.

And straight they will conceive to infinites:
I told ye what ye would find 'em.
Attendant. [*Within.*] Room before there!

Enter Attendants *bearing a hearse, upon which* POLYDORE *is laid, covered*; EUMENES, POLYBIUS, *and* PELIUS *following.*

King. How now! what's this? more drops to th' ocean!
Whose body's this?
Eum. The noble Polydore:
This speaks his death. [*Shewing a letter.*
Mem. My brother dead!
Calis. Oh, goddess!
Oh, cruel, cruel Venus! here's my fortune!
King. Read, captain.
Mem. Read aloud.—Farewell, my follies!
Eum. [*Reads.*]
To the excellent princess Calis.
Be wise as you are beauteous; love with judgment,
And look with clear eyes on my noble brother;
Value desert and virtue; they are jewels
Fit for your worth and wearing. Take heed, lady;
The gods reward ingratitude most grievous.
Remember me no more; or, if you must,
Seek me in noble Memnon's love; I dwell there.
I durst not live, because I durst not wrong him.
I can no more; make me eternal happy
With looking down upon your loves. Farewell.
Mem. And didst thou die for me?—
King. Excellent virtue!—

250 *I told ye what ye would find 'em*] F1 has *could* for *would*. The words refer to the funeral procession which Calis sees approaching, though she is ignorant as yet of Polydore's death.

250 Attendant [Within]] So Dyce; Colman and Weber having inserted 'Eum. (within)': for *Room before there* was om. F2 and Seward, appearing in F1 as part of Calis' speech, followed by s.d. 'Knock.'

250 s.d. Enter Attendants bearing a hearse, etc.] Weber and Dyce. Ff merely "Enter Funerall, Captaines following, and Eumenes"; but see note on l. 213.

253 s.d. Shewing, etc.] Added Weber.

256 s.d. Eum. [Reads] *To* etc.] So F1, adding '1. Cap.' as prefix before l. 257. F2 'Eumen. reads to,' etc., with 'Eum.' before l. 257. Weber 'Polybius (reading) *To*, etc.

What will ye now do?
Calis. Dwell for ever here, sir.
[*Goes up to the hearse.*
Mem. For me, dear Polydore? oh, worthy young man!
Oh, love, love, love! love above recompense!
Infinite love, infinite honesty!—
Good lady, leave; you must have no share here;
Take home your sorrows: here 's enough to store me,
Brave glorious griefs. Was ever such a brother?
Turn all the stories over in the world yet,
And search through all the memories of mankind,
And find me such a friend! h 'as outdone all,
Outstripp'd 'em sheerly; all, all: thou hast, Polydore!
To die for me! why, as I hope for happiness,
'Twas one of the rarest-thought-on things, the bravest,
And carried beyond compass of our actions!
I wonder how he hit it; a young man too,
In all the blossoms of his youth and beauty,
In all the fulness of his veins and wishes,
Woo'd by that paradise, that would catch Heaven!
It starts me extremely. Thou blest ashes,
Thou faithful monument, where love and friendship
Shall, while the world is, work new miracles!
Calis. Oh, let me speak too!
Mem. No, not yet.—Thou man,
(For we are but man's shadows,) only man——
I have not words to utter him.—Speak, lady;
I 'll think a while.
Calis. The goddess grants me this yet,
I shall enjoy the dead: no tomb shall hold thee
But these two arms, no trickments but my tears;

268 s.d. Goes . . . hearse] Dyce, after Weber had added 'kneels before the hearse.'

276 *memories*] i. e. memorials, Mason; and so twice in *The Humorous Lieutenant*, e. g. I. i. 198, 'on the same file hang their memories.'

286 *It starts me extremely*] Altered by Seward to *It* startles *me extremely;* so his successors; and, doubtless, to the improvement of the metre: but we have already had in this play, "Does it *start* ye?" (III. iv. 31): and compare *Macbeth*—

> "Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
> Cannot once *start* me." V. v. Dyce.

293 *the dead*] So Ff. Colman changed *the* to *thee*, followed by Weber and Dyce; but the latter's correspondent "T. H." pointed out that Calis is quoting the goddess's promise, V. iii. 55, 'I shall please thee with the dead.'

294 *trickments*] i. e. decorations.

Over thy hearse my sorrows, like sad arms,
Shall hang for ever ; on the toughest marble
Mine eyes shall weep thee out an epitaph ;
Love at thy feet shall kneel, his smart bow broken,
Faith at thy head, Youth and the Graces mourners.
Oh, sweet young man !
King. Now I begin to melt too.
Mem. Have ye enough yet, lady ? room for a gamester !
To my fond love, and all those idle fancies,
A long farewell ! Thou diedst for me, dear Polydore ;
To give me peace, thou hast eternal glory !—
I stay and talk here :—I will kiss thee first ;
And now I 'll follow thee.
[*Offers to kill himself.* POLYDORE *rises.*
Polyd. Hold, for Heaven's sake !
Mem. Ha ! does he live ?—Dost thou deceive me ?
Polyd. Thus far ;
Yet for your good and honour.
King. Now, dear sister——
Calis. The oracle is ended ; noble sir,
Dispose me now as you please.
Polyd. You are mine, then ?
Calis. With all the joys that may be.
Polyd. Your consent, sir !
King. Ye have it freely.
Polyd. Walk along with me then,
And, as you love me, love my will.
[*Leads her to* MEMNON.
Calis. I will so.
Polyd. Here, worthy brother, take this virtuous princess ;
Ye have deserved her nobly ; she will love ye :
And when my life shall bring ye peace, as she does,
Command it, ye shall have it.
Mem. Sir, I thank ye.

295 *sad arms*] hatchment.
301 *room for a gamester*] Evidently proverbial. Cf. 'Roome for a royster' at the opening of Lyly's *Pappe with a Hatchet*, 1589.
302 *fond*] i. e. foolish.
306 s.d. Offers . . . himself] Added Colman. Ff have 'Polydore rises.'
309 *noble sir*] Addressed to Polydore.
313 s.d. Leads . . . Memnon] Added Weber.

King. I never found such goodness in such years.
Mem. Thou shalt not over-do me, though I die for 't.
Oh, how I love thy goodness, my best brother!
You have given me here a treasure to enrich me,
Would make the worthiest king alive a beggar:
What may I give you back again?
Polyd. Your love, sir.
Mem. And you shall have it, even my dearest love,
My first, my noblest love: take her again, sir;
She is yours, your honesty has over-run me:
She loves ye; lov'st her not?—Excellent princess,
Enjoy thy wish:—and now, get generals.
Polyd. As ye love Heaven, love him!—She is only yours, sir.
Mem. As ye love Heaven, love him.—She is only yours, sir.—
My lord the king——
Polyd. He will undo himself, sir,
And must without her perish: who shall fight, then?
Who shall protect your kingdom?
Mem. Give me hearing,
And, after that, belief. Were she my soul
(As I do love her equal), all my victories,
And all the living names I have gain'd by war,
And loving him, that good, that virtuous good man,
That only worthy of the name of brother,
I would resign all freely. 'Tis all love
To me, all marriage-rites, the joy of issues,
To know him fruitful, that has been so faithful.
King. This is the noblest difference!—Take your choice, sister.
Calis. I see they are so brave and noble both,
I know not which to look on.
Polyd. Choose discreetly,
And Virtue guide ye! There all the world, in one man
Stands at the mark.
Mem. There all man's honesty,

327 *lov'st her not?*] So F1, and all edd. F2 *lose her not.*
337 *And loving him*] i. e. and were she enamoured of him—continuing the protasis.
337 *good, that virtuous good*] The second *good* was silently omitted by Seward and Colman.

The sweetness of all youth.
Calis. Oh, gods!
Mem. My armour!—
By all the gods, she 's yours!—my arms, I say!—
And, I beseech your grace, give me employment:
That shall be now my mistress, there my courtship.
King. Ye shall have any thing.
Mem. Virtuous lady,
Remember me, your servant now.—Young man,
You cannot over-reach me in your goodness.—
Oh, Love! how sweet thou look'st now, and how gentle!
I should have slubber'd thee, and stain'd thy beauty.—
Your hand, your hand, sir!
King. Take her, and Heaven bless her!
Mem. So.
Polyd. 'Tis your will, sir, nothing of my merit;
And, as your royal gift, I take this blessing.
Calis. And I from Heaven this gentleman.—
Thanks, goddess!
Mem. So ye are pleased now, lady?
Calis. Now or never.
Mem. My cold stiff carcass would have frozen ye.—
Wars, wars!
King. Ye shall have wars.
Mem. My next brave battle
I dedicate to your bright honour, sister:
Give me a favour, that the world may know
I am your soldier.
Calis. This, and all fair fortunes!
[*Gives him a scarf.*
Mem. And he that bears this from me, must strike boldly. [CLEANTHE *kneeling.*
Calis. I do forgive thee: be honest: no more, wench.
King. Come, now to revels; this blest day shall prove
The happy crown of noble faith and love. [*Exeunt.*

350 *there*] F2. F1 reads *here*. If that be the true reading, an opposition is intended between his real passion for war and the courtly worship he will offer the Princess. Cf. l. 352, 'your servant now.'
352 *your servant*] Accepted as your courtier, authorised to pay attentions.
365 s.d. Gives . . . scarf] Added Weber.
366 s.d. Cleanthe kneeling] So Ff.

EPILOGUE

HERE lies the doubt now; let our plays be good,
Our own care sailing equal in this flood,
Our preparations new, new our attire,
Yet here we are becalm'd still, still i' th' mire,
Here we stick fast. Is there no way to clear
This passage of your judgment, and our fear?
No mitigation of that law? Brave friends,
Consider we are yours, made for your ends;
And every thing preserves itself; each will,
If not perverse and crooked, utters still
The best of that it ventures in. Have care,
Even for your pleasure's sake, of what we are,
And do not ruin all: you may frown still,
But 'tis the nobler way to check the will.

2 *care*] i. e. the actors' efforts, opposed to the playwright's (l. 1) as in Prologue, l. 2. Prof. Deighton (*Conjectural Readings*, p. 66) proposed *crare*, 'boat,' which occurs figuratively in *The Captain*, I. ii. 44, 'Let him venture In some decay'd crare of his own.'

9–10 *each will, . . . utters*] So F1. F2 *each will . . . utter*, which Mason accepted, as future. Colman, reading *utters*, interpreted 'it is the inclination of all fair dealers to sell their customers the best of their wares,' quoted, with approval, by Dyce. But surely Seward's explanation of *utters* is much simpler —'Speaks well of the ship in which he sends any venture,' or of the undertaking in which he invested. He rightly refers to the Prologue, where (ll. 7–8) the spectators are said to have ventured their shillings in the play.

THE LOYAL SUBJECT

EDITED BY JOHN MASEFIELD

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY R. WARWICK BOND

The Loyal Svbiect is the eleventh play in the Folio of 1647, occupying pp. 23–50 of the third system of pagination.

The Loyal Subject, A Tragi-Comedy is the thirteenth play in the Folio of 1679, occupying pp. 255–280 of the first system of pagination.

It appears in Theobald's edition (1750), vol. iii. (curavit Seward), in Colman's (1778), vol. iii., Weber's (1812), vol. vi., and Dyce's (1843), vol. vi.

The text of the 1679 Folio is reproduced in vol. iii. (1906) of the edition by A. R. Waller in the *Cambridge English Classics*, most of the variants from the 1647 Folio being given in an Appendix.

THE LOYAL SUBJECT

TEXT.—The differences between the folios are not numerous. A list of *dramatis personæ*, a statement of scene ('The Scene Mosco'), and the names of the actors, all absent in F1, are supplied in F2, which further presents rather the better text, and has been usually, but not invariably (*e.g.* I. iv. 14, II. i. 101, III. iii. 101, V. i. 1), followed. The separate scenes, except II. iv., IV. vii., V. vi., are marked (an unusual feature) in both folios, which also both show a fair number of stage directions, and print Prologue and Epilogue together at the end of the play. Weber added to the s.d., and Dyce yet further. The latter's metrical arrangement is here almost invariably followed.

ARGUMENT.—At a review in the days of the late duke of Muscovy the young prince's incompetent handling of the troops had induced his father to send the general, Archas, to correct and supersede him; and the prince's resentment and vague menaces on that occasion had caused Archas to vow retirement on his accession. The time come, he dedicates his armour in the temple; and the new duke, spite of the dissuasion of his sister Olympia and an honest lord Burris, exiles him from Court and appoints his flatterer, Boroskie, general in his room. Archas humbly submits, sternly silences the protests of his son, the colonel Theodore, and takes farewell of his devoted soldiers. Distinguishable among these are his humorous Ancient, and a captain Putskie, really his brother, who has recently joined the army in disguise for safety's sake, and placed the general's young son, Archas, also disguised as a girl (Alinda), in the service of the princess Olympia, where she readily wins her mistress's affection, and inspires a passion in the young duke. On a sudden invasion by the Tartars Boroskie feigns sickness: the soldiers will not fight save under Archas, and the duke is compelled to entreat him to resume the command. Archas yields, marches and conquers; but with the first news of victory the duke's jealousy revives, he listens to the suspicions instilled by Boroskie, and coldly postpones receiving his returning general. Archas loyally acquiesces, but cannot silence the indignant murmurs of his officers, who refuse the pay that is lavishly offered them. Boroskie recommends the duke to visit Archas promptly; but on the way betrays to him the secret of treasure entrusted to the general by the late duke, on oath by Archas and Boroskie to reveal it only in his successor's last necessity, and persuades him that Archas is using this to strengthen his own position with the army. On their arrival at his country-seat Archas, long endeavouring to evade the discovery, is overborne by the duke, who forces the door, makes himself master of the treasure, including Archas' private monies (recovered afterwards by means of Burris), and departs with a last order that he shall send his two daughters, Honora and Viola, to Court. Theodore, their brother, escorting them thither, protects them from unwelcome attentions by the blunt cynicism of his introduction of them to the courtiers; while the supposed Alinda, after an interview in which she rouses Honora's indignation by an assumed wantonness, gives them assurance of friendship. She herself, however, suspected by Olympia of yielding to the duke's advances, is dismissed by her mistress, her reproaches of the duke on this account interrupting a scene in which his loose desires have already been schooled by the new arrivals.

Meantime the Ancient has gathered a thousand soldiers to parade the city as pedlars, singing songs and reflecting seditiously on the government.

Boroskie lays the blame on Archas. He is invited to a supper, which, in spite of Theodore's warning, he attends; and there, on a distribution of fresh garments among the guests, he receives a black one, 'the robe of death.' Overcome by the treachery he breaks out in remonstrances, recites his past services, and denies inciting the sedition. The duke quits the hall with an injunction that his orders be not exceeded. Boroskie then advances as a capital charge that on the Tartar invasion Archas had removed his arms from the temple before the expiration of his vow, and, taunted with the meanness of this accusation, hales him off to torture. Burris instantly informs the duke, but too late to prevent either the torture of Archas or an attack on the palace by the infuriated soldiery under Theodore. Their rage is only allayed by the expostulations of the maimed and bleeding old man, whom Burris has rescued from the rack by order of his now repentant master; but, though quelled for the moment, they are not appeased, and march off to make common cause with the Tartar and avenge their general's wrongs. Pursued by Archas and Burris, they are again brought to submission by Archas's contemptuous rebuke of them as rebels, and led back to Moscow with Theodore a prisoner. The general is only prevented from sacrificing him to his Roman father's sense of justice by the appearance of Putskie in his real character as his brother, with the younger son left in his charge, whom he threatens to slay unless Theodore is spared. Young Archas has already visited Olympia in the character of Alinda's brother, and moved her to repent her dismissal. His identity with Alinda being now declared, the princess accepts him as a husband: while the duke himself espouses Honora, bestows Viola on Burris, and hands Boroskie over to Archas, who grants him a magnanimous pardon.

Date and Authorship.—The date 1618, and the sole authorship of Fletcher, have never been questioned. They are asserted in the following extracts from Sir Henry Herbert's Office Book—

"The Kings players sent me an ould booke of Fletchers called The Loyal Subject, formerly allowed by Sir George Bucke, 16 Novemb. 1618, which according to their desire and agreement I did peruse, and with some reformations allowed of, the 23 of Nov. 1633, for which they sent mee according to their promise *li.* o. o." (Added in the margin) "The first ould play sent mee to be perused by the K. players." . . .

"On tusday night at Whitehall the 10 of Decemb. 1633, was acted before the King and Queen, The Loyal Subject, made by Fletcher, and very well likt by the King" (*Malone's Shakespeare*, ed. Boswell, iii. 234).

Fleay points out that among the actors is Field, whom he holds to have retired from the stage at the time of Burbage's death, Mar. 13, 1618–19 (*Biog. Chron.*, i. 174). The marking of the scenes was no doubt done at the revival of 1633, when the reformations were made, and Prologue and Epilogue added, perhaps by Massinger. How far the alterations went it is impossible to say: probably they were but slight, for the marks of Fletcher's versification and of his spirit are omnipresent in the play as it stands. The reception of the duke's attentions by Alinda and the sisters reminds us of Celia and Antigonus in *The Humorous Lieutenant;* Young Archas inspiring passion in Olympia as he pleads Alinda's cause recalls Polydore and Calis in *The Mad Lover;* the relation between faithful old soldier and young prince is a favourite one, and Archas's extravagant loyalty is reproduced from that of Aecius in *Valentinian;* a popular rising against a tyrant and his favourite occurs again in *The Double Marriage;* the assumption of a pedlar's trade by the Ancient finds some parallel in *The Night Walker;* finally the visit of a prince to a subject's country-house and the discovery of his secret by the forcing of a door, as also the assumption of a wanton behaviour to check a lawless passion, are repeated in *The Maid in the Mill*, though there Fletcher was using Belleforest's version

rather than that of Bandello or of Painter. These resemblances of motive are of much more weight than the attribution of the play to Fletcher in the commendatory verse of Hills and Gardiner, and confirm the testimony of Herbert and the Prologue.

SOURCES.—In 1554 Bandello published at Lucca as the second tale of the first Part of his *Novelle* a story of jealousy conceived by Artaxerxes, King of Persia, against his noble and seneschal Ariobarzanes, on the ground that he strove to exceed his sovereign in acts of liberality and magnanimous courtesy and lay him under perpetual obligations. The instances mentioned are the voluntary losing of a game of chess, the robbing of his own horse of shoes to supply those lost in the chase by a favourite horse of the king's, and the pretended dropping of his lance at a tournament in order that the king's son might win the prize. The king chose the occasion of a great anniversary to degrade him from his post as seneschal and transfer it to his mortal enemy. Ariobarzanes acquiesced without a murmur; but could not forbear some complaint of sharp words spoken by the king in public. He was thereupon summoned, and his emulous spirit rebuked; and on his protest that he never knew magnanimity and courtesy made matter of blame was banished to his country-seat. For four months he lived contented in the society of his two daughters, when the fame of their extraordinary beauty induced the king to require him to send the fairest to Court. Ariobarzanes sent the younger and less fair, with the injunction that, should she find herself pregnant by the king, she should conceal it from him, but reveal that her sister was elder and fairer than she. The king married her, and after the ceremony Ariobarzanes doubled her dowry, which second dowry the king returned. Becoming pregnant the queen revealed, not her pregnancy, but her sister's prior claims; and the king, much annoyed to find he had been disobeyed, in spite of his love for her sent her back with her dowry and a demand for the elder sister. Ariobarzanes replied courteously that she was then ill, but should come when her health and beauty were restored; and, after the queen's delivery of a son, sent both sisters back to Court. To match this generosity the king bestowed the elder upon his son as wife. Ariobarzanes replied by sending the queen's newborn son as a gift in a splendid ivory cradle. Delighted with the boy's likeness to himself, the king could find no way of outdoing the gift save by offering Ariobarzanes his own daughter for wife. He accepted the offer and returned to Court, but feeling the disparity of the match showed little cheer or affection. When the princess was escorted to his lodging at night with a munificent dowry, he appointed her a dowry of similar value, and sent the king's back. Highly incensed the king laid the case before his council, who, in accordance with Persian custom which forbade a servant to attempt to surpass his lord, condemned him. Citing the tale of a falcon that for killing an eagle had been condemned by its royal owner to be first crowned with laurel and then beheaded, they pronounced a similar sentence on Ariobarzanes, who accepted it submissively and made a liberal will by which the king largely benefited. On the appointed day he received the laurel and was then stripped of his robes; but before the fatal stroke the king offered him pardon if he would own himself overcome, which he did, and in a long ensuing speech pointed out that the difference between them was owing neither to the king's malice, nor his own fault, but to envious misrepresentation. The king, entirely reconciled, made him lieutenant-general of all his realms.

It will be perceived that Fletcher's plot makes the widest departures from Bandello's tale, which was translated into French, with verbal amplification but without change of detail in Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques* (ed. 1603, vol. iv. pp. 193–238, Hist. 57), and into English in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* (Tome ii. Nov. 4), 1567. No ultimate source has been indicated: it does not

appear in the collection of Petrus Alphonsus, nor in the *Gesta Romanorum*; nor do we find it in the *Thousand and One Nights*. But it must certainly be of Arabian origin, the author perhaps confusing Artaxerxes or Ardeshir, A.D. 226–240, the first of the Sassanid dynasty, who 'amazzò Artabano, ultimo Re de gli Arsacidi' (Bandello), with Artaxerxes, king of Persia B.C. 405–362, from whom Ariobarzanes, satrap of Phrygia, revolted (Diodorus, xv. 90). The motive of patient subject and jealous prince is widespread, appearing in the Greek myths of Prometheus, of Hercules, of Jason, and with predominating love-interest in the tale of Bellerophon, in Marie de France's *Lay of Eliduc*, and in the story of the knight Phebus in the *Palamedes*, which Professor Pio Rajna assigns as the original of Lidia's in the *Orlando Furioso*, xxxiv. (*Le Fonti*, pp. 538–540). The motive of a competition in generosity between two wealthy individuals, leading one to plot the murder of the other, occurs in another Eastern tale, of Nathan and Mitridanes, embodied, in the *Decamerone*, x. 3; while for the common circumstance of rivalry for royal favour we need go no further than Haman and Mordecai. In Lope de Vega's *El Duque de Viseo*, as sketched in Klein's *Geschichte des Drama's*, x. 490 (referred to by Ward, ii. 701 note), a plot founded on Portuguese history, we find no adequate resemblance.

On Painter or Bandello Thomas Heywood closely founded his play, *The Royal King and the Loyal Subject*; adding an underplot of Captain Bonville and Lady Margaret Audley; substituting for the Persian king some unspecified king of England; and making the Prince and Princess, who are the merest adjuncts in Bandello, active advocates for the victimized Marshal. The play was produced, as the number of rhymed lines seems to show, before or about 1600, but not printed, so far as known, before the quarto of 1637, and first edited by J. P. Collier for the old Shakespeare Society, 1850. Mr. Fleay (*Biog. Chron.*, i. 300) identifies it with the lost *Marshal Osric* by Heywood and Wentworth Smith of 1602, considering it to have been rewritten and played by Queen Henrietta's men about Christmas 1633, in consequence of the revival of Fletcher's *Loyal Subject* in November. Dyce ('Some Account,' etc.) followed by Ward (ii. 699) maintained that Fletcher made no use of Heywood's play; and the lack of evidence of its appearance in print before 1637, and the closeness of its adherence to the novel, make it somewhat difficult to prove the contrary. Points which Fletcher has in common with Painter and Heywood are the suspicion of the sovereign and the transference of the hero's office to his greatest enemy, the exile to a country-seat, the patience with which successive wrongs are endured, the quiet life with two loving daughters, the demand for their presence at Court, the union between king and subject by marriage-ties and final reconciliation. One or the other, it seems, Fletcher must have used. But whereas he employs no feature of the novel not found in the play, unless it be the mention of black cloth draping the scaffold, which might be held to suggest the black robe of IV. v. 20, he resembles the play in several features not found in the novel. Thus the novel specifies no martial achievements of Ariobarzanes, such as Heywood credits the Marshal with in 'the holy wars' against 'Infidels' from which they are just returned. In the novel the king appears rather as his own instigator: the courtiers' envy and intrigue is not definitely embodied in creatures like Heywood's Chester and Clinton, or Fletcher's Boroskie, whose trait of cowardice is perhaps suggested by Chester and Clinton's confession (Act I.) that they dare not meet the Marshal in personal combat. In the novel the demand of his daughters excites in Ariobarzanes no moral apprehensions. It is Heywood who, transferring the scene from Persia to Christian England, makes the Marshal anxious to

> 'arm their youth
> Against the smooth and amorous baits of Court,

and exhibits both sisters as resolved to guard their virtue at all hazards; an example in which Fletcher might find suggestion for the similar professions of Honora and Viola, and for the cynical speeches of their brother Theodore (III. ii. iv., IV. ii.). Heywood, too, is the better example for the sympathy of Olympia and young Archas for the general. These points seem to indicate the play rather than the novel as Fletcher's source. Though not printed, he may have witnessed or even read it; and it is difficult to believe he would have chosen his title save as a direct challenge of comparison with it, a comparison he had no reason to fear.

His departures, as already said, are very considerable. The subtlety of the Eastern tale, where generosity is seen passing into selfishness and humility into pride, is exchanged for a simple contrast between a half-spoiled young prince, jealous of a felt superiority, and an extravagantly loyal subject, whose verbal protests are, however, spirited enough. The leaven of emulation in Ariobarzanes, or the Marshal, is eliminated in Archas; and the whole play receives a military rather than a civil cast, which enables the poet to introduce some reminiscences both of Shakespeare and of Roman History. Some lines about the Volga (I. iii. 26–9), re-echoed as Koeppel notes in IV. v. 69–70, recall a passage about the Severn in 1 *Henry IV.*, I. iii.; and the Tartar invasion, and the helplessness of the authorities without the general, reflect somewhat the similar situation in *Coriolanus*. Archas' intent to sacrifice Theodore recalls the earlier Brutus, his quelling of the revolted troops by calling them 'rebels' seems suggested by Cæsar's address of his mutinous legions as 'Quirites!', and a line or two of Archas on his treacherous seizure at the banquet (IV. v. 34–41) may be reminiscent of the terrors Caligula loved to inspire in his guests (Suet., *Calig.*, 32). Further additions to the tale are the visit to the country-house and discovery of the treasure, the torture of Archas, the attack on the palace, the revolt and its subjugation; and an underplot, rather superficially attached, is supplied by the introduction of the disguised Putskie and young Archas, whose substitution as husband of the princess (made the duke's sister, not daughter) gets rid of the absurdity of making Archas his own grandfather by marriage. Theodore, who assists either plot, is also added; though some of his scenes are felt as superfluous (II. v., III. i., IV. ii. except the last 30 ll.).

There can be no doubt Weber was right in attributing Fletcher's transfer of the scene to Moscow to his perusal of a work by his uncle Dr. Giles Fletcher, entitled, *Of the Rvsse Common Wealth. or Maner of Gouernement by the Russe Emperour (commonly called the Emperour of Moskouia) . . . London . . . 1591* (ed. for the Hakluyt Society by Edw. A. Bond, 1856). The use made of it is not large: but 'Boroskie' is probably suggested by the frequent recurrence of '*boiarskey*' for 'gentlemen'; 'Putskie' may be taken from 'the *pudkey* or whip,' p. 42 (with 'to have him examined upon the *pudkey* or other torture,' p. 3, cf. Archas *whipped* and tortured); 'Burris' is the '*Borris* Federowich Godonoe' mentioned several times as all-powerful with the prince; the passage II. i. 20 about the duke's want of money and having 'so many ways to raise it' recurs to us when we find on pp. 54–9 a systematic description of ten 'Means used to draw the wealth of the land into the emperours treasurie'; the frequency of Tartar wars is mentioned pp. 71, 75, and the following mention of the doubtful fidelity of the troops and the combustible materials of Moscow (cf. I. iii. 234–7, 243–4) is particularly significant for our play—'In the yeare 1571, he [*i. e.* 'the Chrim Tartar (whome some call the Great Cham)'] came as farre as the cittie of Mosko, with an armie of 200,000 men, without any battaile or resistance at all; for that the Russe emperour (then Ivan Vasilowich) leading foorth his armie to encounter with him, marched a wrong way; but as it was thought of very purpose, as not daring to adventure the fielde, by reason that hee doubted his nobilitie and chiefe

captaines of a meaning to betray him to the Tartar. The citie he tooke not, but fired the suburbs, which by reason of the buildinges (which is all of wood, without any stone, brick, or lime, save certaine out roomes) kindled so quickly and went on with such rage, as that it consumed the greatest part of the citie almost within the space of foure houres, being of thirty miles or more of compasse' (ch. xix. pp. 85–6). The name of the Tartar chief 'Olin' (I. v. 85, IV. v. 65) does not occur in ch. xix., but is probably a fictitious one suggested by ch. xx., p. 101, 'Their travaile [*i. e.* the 'Lappes'] to and fro is upon sleds, drawen by the *Olen* deer.' 'Petesca' does not occur.

HISTORY.—Allusion should perhaps be made to Massinger's play called at first *The King and the Subject*, for work on which Herbert records receiving £1 on June 2, 1638. He licensed it on June 5, on strict condition that the prescribed alterations were observed, Charles I. having marked against a passage about raising money by blanks—'This is too insolent, and to bee changed.' Among other things the title was changed, Mr. Fleay thinks to *The Tyrant*, one of those destroyed by Warburton's cook (*Biog. Chron.*, i. 229). The passage objected to by the king was a speech by 'Don Pedro king of Spayne' (Boswell's *Malone's Shakesp.*, iii. 240). It is improbable that the play bore any close resemblance to Fletcher's, with which Massinger had perhaps already been concerned.

Our play was among those acted at the Restoration (1659–1660) by Rhodes' company, which was formed of new men playing at Salisbury Court (Genest, i. 30–32). It was one of those in which Thomas Betterton (born *c.* 1635), and Kynaston, distinguished themselves. Sheppy took the part of Theodore. Kynaston seems to have soon quitted Rhodes, and joined the rival company of old actors under Killegrew, collected about the same time and playing at the Cockpit in Drury Lane. *The Loyal Subject* is the first play mentioned by Pepys. 'Aug. 18th, 1660. Captain Ferrers took me and Creed to the Cockpitt play, the first that I have had time to see since my coming from sea. "The Loyall Subject," where one Kinaston, a boy, acted the Duke's sister, but made the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life.' Pepys first saw women on the stage on Jan. 3, 1661. The play also appears under date Feb. 1660–1 in a list of performances made by Sir Henry Herbert in case he should be able to establish his old claim to fees (*Malone*, iii. 274).

Genest (ii. 324) records a revival of Fletcher's play at Drury Lane, July 25–29, 1705, when, he says, it had not been acted for twenty years. He gives the cast from an edition of 1706: and adds that an alteration by the elder Sheridan was played at Dublin, but not printed. There exists, however, an edition of Fletcher's play, unaltered, 'Dublin: Printed by James Esdall, on Cork-hill, MDCCXLVIII.' 12°.

An alteration that was both played (at the Queen's Theatre, Haymarket) and printed, survives in *The Faithful General: A Tragedy . . . written by a Young Lady* [*M. N.*] . . . *London* . . . *1706*, occasioned, no doubt, by the revival of the preceding year. It is of inordinate length, and written in regular and uninspired blank verse, save for 170 rhymed lines at the end of Act II. In a fulsome dedication to the Duchess of Ormond the authoress announces it as her first essay in poetry, complains bitterly of the cutting and alteration it underwent at the hands of the actors, and professes to have 'changed everything but the character of Archas and the soldiers' fidelity to him.' She alters, indeed, all the names save Theodore, transmutes the duke into 'Galerius, emperor of the East,' and lays the scene at 'Byzantium'; but the lines of the main plot are pretty faithfully retained, save that she drops the treasure-episode and the revolt. Young Archas is eliminated, and a passion between Theodore and Constantia (Olympia) substituted. Long love-scenes

between these, as between 'Artimesia' (the general's sole surviving daughter) and the emperor, together with a treasonable conspiracy added to Lycinius' (Boroskie) villainy, and the death of Marus (Archas) as a result of the torture, are her chief alterations. She retains, however, in inverted commas, some of Fletcher's verse, and not the worst; and had evidently perceived some weak spots in the play which she was quite unable to replace by stronger work. An undated quarto (1700? *Brit. Mus. Cat.*) with title *The Loyal Subject; or the Faithful General* reprints Fletcher's play, with a preface alluding to the above as a 'spurious Brat now handing into the world by the Midwifry of the Press,' as produced by 'some Puny Poetaster disguis'd under the Coverture of a Petticoat,' and as having been baulked of success on the stage by a revival of Fletcher's play on the same day—amenities which mark the undated quarto clearly as of 1706.

PROLOGUE

WE need not, noble gentlemen, to invite
Attention, pre-instruct you who did write
This worthy story, being confident
The mirth join'd with grave matter, and intent
To yield the hearers profit with delight,
Will speak the maker: and to do him right
Would ask a genius like to his; the age
Mourning his loss, and our now-widow'd stage
In vain lamenting. I could add, so far
Behind him the most modern writers are,
That when they would commend him, their best praise
Ruins the buildings which they strive to raise
To his best memory. So much a friend
Presumes to write, secure 't will not offend
The living, that are modest; with the rest,
That may repine, he cares not to contest.
This debt to Fletcher paid, it is profess'd
By us the actors, we will do our best
To send such favouring friends, as hither come
To grace the scene, pleased and contented home.

PROLOGUE] Found in both Ff with Epilogue on one page with the conclusion of the play. "Was probably written for the revival of the play in 1633, and may have been, as Weber supposes, from the pen of Shirley."—Dyce.

13 *best*] In the *Postscript* to vol. iii. ed. 1750 Seward proposes *blest* as the true reading here. "From the context, the author seems undoubtedly to have written '*best.*'"—Ed. 1778.

16 *cares not to contest*] i. e. despises the contest.—Mason.

PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THE PLAY

GREAT DUKE of Moscovia.

ARCHAS, the Loyal Subject, General of the Moscovites.

THEODORE, son to ARCHAS; valorous, but impatient.

PUTSKIE, alias BRISKIE, a captain, brother to ARCHAS.

ALINDA, alias ARCHAS, son to ARCHAS.

BURRIS, an honest lord, the DUKE'S favourite.

BOROSKIE, a malicious seducing counsellor to the DUKE.

Ensign to ARCHAS, a stout merry soldier.

Soldiers.

Gentlemen.

Guard.

Servants.

WOMEN.

OLYMPIA, sister to the DUKE.

HONORA, VIOLA, } daughters of ARCHAS.

PETESCA, Ladies, } servants to OLYMPIA.

Bawd, a court lady.

SCENE.—*Moscow and the neighbouring country.*

The principal actors were—

RICHARD BURBADGE.	NATHANIEL FIELD.
HENRY CONDEL.	JOHN UNDERWOOD.
JOHN LOWIN.	NICHOLAS TOOLIE.
RICHARD SHARPE.	WILLIAM EGGLESTONE.

Putskie, Briskie, Boroskie] Following the list in the 1679 Folio; that of 1647 omits the list. Dyce prints the names with a *y* final, *Putsky*, *Brisky*, *Borosky*.

Ensign] As this character is called *Ancient* all through the play, we know not any reason for calling him "*Ensign.*"—Mason. *Ancient* is the same as *Ensign*.

Petesca] *Potesca* in list of F2.

Bawd] Thus in the list of second folio. She figures as "Lady" in Act IV. Sc. II.

SCENE.—*Moscow, etc.*] Dyce. F2 'The Scene Mosco.' No statement in F1.

The principal actors, etc.] List of actors as F2. No list F1.

THE LOYAL SUBJECT

A TRAGI-COMEDY

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Moscow. A street.

Enter THEODORE *and* PUTSKIE.

Theod. Captain, your friend 's preferr'd ; the princess has her ;
Who, I assure myself, will use her nobly :
A pretty sweet one 'tis, indeed.
Puts. Well bred, sir,
I do deliver that upon my credit,
And of an honest stock.
Theod. It seems so, captain,
And no doubt will do well.
Puts. Thanks to your care, sir.
But tell me, noble colonel, why this habit
Of discontent is put on through the army?
And why your valiant father, our great general,
The hand that taught to strike, the love that led all,
Why he, that was the father of the war,
He that begot, and bred the soldier,
Why he sits shaking of his arms, like autumn,
His colours folded, and his drums cased up,

A Tragi-Comedy] The words A Tragi-Comedy are omitted in the first folio.
ACT I. SC. I.] The play is divided into acts and scenes. Web., 1812, marked the localities, and the modern editors follow his suggestions.
1 *preferr'd*] advanced, promoted, appointed.
12 *soldier*] soldiery, as l. 44. Cf. *Humorous Lieut.*, IV. ii. 91, "See the soldier paid, Leontius."

The tongue of war for ever tied within us?
Theod. It must be so. Captain, you are a stranger,
But of a small time here a soldier,
Yet that time shews ye a right good and great one,
Else I could tell ye, hours are strangely alter'd:
The young duke has too many eyes upon him,
Too many fears 'tis thought too; and, to nourish those,
Maintains too many instruments.
Puts. Turn their hearts,
Or turn their heels up, Heaven! 'Tis strange it should be;
The old duke loved him dearly.
Theod. He deserved it;
And, were he not my father, I durst tell ye,
The memorable hazards he has run through
Deserved of this man too; highly deserved too:
Had they been less, they had been safe[r], Putskie,
And sooner reach'd regard.
Puts. There you struck sure, sir.
Theod. Did I never tell thee of a vow he made,
Some years before the old duke died?
Puts. I have heard ye
Speak often of that vow; but how it was,
Or to what end, I never understood yet.
Theod. I 'll tell thee then, and then thou wilt find the reason.
The last great muster, ('twas before ye served here,)
Before the last duke's death, whose honour'd bones
Now rest in peace, this young prince had the ordering
(To crown his father's hopes) of all the army:
Who (to be short) put all his power to practice,
Fashion'd and drew 'em up; but, alas, so poorly,
So raggedly and loosely, so unsoldier'd,

20 *him*] i. e. Archas.—Mason.

23 *turn their heels up*] For *heels* we should now read *toes*. Perhaps the phrase alluded to the position of the feet when the patient's head was on the block, awaiting the "two-handed engine."

28 *Had they been less*] "Had his military prowess been less, he would have been less an object of envy and jealousy, and sooner have been rewarded."—Ed. 1778.

28 *safe[r]*] The folios read *safe*. Seward reads *safer* for the metre's sake.

35] The folios close the parenthesis after *peace* in l. 37. The present reading follows Mason.

39 *power to practice*] Seward altered *to* to *in*.

The good duke blush'd, and call'd unto my father,
Who then was general, "Go, Archas, speedily,
And chide the boy before the soldier find him;
Stand thou between his ignorance and them;
Fashion their bodies new to thy direction;
Then draw thou up, and shew the prince his errors."
My sire obey'd, and did so; with all duty
Inform'd the prince, and read him all directions:
This bred distaste, distaste grew up to anger,
And anger into wild words broke out thus:
"Well, Archas, if I live but to command here,
To be but duke once, I shall then remember,
I shall remember truly, trust me, I shall,
And, by my father's hand"—the rest his eyes spoke.
To which my father answer'd (somewhat moved too),
And with a vow he seal'd it: "Royal sir,
Since, for my faith and fights, your scorn and anger
Only pursue me; if I live to that day,
That day so long expected to reward me,
By his so-ever-noble hand you swore by,
And by the hand of Justice, never arms more
Shall rib this body in, nor sword hang here, sir:
The conflicts I will do you service then in,
Shall be repentant prayers." So they parted.
The time is come; and now you know the wonder.
Puts. I find a fear too; which begins to tell me,
The duke will have but poor and slight defences,
If his hot humour reign, and not his honour.
How stand you with him, sir?
Theod. A perdu, captain,
Full of my father's danger.
Puts. He has raised a young man,
They say a slight young man (I know him not)
For what desert?
Theod. Believe it, a brave gentleman,

44 *soldier*] Second folio has *Souldiers*. See note to l. 12.
48 *with all duty*] with fitting reverence, respectfully.
68 *slight defences*] ill protection; will be badly shielded, ill-supplied with soldiers.
70 *perdu*] "A quibble (as Weber remarks) on *perdu* in its sense of—one of the forlorn hope, and its literal meaning—lost. The folios having no comma after *perdu*, the modern editors understood it as an epithet to *captain*."—Dyce.

Worthy the duke's respect, a clear sweet gentleman,
And of a noble soul. Come, let 's retire us,
And wait upon my father, who within this hour
You will find an alter'd man.
Puts. I am sorry for 't, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An apartment in the Palace.

Enter OLYMPIA, PETESCA, *and* Gentlewoman.

Olym. Is 't not a handsome wench?
Gent. She is well enough, madam:
I have seen a better face and a straighter body;
And yet she is a pretty gentlewoman.
Olym. What thinkest thou, Petesca?
Pet. Alas, madam,
I have no skill! she has a black eye, which
Is of the least too, and the dullest water;
And when her mouth was made, for certain, madam,
Nature intended her a right good stomach.
Olym. She has a good hand.
Gent. 'Tis good enough to hold fast,
And strong enough to strangle the neck of a lute.
Olym. What think ye of her colour?
Pet. If it be her own,
'Tis good black blood; right weather-proof, I warrant it.

74 *Worthy*] Seward's emendation. Ff *Worth.*
Sc. II. An apartment, etc.] Added Weber.
s.d. Enter Olympia, etc.] 'Enter Olympia and two Gentlewomen.'—Folios.
3 *And yet*] Seward gives this line to Olympia.
4–5 *What . . . which*] The second folio divides the lines thus:

"*Olym.* What thinkst thou, Petesca?
Pet. Alas, madam, I have no skill, she has a black eye,
Which is," etc.

a division followed by ed. 1778. Dyce's reading is followed here.
12 *black blood, etc.*] The "black, melancholious and heremeticall humours" were "thicke" and crude, and their owners, I presume, less sensitive, therefore, to the changes of the weather. Perhaps there is some double meaning. "Black wenches" seem to have been regarded with suspicion.

Gent. What a strange pace she has got!
Olym. That 's but her breeding.
Pet. And what a manly body! methinks she looks
As though she would pitch the bar, or go to buffets.
Gent. Yet her behaviour 's utterly against it,
For methinks she is too bashful.
Olym. Is that hurtful?
Gent. Even equal to too bold; either of 'em, madam,
May do her injury when time shall serve her.
Olym. You discourse learnedly. Call in the wench.— [*Exit* Gentlewoman.
What envious fools are you! Is the rule general,
That women can speak handsomely of none,
But those they are bred withal?
Pet. Scarce well of those, madam,
If they believe they may outshine 'em any way:
Our natures are like oil, compound us with any thing,
Yet still we strive to swim o' th' top. Suppose there were here now,
Now in this court of Moscow, a stranger-princess,
Of blood and beauty equal to your excellence,
As many eyes and services stuck on her;
What would you think?
Olym. I would think she might deserve it.
Pet. Your grace shall give me leave not to believe ye;
I know you are a woman, and so humour'd.
I 'll tell ye, madam; I could then get more gowns on ye,
More caps and feathers, more scarfs, and more silk stockings,
With rocking you asleep with nightly railings
Upon that woman, than if I had nine lives
I could wear out. By this hand ye would scratch her eyes out

15 *pitch the bar*] To "spurne the barre," or "toss the caber," was one of the manly pastimes of antiquity. W. Denny mentions it as one of the Cotswold games formerly held at Chipping Campden. The *Annalia Dubrensia* gives a quaint woodcut of two heroes about to spurne the barre. "To go to buffets" was to box, or to exchange blow for blow in the manner of the ancient Hollanders.

32 *and so humour'd*] "i. e. possessed of the desires and humours of a woman." —Mason.

Olym. Thou art deceived, fool. Now let your own eyes mock ye.

[*Re*]-*enter* Gentlewoman, *and* ALINDA.

Come hither, girl.—Hang me, an she be not a handsome one!
Pet. I fear it will prove indeed so.
Olym. Did you ever serve yet
In any place of worth?
Alin. No, royal lady.
Pet. Hold up your head; fie!
Olym. Let her alone; stand from her.
Alin. It shall be now,
Of all the blessings my poor youth has pray'd for,
The greatest and the happiest to serve you;
And, might my promise carry but that credit
To be believed, because I am yet a stranger,
Excellent lady, when I fall from duty,
From all the service that my life can lend me,
May everlasting misery then find me!
Olym. [*To* PETESCA *and* Gent.] What think ye now?—I do believe, and thank ye;
And sure I shall not be so far forgetful,
To see that honest faith die unrewarded.
What must I call your name?
Alin. Alinda, madam.
Olym. Can ye sing?
Alin. A little, when my grief will give me leave, lady.
Olym. What grief canst thou have, wench? thou art not in love?
Alin. If I be, madam, 'tis only with your goodness;
For yet I never saw that man I sigh'd for.
Olym. Of what years are you?

38 *eyes*] Folio 1. *eye* in folio 2.
38 s.d. and Alinda] Ff Weber and Dyce speak of Alinda as "Young Archas" throughout.
40 *can lend me*] "Seward reads '*can lend* ye.' But the old text is good meaning all the services which my space of life can afford me to execute." ber, quoted by Dyce.
s.d. To Petesca] Weber; 'and Gent.' Dyce.

Alin. My mother oft has told me,
That very day and hour this land was bless'd
With your most happy birth, I first saluted
This world's fair light. Nature was then so busy,
And all the Graces, to adorn your goodness,
I stole into the world poor and neglected.
Olym. Something there was, when I first look'd upon thee,
Made me both like and love thee; now I know it;
And you shall find that knowledge shall not hurt you.
I hope ye are a maid?
Alin. I hope so too, madam;
I am sure, for any man: and, were I otherwise,
Of all the services my hopes could point at,
I durst not touch at yours.

Flourish. Enter DUKE, BURRIS, *and* Gentlemen.

Pet. The great-duke, madam.
Duke. Good morrow, sister.
Olym. A good day to your highness.
Duke. I am come to pray you use no more persuasions
For this old stubborn man; nay, to command ye:
His sail is swell'd too full; he is grown too insolent,
Too self-affected, proud: those poor slight services
He has done my father and myself have blown him
To such a pitch, he flies to stoop our favours.
Olym. I am sorry, sir: I ever thought those services
Both great and noble.
Bur. However, may it please ye
But to consider 'em a true heart's servants,
Done out of faith to you, and not self-fame;
Do but consider, royal sir, the dangers,
When you have slept secure, the midnight tempests,
That, as he march'd, sung through his aged locks;
When you have fed at full, the wants and famines;

72 *great-duke*] "We now say *grand-duke*."—Weber, who inserted hyphen.
78 *have*] Seward. Both the folios *has*.
79 *to stoop our favours*] i. e. to rush down upon our favours, as a hawk upon its prey. On this passage, in ed. 1778, Reed has an unmercifully long note. Dyce.
84 *Do but consider*] Dyce follows the first folio, and the eighteenth century editions, and reads *But to consider*. I give the reading of the second folio.

The fires of heaven, when you have found all temperate;
Death, with his thousand doors——
Duke. I have consider'd;—
No more;—and that I will have, shall be.
Olym. For the best,
I hope, all still.
Duke. What handsome wench is that there?
Olym. My servant, sir.
Duke. Prithee, observe her, Burris:
Is she not wondrous handsome? speak thy freedom.
Bur. She appears no less to me sir.
Duke. Of whence is she?
Olym. Her father, I am told, is a good gentleman,
But far off dwelling: her desire to serve me
Brought her to th' court, and here her friends have left her.
Duke. She may find better friends.—Ye are welcome,
fair one; [ALINDA *kneels.*
I have not seen a sweeter. By your lady's leave:
[*The* DUKE *kisses, and raises her.*
Nay, stand up, sweet; we 'll have no superstition.
You have got a servant; you may use him kindly,
And he may honour ye.—Good morrow, sister.
Olym. Good morrow to your grace.
[*Exeunt* DUKE, BURRIS, *and* Gentlemen.
How the wench blushes!
How like an angel now she looks!
Gent. [*Aside to* PETESCA.] At first jump,
Jump into the duke's arms! We must look to you,
Indeed we must; the next jump we are journeymen.
Pet. I see the ruin of our hopes already;

89 *Death, with his thousand doors*] "Again II. i. 217 and *Cust. of the Country*, II. ii. 36, 'Death has so many doors to let out life,' and very often in the Elizabethans, e. g. Hughes' *Misfortunes of Arthur*, I. iii., 'A thousand ways do guide us to our graves.' The original is Seneca's *Phœnissæ*, I. 153-4—

'Eripere vitam nemo non homini potest;
At nemo mortem: *mille ad hanc aditus patent.*'"

R. W. Bond.

91 *I hope,*] The folios omit the comma after *hope.*

98] Printed in folios as two lines. Stage directions due to Dyce and Weber.

101 *a servant*] a lover and admirer. The Duke speaks of himself.

103 s.d.] Ff, Ex. Duke and Burris.

104, 109, 125 Gent.] Colman, for '1 Wom.' of Ff a mistake for '2 Wom.' of the earlier part of scene, Petesca being the first. 'Aside,' etc.] first in Weber.

105 *Jump*] "straight," "directly."

Would she were at home again, milking her father's cows!
Gent. I fear she 'll milk all the great courtiers first.
Olym. This has not made ye proud?
Alin. No, certain, madam.
Olym. It was the duke that kiss'd ye.
Alin. 'Twas your brother,
And therefore nothing can be meant but honour.
Olym. But, say he love ye?
Alin. That he may with safety:
A prince's love extends to all his subjects.
Olym. But, say in more particular?
Alin. Pray, fear not:
For virtue's sake deliver me from doubts, lady.
'Tis not the name of king, nor all his promises,
His glories, and his greatness, stuck about me,
Can make me prove a traitor to your service:
You are my mistress, and my noble master,
Your virtues my ambition, and your favour
The end of all my love, and all my fortune:
And, when I fail in that faith——
Olym. I believe thee——
Come, wipe your eyes—I do.—Take you example.
Pet. [*Aside to* Gent.] I would her eyes were out!
Gent. If the wind stand in this door,
We shall have but cold custom. Some trick or other,
And speedily!
Pet. Let me alone to think on 't.
Olym. Come, be you near me still.
Alin. With all my duty.
[*Exeunt.*

116 *For virtue's sake, etc.*] "The word *doubts* is here used in rather an uncommon sense. Alinda does not mean doubts that had arisen in her own mind, but doubtful opinions conceived of her by others, especially by Olympia." —Mason.

SCENE III.

An open place before the Palace.

Enter ARCHAS, THEODORE, PUTSKIE, ANCIENT, *and* Soldiers *carrying his armour piecemeal, his colours wound up, and his drums in cases.*

Theod. This is the heaviest march we e'er trod, captain.
Puts. This was not wont to be: these honour'd pieces,
The fiery god of war himself would smile at,
Buckled upon that body, were not wont thus,
Like relics, to be offer'd to long rust,
And heavy-eyed oblivion brood upon 'em.
Archas. There set 'em down: and, glorious War, farewell!
Thou child of honour and ambitious thoughts,
Begot in blood, and nursed with kingdoms' ruins;
Thou golden danger, courted by thy followers
Through fires and famines; for one title from thee
Prodigal mankind spending all his fortunes;
A long farewell I give thee! Noble arms,
You ribs for mighty minds, you iron houses,
Made to defy the thunder-claps of Fortune,
Rust and consuming time must now dwell with ye!
And thou, good sword, that knew'st the way to conquest,
Upon whose fatal edge despair and death dwelt,
That, when I shook thee thus, fore-shew'd destruction,
Sleep now from blood, and grace my monument!
Farewell, my eagle! when thou flew'st, whole armies
Have stoop'd below thee: at passage I have seen thee
Ruffle the Tartars, as they fled thy fury,

SC. III.] Locality as by Weber and Dyce.
s.d. here as Ff. Dyce 'the armour of Archas' for 'his armour.'
22 *stoop'd*] "Reed having said that 'all the terms in this speech are taken from falconry,' Mason justly observes that, while in I. ii. 79 'stoop' is used as a term of falconry, in the present passage 'stoop'd' is employed in its common acceptation of crouching."—Dyce.

And bang 'em up together, as a tassel,
Upon the stretch, a flock of fearful pigeons:
I yet remember when the Volga curl'd,
The aged Volga, when he heaved his head up,
And raised his waters high, to see the ruins,
The ruins our swords made, the bloody ruins;
Then flew this bird of honour bravely, gentlemen
But these must be forgotten: so must these too,
And all that tend to arms, by me for ever.
Take 'em, you holy men; my vow take with 'em,
Never to wear 'em more: trophies I give 'em,
And sacred rites of war, to adorn the temple:
There let 'em hang, to tell the world their master
Is now devotion's soldier, fit for prayer.
Why do ye hang your heads? why look you sad friends?
I am not dying yet.
Theod. Ye are indeed to us, sir.
Puts. Dead to our fortunes, general.
Archas. You 'll find a better,
A greater, and a stronger man to lead ye,
And to a stronger fortune. I am old, friends;
Time and the wars together make me stoop, gentlemen,
Stoop to my grave; my mind unfurnish'd too,
Empty and weak as I am; my poor body
Able for nothing now but contemplation,
And that will be a task too to a soldier.
Yet, had they but encouraged me, or thought well
Of what I have done, I think I should have ventured
For one knock more; I should have made a shift yet
To have broke one staff more, handsomely, and have died
Like a good fellow and an honest soldier,
In the head of ye all, with my sword in my hand,
And so have made an end of all with credit.

24 *tassel*] "The tassel, properly *tiercel*, is the male of the gosshawk, so called because, says Steevens, 'it is a third less than the female.'"—Weber. But, according to Turbervile, "he is named a Tyercelet, for that there are most commonlie disclosed three birds in one selfe eyree, two Hawkes and one Tiercell," see *Book of Falconrie*, ed. 1611.—Dyce.

26 *I yet remember*] Cf. Shakespeare, *Henry IV.*, Part I. Act I. Scene iii.

39, 41 *Ye . . . ye*] Dyce here and in many other places changes the Ff *ye* to *you*. Fletcher was inordinately fond of using the form *ye*.

Theod. Well, there will come an hour, when all these injuries,
These secure slights——
Archas. Ha! no more of that, sirrah;
Not one word more of that, I charge ye!
Theod. I must speak, sir:
And may that tongue forget to sound your service,
That 's dumb to your abuses!
Archas. Understand, fool,
That voluntary I sit down.
Theod. You are forced, sir,
Forced for your safety: I too well remember
The time and cause, and I may live to curse 'em,
You made this vow; and whose unnobleness,
Indeed forgetfulness of good——
Archas. No more;
As thou art mine, no more!
Theod. Whose doubts and envies——
But the devil will have his due.
Puts. Good gentle colonel——
Theod. And though disgraces, and contempt of honour
Reign now, the wheel must turn again.
Archas. Peace, sirrah!
Your tongue 's too saucy. Do ye stare upon me?
Down with that heart, down suddenly, down with it;
Down with that disobedience; tie that tongue up!
Theod. Tongue!
Archas. Do not provoke me to forget my vow, sirrah,
And draw that fatal sword again in anger.
Puts. For Heaven's sake, colonel——
Archas. Do not let me doubt
Whose son thou art, because thou canst not suffer:
Do not play with mine anger; if thou dost,
By all the loyalty my heart holds——
Theod. I have done, sir;
Pray, pardon me.
Archas. I pray ye, be worthy of it:
Beshrew your heart, you have vex'd me.

66 *gentle*] F1 misprints *yentle*.
69 *ye*] *you* F2.
79 *I pray ye*] F2 *I pray*. Dyce *I pray you*. Perhaps the right reading is *I*, meaning "Ay"—"Ay, pray be worthy of it."

Theod. I am sorry, sir.
Archas. Go to; no more of this; be true and honest;
I know ye are man enough; mould it to just ends,
And let not my disgraces; then I am miserable,
When I have nothing left me but thy angers.
Puts. An 't please ye, sir, the duke. [*Flourish.*

Enter DUKE, BURRIS, BOROSKIE, Gentlemen, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Now, what 's all this?
The meaning of this ceremonious emblem?
Archas. Your grace should first remember——
Bor. [*Aside to the* DUKE.] There 's his nature.
Duke. I do, and shall remember still that injury,
That at the muster; where it pleased your greatness
To laugh at my poor soldiership, to scorn it;
And, more to make me seem ridiculous,
Took from my hands my charge.
Burris. Oh, think not so, sir!
Duke. And in my father's sight.
Archas. Heaven be my witness,
I did no more (and that with modesty,
With love and faith to you) than was my warrant,
And from your father seal'd: nor durst that rudeness,
And impudence of scorn fall from my 'haviour;
I ever yet knew duty.
Duke. We shall teach ye.
I well remember too, upon some words I told ye,
Then at that time, some angry words ye answer'd,
If ever I were duke, you were no soldier.
You have kept your word, and so it shall be to you;
From henceforth I dismiss ye; take your ease, sir.
Archas. I humbly thank your grace; this wasted body,
Beaten and bruised with arms, dried up with troubles,

83 *let*] Dyce, placing a break at *disgraces*, seems to have misunderstood this use of the word *let* as "interrupt" or "hinder." (I prefer Dyce's reading; but am inclined to think that the words "*then . . . thy angers*" should be spoken by Theodore.—A. H. Bullen.)
85 s.d. Gentlemen, and Attendants] Ff print "Attend. and Gent."
86 *emblem*] This offering of arms at the temple altar.
87 Aside first marked Weber.
103 *ye*] F2 *you*.

Is good for nothing else but quiet now, sir,
And holy prayers ; in which, when I forget
To thank high Heaven for all your bounteous favours,
May that be deaf, and my petitions perish!
Bor. What a smooth humble cloak he has cased his pride in,
And how he has pull'd his claws in! there's no trusting—
Burris. Speak for the best.
Bor. Believe I shall do ever.
Duke. To make ye understand, we feel not yet
Such dearth of valour and experience,
Such a declining age of doing spirits,
That all should be confined within your excellence,
And you, or none, be honour'd,—take, Boroskie,
The place he has commanded, lead the soldier;
A little time will bring thee to his honour,
Which has been nothing but the world's opinion,
The soldier's fondness, and a little fortune,
Which I believe his sword had the least share in.
Theod. Oh, that I durst but answer now!
Puts. Good colonel——
Theod. My heart will break else.—Royal sir, I know not
What you esteem men's lives, whose hourly labours,
And loss of blood, consumptions in your service,
Whose bodies are acquainted with more miseries
(And all to keep you safe) than dogs or slaves are—
His sword the least share gain'd!
Duke. You will not fight with me?
Theod. No, sir, I dare not ;
You are my prince ; but I dare speak to ye,
And dare speak truth, which none of their ambitions
That be informers to you, dare once think of:
Yet truth will now but anger ye ; I am sorry for 't,
And so, I take my leave.
Duke. Even when you please, sir.

106] Ff place the comma after *quiet*.
108 *high*] Omitted in F2.
117 *Boroskie*] *Borosky* Dyce, and so throughout.
121 *fondness*] overweening affection.
128] The marks of parenthesis, and the break at end, first in Colman.

Archas. Sirrah, see me no more. [*Exit* THEODORE.
Duke. And so may you too:
You have a house i' th' country; keep you there, sir,
And, when you have ruled yourself, teach your son manners:
For this time I forgive him.
Archas. Heaven forgive all;
And to your grace a happy and long rule here!—
And you, lord general, may your fights be prosperous!
In all your course may fame and fortune court you!
Fight for your country and your prince's safety;
Boldly and bravely face your enemy,
And when you strike, strike with that killing virtue,
As if a general plague had seized before ye;
Danger, and doubt, and labour cast behind ye;
And then come home an old and noble story!
Burris. A little comfort, sir.
Duke. As little as may be.—
Farewell: you know your limit.
Burris. Alas, brave gentleman!
[*Exeunt* DUKE, BURRIS, BOROSKIE, Gentlemen, *and* Attendants.
Archas. I do, and will observe it suddenly.
My grave; ay, that 's my limit; 'tis no new thing,
Nor that can make me start, or tremble at it,
To buckle with that old grim soldier now:
I have seen him in his sourest shapes and dreadfull'st;
Ay, and I thank my honesty, have stood him:
That audit 's cast.—Farewell, my honest soldiers;
Give me your hands:—farewell, farewell, good Ancient;
A stout man, and a true, thou art come in sorrow.
Blessings upon your swords, may they ne'er fail ye;
You do but change a man; your fortune 's constant;
That by your ancient valours is tied fast still;
Be valiant still, and good: and when ye fight next,

136 s.d. Exit Theodore] F2 gives "Exit" after *leave* (l. 135). F1 has no direction.
150 s.d. Exeunt . . . Attendants] F1 'Exit Duke, &c.' F2 'Ex. Duke, &c.'
153 *Nor that*] Meaning "Nor a thing that."
154 *To buckle*] In certain styles of wrestling the combatants were belted together with a large leather strap, which passed round the waists of both, and was secured at the back of the taller wrestler.

When flame and fury make but one face of horror,
When the great rest of all your honour 's up,
When you would think a spell to shake the enemy,
Remember me; my prayers shall be with ye:
So, once again, farewell.
Puts. Let 's wait upon ye.
Archas. No, no it must not be; I have now left me
A single fortune to myself, no more,
Which needs no train nor complement. Good captain,
You are an honest and a sober gentleman,
And one I think has loved me.
Puts. I am sure on 't.
Archas. Look to my boy; he 's grown too headstrong for me;
And, if they think him fit to carry arms still,
His life is theirs. I have a house i' th' country;
And when your better hours will give ye liberty,
See me: you shall be welcome.—Fortune to ye! [*Exit.*
Anc. I 'll cry no more, that will do him no good;
And 'twill but make me dry, and I have no money.
I 'll fight no more, and that will do them harm;
And, if I can do that, I care not for money.
I could have cursed reasonable well, and I have had the luck too
To have 'em hit sometimes. Whosoever thou art,
That, like a devil, didst possess the duke
With these malicious thoughts, mark what I say to thee;
A plague upon thee! that 's but the preamble.
First Sold. Oh, take the pox too!
Anc. They 'll cure one another:
I must have none but kills, and those kill stinking:
Or, look ye, let the single pox possess them,

165 *When the great rest of all your honour 's up*] When your whole reputation is at stake; the common metaphor from 'Setting up one's rest,' or standing on cards already held.
171 *complement*] Dyce *compliment*.
177 *ye*] F2 *you*.
183 *and I*] Perhaps the right reading should be *I* (meaning "Ay") *and have had the luck too*.
184 *'em*] i. e. the curses.
188, 196 First Sold.] Ff. 'Sold.' with '2 Soul.' at l. 199.
190 *them*] Here, and at the end of l. 195, *him* would be more regular; but the old reading has not been challenged and may stand.

Or pox upon pox.
Puts. That 's but ill i' th' arms, sir.
Anc. 'Tis worse i' th' legs; I would not wish it else:
And may those grow to scabs as big as mole-hills,
And, twice a-day, the devil with a curry-comb
Scratch 'em, and scrub 'em! I warrant him he has 'em.
First Sold. May he be ever lousy!
Anc. That 's a pleasure,
The beggar's lechery, sometimes the soldier's:
May he be ever lazy, stink where he stands,
And maggots breed in 's brains!
Sec. Sold. Ay, marry, sir,
May he fall mad in love with his grandmother,
And kissing her, may her teeth drop into his mouth,
And one fall 'cross his throat; then let him gargle!

Enter a Post.

Puts. Now, what 's the matter?
Post. Where 's the duke, pray, gentlemen?
Puts. Keep on your way, you cannot miss.
Post. I thank ye. [*Exit.*
Anc. If he be married, may he dream he 's cuckold,
And, when he wakes, believe, and swear he saw it,
Sue a divorce, and after find her honest;
Then in a pleasant pig-sty, with his own garters,
And a fine running knot, ride to the devil!
Puts. If these would do——
Anc. I 'll never trust my mind more,
If all these fail.
First Sold. What shall we do now, captain?
For, by this honest hand, I 'll be torn a-pieces,
Unless my old general go, or some that love him,
And love us equal too, before I fight more.
I can make a shoe yet, and draw it on too,
If I like the leg well.
Anc. Fight! 'tis likely!
No, there will be the sport, boys, when there 's need on 's.
They think the other crown will do, will carry us,
And the brave golden coat of captain Cankro

212 *a-pieces*] F1 '*a pieces.*' F2 *in pieces.*
219 *Cankro*] There is an Italian imprecation *cancro!* i. e. a cancer on you!

Boroskie,—what a noise his very name carries!
'Tis gun enough to fright a nation,
He needs no soldiers: if he do, for my part,
I promise ye, he's like to seek 'em; so I think you think too,
And all the army. No, honest, brave old Archas,
We cannot so soon leave thy memory,
So soon forget thy goodness: he that does,
The scandal and the scum of arms be counted!
Puts. You much rejoice me, now you have hit my meaning:
I durst not press ye till I found your spirits.
Continue thus.
Anc. I'll go and tell the duke on 't.
Puts. No, no, he 'll find it soon enough, and fear it.

Enter Second Post.

When once occasion comes.—Another packet!
From whence, friend, come ye?
Sec. Post. From the borders, sir.
Puts. What news, sir, I beseech ye?
Sec. Post. Fire and sword, gentlemen;
The Tartar 's up, and with a mighty force
Comes forward, like a tempest; all before him
Burning and killing.
Anc. Brave, boys! brave news, boys!
Sec. Post. Either we must have present help——
Anc. Still braver!
Sec. Post. Where lies the duke?
First Sold. He 's there.
Sec. Post. 'Save ye, gentlemen!
[*Exit* Second Post.
Anc. We are safe enough, I warrant thee; now the time's come.
Puts. Ay, now 'tis come indeed, and now stand firm, boys,

222 *needs*] F2. *need* F1.
231] Both folios print the "Enter 2 Post" after l. 230.
233, 234 *ye*] *yee* F1. *you* F2.
241 *Ay*] The old editions *I*. Dyce divides the line at *indeed*; but as both folios read as here printed, and as the passage seems to demand a pause after *boys*, I have restored the old reading.

And let 'em burn on merrily.
Anc. This city would make a marvellous fine bonfire;
'Tis old dry timber, and such wood has no fellow.
Sec. Sold. Here will be trim piping anon and whining,
Like so many pigs in a storm, when they hear the news once.

Re-enter BOROSKIE, *with a* Servant.

Puts. Here 's one has heard it already.—Room for the general!
Bor. Say I am faln exceeding sick o' th' sudden,
And am not like to live. [*Exit with* Servant.
Puts. [*Calling after him.*] If ye go on, sir;
For they will kill ye certainly; they look for ye.
Anc. I see your lordship 's bound; take a suppository.
'Tis I, sir; a poor cast flag of yours. The foolish Tartars,
They burn and kill, an 't like your honour; kill us,
Kill with guns, with guns, my lord; with guns, sir.
What says your lordship to a chick in sorrel sops?
Puts. Go, go thy ways, old True-penny! thou hast but one fault;
Thou art even too valiant.—Come, to th' army, gentlemen,

243 *a marvellous fine bonfire*] "A singular anticipation."—Mr. Darley in his introduction to the *Works*, etc., p. 2.

246 *pigs in a storm*] Perhaps this proverb was picked up at Rye, among the sailors, during the poet's youth. It is still in use among sailors: "Raising Cain, like pigs in a storm."

246 s.d. Re-enter, etc.] Folios "Enter Boroskie and Servant." The exit, two lines lower down, is first given in Weber, as 'Exeunt.'

249 s.d. Calling after him] Dyce.

251 *suppository*] Medical instrument applied behind, to move the bowels of the dyspeptic (*bound*). So Damon, snubbing Nevola at the end of Gascoigne's *Svpposes*—'Lay one of those boltes in the fire, and make thee a suppositorie as long as mine arme.'

252 *flag*] Ensign, banner-bearer.

254 *Kill with*] Perhaps the word *us* has dropped out after *Kill*.

256 *old True-penny*] honest old fellow. Cf. *Hamlet*, I. v. 150, "art thou there True-penny?"

And let's make them acquainted.
Soldiers. Away! we are for ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A room in the Palace.

Enter ALINDA, PETESCA, *and* Gentlewoman.

Alin. Why, whither run ye, fools! will ye leave my lady?
Pet. The Tartar comes, the Tartar comes!
Alin. Why, let him:
I had thought you had fear'd no men; upon my conscience,
You have tried their strengths already: stay, for shame!
Pet. Shift for thyself, Alinda.
[*Exit with* Gentlewoman.
Alin. Beauty bless ye!
Into what groom's feather-bed will ye creep now,
And there mistake the enemy? Sweet youths ye are,
And of a constant courage: are you afraid of foining?

Enter OLYMPIA.

Olym. Oh, my good wench, what shall become of us?
The posts come hourly in, and bring new danger;
The enemy is past the Volga, and bears hither,

258 *let's make them acquainted*] Let us advise the army of the Turk's invasion.

Sc. IV.] The locality is due to Weber. The direction in both folios is "Enter Alinda and two Gentlewomen." In ed. 1778, "Enter Alinda, Petesca, and Gentlewoman.

3 *had* (the first)] F1. Om. F2.

5 s.d. Exit with Gentlewoman] Ed. 1778. Simply 'Exit' in Ff.

8 *foining*] A technical term in fencing, for thrusting. Cf. Sir T. Malory, Bk. VII. ch. x., 'Racing, tracing, foining, and hurling like two boars'; Shakespeare, *Merry Wives*, II. iii. 24, 'To see thee foin, to see thee traverse.' (Used here *sensu male pudico* as in 2 *Henry* IV., III. iv.)

11 *bears hither*] "i.e. comes this way."—Ed. 1778. Cf. *Othello*, "*bears* tow'rds Cyprus." It is a nautical phrase: cf. the ballad *Spanish Ladies*, "And then bore away for the South Foreland Light."

With all the blood and cruelty he carries:
My brother now will, find his fault.
Alin. I doubt me,
Somewhat too late too, madam. But, pray, fear not;
All will be well, I hope. Sweet madam, shake not.
Olym. How cam'st thou by this spirit? our sex tremble.
Alin. I am not unacquainted with these dangers,
And you shall know my truth; for, ere you perish,
A hundred swords shall pass through me; 'tis but dying,
And, madam, we must do it; the manner 's all.
You have a princely birth; take princely thoughts to ye,
And take my counsel too: go presently,
With all the haste ye have (I will attend ye),
With all the possible speed, to old lord Archas;
He honours ye; with all your art persuade him,
('Twill be a dismal time else,) woo him hither,
But hither, madam; make him see the danger;
For your new general looks like an ass;
There 's nothing in his face but loss.
Olym. I 'll do it:
And thank thee, sweet Alinda: oh, my jewel,
How much I am bound to love thee! by this hand, wench,
If thou wert a man——
Alin. I would I were, to fight for ye!
But haste, dear madam.
Olym. I need no spurs, Alinda. [*Exeunt.*

13 *I doubt me*] A form still used in the west of England.
14 *too late too*] *too late to* F1. *too late* in F2 and ed. 1778.
15 *hope*] Dyce uses a colon after *hope*. Ff begin a new sentence.
16 *tremble*] F1. F2, Seward and ed. 1778 *trembles*.
21 *ye*] *you* F2.
31 *I am*] F1. F2 *I'm*.
32 *ye*] F2 *you*.

SCENE V.

Another apartment in the same.

Enter DUKE, *two* Posts, Gentlemen, *and* Attendants.

Duke. The Lord-General sick now! is this a time
For men to creep into their beds? What's become, Post,
Of my lieutenant?
Sec. Post. Beaten, an't please your grace.
And all his forces sparkled.
Duke. That's but cold news.

Enter a Gentleman.

How now! what good news? are the soldiers ready?
Gent. Yes, sir; but fight they will not, nor stir from that place
They stand in now, unless they have lord Archas
To lead 'em out; they rail upon this general,
And sing songs of him, scurvy songs, to worse tunes:
And much they spare not you, sir. Here, they swear,
They'll stand and see the city burnt, and dance about it,
Unless lord Archas come, before they fight for't:
It must be so, sir.
Duke. I could wish it so too;
And to that end I have sent lord Burris to him:
But all, I fear, will fail; we must die, gentlemen,
And one stroke we'll have for't.

Enter BURRIS.

What bring'st thou, Burris?
Burris. That I am loath to tell; he will not come, sir.
I found him at his prayers; there, he tells me,

Sc. V.] The locality first given in Weber.
s.d. Gentlemen, and Attendants] F1 'Attendants, Gent.' F2 'Attendants, Gentlemen'.
4 *sparkled*] i. e. dispersed.—Ed. 1778. See *Humorous Lieutenant*, I. i. 259.

The enemy shall take him, fit for Heaven:
I urged to him all our dangers, his own worths,
The country's ruin; nay, I kneel'd and pray'd him;
He shook his head, let fall a tear, and pointed
Thus with his finger to the ground; a grave
I think he meant; and this was all he answer'd.
Your grace was much to blame. Where 's the new general?

Duke. He is sick, poor man.

Burris. He 's a poor man indeed, sir.
Your grace must needs go to the soldier.

Duke. They
Have sent me word they will not stir; they rail at me,
And all the spite they have—[*Shout within.*] What shout is that there?
Is the enemy come so near?

Enter OLYMPIA, ARCHAS, *and* ALINDA.

Olym. I have brought him, sir;
At length I have woo'd him thus far.

Duke. Happy sister!
Oh, blessed woman!

Olym. Use him nobly, brother;
You never had more need.—And, gentlemen,
All the best powers ye have to tongues turn presently,
To winning and persuading tongues: all my art,
Only to bring him hither, I have utter'd;
Let it be yours to arm him.—[*To* ARCHAS.] And, good my lord,
Though I exceed the limit you allow'd me,
Which was the happiness to bring ye hither,
And not to urge ye farther; yet, see your country,
Out of your own sweet spirit now behold it:
Turn round, and look upon the miseries

25] Ff print two lines here, the first ending at *blame.*

27–30 *They . . . near*] Ff print the Duke's speech in five lines, ending with *word, me, have, there, near.* The first folio has direction 'Shout within. Enter Archas, Olimpia and Alinda' after the word *have.* Second folio, 'Shout within' after *have,* and 'Enter Archas, Olympia and Alinda' after *near.*

30 s.d. Alinda] Ff. Dyce 'Young Archas disguised as before.'

37 s.d. To Archas] Added Weber.

Of every side, the fears; oh, see the dangers!
We find 'em soonest, therefore hear me first, sir.
Duke. Next, hear your prince: you have said you loved him, Archas,
And thought your life too little for his service.
Think not your vow too great now; now the time is,
And now you are brought to th' test; touch right now, soldier,
Now shew the manly pureness of thy mettle;
Now, if thou be'st that valued man, that virtue,
That great obedience, teaching all, now stand it.
What I have said forgive, my youth was hasty;
And what you said yourself forget, you were angry:
If men could live without their faults, they were gods, Archas.—
He weeps, and holds his hands up: to him, Burris!
Burris. You have shew'd the prince his faults; and, like a good surgeon,
You have laid that to 'em makes 'em smart; he feels it;
Let 'em not fester now, sir: your own honour,
The bounty of that mind, and your allegiance,
('Gainst which, I take it, Heaven gives no command, sir,
Nor seals no vow,) can better teach ye now
What ye have to do, than I or this necessity.
Only this little 's left; would ye do nobly,
And in the eye of honour truly triumph?

45] Ff print two lines here, the first ending at *prince.*
48 *touch*] i. e. stand the test.
52 *What I have said forgive, etc.*] Ff have—

> "*What I have said* forget, *my youth was hasty,*
> *And what you said yourselfe* forgive."

The necessary transposition was made by Seward.

56, 57] Arranged in Ff as three lines, ending *faults, laid, feels it*; which arrangement Seward, not perceiving the proper regulation of the passage, gave with an alteration as follows—

> "You 've shew'd the prince his faults;
> And like a good *chirurgeon* you have laid
> That to 'em makes 'em smart; he feels it."

And so the editors of 1778 and Weber.
60, 61] The brackets are first employed by the editors of 1778.

Conquer that mind first, and then men are nothing.
Alin. Last, a poor virgin kneels: for love's sake, general;
If ever you have loved, for her sake, sir;
For your own honesty, which is a virgin;
Look up, and pity us! Be bold and fortunate:
You are a knight, a good and noble soldier;
And when your spurs were given ye, your sword buckled,
Then were you sworn for virtue's cause, for beauty's,
For chastity, to strike: strike now, they suffer;
Now draw your sword, or else you are recreant,
Only a knight i' th' heels, i' th' heart a coward:
Your first vow honour made, your last but anger.
Archas. How like my virtuous wife this thing looks, speaks too!
So would she chide my dulness.—Fair one, I thank ye.—
My gracious sir, your pardon, next, your hand;—
Madam, your favour and your prayers;—gentlemen,
Your wishes, and your loves;—and, pretty sweet one,
A favour for your soldier!
Olym. Give him this, wench.
Alin. Thus do I tie on victory.
[*Ties a scarf on his arm.*
Archas. My armour,
My horse, my sword, my tough staff, and my fortune!
And, Olin, now I come to shake thy glory.
Duke. Go, brave and prosperous; our loves go with thee!
Olym. Full of thy virtue, and our prayers attend thee!
Burris, etc. Loaden with victory, and we to honour thee!
Alin. Come home the son of honour, and I 'll serve ye.
[*Exeunt.*

73 *chastity*] Qy. *chastity's*?
83 s.d.] Added by Weber.
88] Perhaps this line should follow Alinda's speech.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The court of the Palace.

Enter DUKE, BURRIS, *and two* Gentlemen.

Duke. No news of Archas yet?
Burris. But now, an 't please ye,
A post came in; letters he brought none with him,
But this deliver'd: he saw the armies join,
The game of blood begun; and by our general,
Who never was acquainted but with conquest,
So bravely fought, he saw the Tartars shaken,
And there he said he left 'em.
Duke. Where 's Boroskie?
First Gent. He is up again, an 't please ye.
Burris. Sir, methinks
This news should make ye lightsome, bring joy to ye;
It strikes our hearts with general comfort. [*Exit* DUKE.
Gone!
What should this mean? so suddenly! he 's well?
Sec. Gent. We see no other.
First Gent. Would the rest were well too,
That put these starts into him!
Burris. I'll go after him.
Sec. Gent. 'Twill not be fit, sir; h'as some secret in him,
He would not be disturb'd in. Know you any thing
Has cross'd him since the general went?
Burris. Not any;

II. i.] Locality first given by Weber.
8 *He is*] F1. F2 *He's.*
10 *Gone*] Printed as part of next line in Ff.
11] Ff print *He's well* in a line by itself.
12 *no other*] i. e. we do not observe him to be anything but well.

If there had been, I am sure I should have found it:
Only I have heard him oft complain for money;
Money he says he wants.
First Gent. It may be that, then.
Burris. To him that has so many ways to raise it,
And those so honest, it cannot be.
First Gent. He comes back,
And lord Boroskie with him.
Burris. There the game goes:
I fear some new thing hatching.

Re-enter DUKE *with* BOROSKIE.

Duke. Come hither, Burris.
Go, see my sister, and commend me to her,
And to my little mistress give this token; [*Gives a ring.*
Tell her I 'll see her shortly.
Burris. Yes, I shall sir.
Duke. Wait you without.
[*Exeunt* BURRIS *and* Gentlemen.
I would yet try him further.
Bor. 'Twill not be much amiss. Has your grace heard yet
Of what he has done i' th' field?
Duke. A post but now
Came in, who saw 'em join, and has deliver'd,
The enemy gave ground before he parted.
Bor. 'Tis well.
Duke. Come, speak thy mind, man. 'Tis not for fighting
And noise of war I keep thee in my bosom;
Thy ends are nearer to me; from my childhood
Thou brought'st me up, and, like another nature,
Made good all my necessities. Speak boldly.
Bor. Sir, what I utter will be thought but envy,
(Though I intend, high Heaven knows, but your honour,)
When vain and empty people shall proclaim me—

17 *should*] Weber chose to print "would."
21] Ff give the direction "Enter Duke and Boroskie" here.
25] The direction is by Dyce.
33 *And noise*] F1. F2 *A noise.*
38] The parentheses first marked in ed. 1778.

Good sir, excuse me.
Duke. Do you fear me for your enemy?
Speak, on your duty.
Bor. Then I must, and dare, sir.
When he comes home, take heed the court receive him not,
Take heed he meet not with their loves and praises:
That glass will shew him ten times greater, sir,
(And make him strive to make good that proportion,)
Than e'er his fortune bred him; he is honourable,
At least I strive to understand him so,
And of a nature, if not this way poison'd,
Perfect enough, easy, and sweet; but those are soon seduced, sir:
He's a great man, and what that pill may work,
Prepared by general voices of the people,
Is the end of all my counsel. Only this, sir;
Let him retire a while; there's more hangs by it
Than you know yet: there if he stand a while well,
But till the soldier cool—whom for their service
You must pay now most liberally, most freely,
And shower yourself into 'em; 'tis the bounty
They follow with their loves, and not the bravery——
Duke. But where's the money?

Re-enter Second Gentleman.

How now!
Sec. Gent. Sir, the colonel,
Son to the lord Archas, with most happy news
Of the Tartar's overthrow, without here
Attends your grace's pleasure.
Bor. Be not seen, sir:
He's a bold fellow; let me stand his thunders:
To th' court he must not come. No blessing here, sir,
No face of favour, if you love your honour.
Duke. Do what you think is meetest; I'll retire, sir.
[*Exit.*

45] F1 omits brackets.
55 *whom*] F2. F1 *who.*
57 *shower*] F1 *shewrd.* F2 *showre.*
59 s.d.] Ff 1 Enter 2 Gent. Ff 2 Enter two Gent. Dyce first "Re-enter Second Gentleman," rightly, as Ff next prefix '2 Gent.' shows.
65] Ff give here s.d. Enter Theodore.

Bor. Conduct him in, sir.
[*Exit* Sec. Gentleman, *who re-enters with* THEODORE.
Welcome, noble colonel.
Theod. That's much from your lordship. Pray, where is the duke?
Bor. We hear you have beat the Tartar.
Theod. Is he busy, sir?
Bor. Have ye taken Olin yet?
Theod. I would fain speak with him.
Bor. How many men have ye lost?
Theod. Does he lie this way?
Bor. I am sure you fought it bravely.
Theod. I must see him.
Bor. You cannot yet, ye must not. What's your commission?
Theod. No gentleman o' th' chamber here?
Bor. Why, pray ye, sir,
Am not I fit to entertain your business?
Theod. I think you are not, sir; I am sure ye shall not:
I bring no tales nor flatteries; in my tongue, sir,
I carry no fork'd stings.
Bor. You keep your bluntness.
Theod. You are deceived: it keeps me; I had felt else
Some of your plagues ere this. But, good sir, trifle not;
I have business to the duke.
Bor. He's not well, sir,
And cannot now be spoke withal.
Theod. Not well, sir!
How would he ha' been, if we had lost? not well, sir!
I bring him news to make him well: his enemy,
That would have burnt his city here, and your house too,
Your brave gilt house, my lord, your honour's hangings,
Where all your ancestors, and all their battles,
Their silk and golden battles, are decipher'd;
That would not only have abused your buildings,

67 s.d.] Dyce's direction.
68 *where is*] Ed. 1778. Ff *where's*.
86 *hangings*] arras, tapestry.

Your goodly buildings, sir, and have drunk dry your butteries,
Purloin'd your lordship's plate the duke bestow'd on you
For turning handsomely o' th' toe, and trimm'd your virgins,
Trimm'd 'em of a new cut, an 't like your lordship,
'Tis ten to one, your wife too, and the curse is
You had had no remedy against these rascals,
No law, an 't like your honour; would have kill'd you too,
And roasted ye, and eaten ye, ere this time;
Notable knaves, my lord, unruly rascals;
These youths have we tied up, put muzzles on 'em,
And pared their nails, that honest civil gentlemen,
And such most noble persons as yourself is,
May live in peace, and rule the land with a twine-thread.
These news I bring.

Bor. And were they thus deliver'd ye?

Theod. My lord, I am no pen-man nor no orator;
My tongue was never oil'd with "Here, an 't like ye,"
"There, I beseech ye": weigh, I am a soldier,
And truth I covet only, no fine terms, sir;
I come not to stand treating here; my business
Is with the duke, and of such general blessing——

Bor. You have overthrown the enemy; we know it,
And we rejoice in 't; ye have done like honest subjects,
You have done handsomely and well.

Theod. But well, sir!
But handsomely and well! what, are we jugglers?
I 'll do all that in cutting up a capon:
But handsomely and well! does your lordship take us
For the duke's tumblers? We have done bravely, sir,
Ventured our lives like men.

Bor. Then bravely be it.

Theod. And for as brave rewards we look and graces;
We have sweat and bled for 't, sir.

90 *butteries*] The word is a corruption of M.E. *botelerie* (i. e. butlery), a place for *bottles*, arising from the fact that butter was kept there as well as beer or liquors.—Skeat.

92 *trimm'd*] Cf. *False One*, II. iii., "An she would be cool'd, sir, let the soldiers *trim* her."

Bor. And ye may have it,
If you will stay the giving. Men, that thank themselves first
For any good they do, take off the lustre,
And blot the benefit.
Theod. Are these the welcomes,
The bells that ring out our rewards? Pray heartily,
Early and late, there may be no more enemies;
Do, my good lord, pray seriously, and sigh too;
For, if there be——
Bor. They must be met, and fought with.
Theod. By whom? by you? they must be met and flattered.
Why, what a devil ail'd ye to do these things?
With what assurance dare ye mock men thus?
You have but single lives, and those I take it
A sword may find too: why do ye dam the duke up?
And choke that course of love, that like a river
Should fill our empty veins again with comforts?
But, if ye use these knick-knacks,
This fast and loose, with faithful men and honest,
You 'll be the first will find it.
Bor. You are too untemperate.
Theod. Better be so, and thief too, than unthankful:

Enter ARCHAS, PUTSKIE, ANCIENT, *and* Soldiers.

Pray, use this old man so, and then we are paid all.—
The duke thanks ye for your service, and the court thanks ye,
And wonderful desirous they are to see ye:

127 *flattered*] So F1, rightly for Theodore's vein. *flatter'd* F2 and all editors.
128 *ail'd*] *ails* in modern eds.
135 *This fast and loose*] "Sir John Hawkins observes that '*Fast and loose*' is a term to signify a cheating game, of which the following is a description:—A leather belt is made up in a number of intricate folds, and placed edgewise upon a table. One of the folds is made up to resemble the middle of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it, would think he held it fast to the table; whereas, when he has so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends and draw it away. This trick is now known to the common people by the name of *pricking at the belt or girdle.*"—Weber. The game may be seen at every Irish country fair, and I have seen gipsies playing it in England. It is as deceptive and as costly an entertainment as the three-card trick.
137 s.d.] Ff give the direction after *find it*, l. 136.
137 s.d.] Ff Enter Archas, Souldiers, Putskey, Ancient, and others.

Pray Heaven we have room enough to march for
May-games,
Pageants, and bonfires, for your welcome home, sir:
Here your most noble friend the lord Boroskie,
A gentleman, too, tender of your credit,
And ever in the duke's ear, for your good, sir,
Crazy and sickly, yet, to be your servant,
Has leap'd into the open air to meet ye.
Bor. The best is, your words wound not.—You are
welcome home, sir,
Heartily welcome home; and for your service,
The noble overthrow you gave the enemy,
The duke salutes ye too with all his thanks, sir.
Anc. Sure, they will now regard us.
Puts. There 's a reason:
But, by the changing of the colonel's countenance,
The rolling of his eyes like angry billows,
I fear the wind 's not down yet, Ancient.
Archas. Is the duke well, sir?
Bor. Not much unhealthy,
Only a little grudging of an ague,
Which cannot last. He has heard, which makes him
fearful,
And loath as yet to give your worth due welcome,
The sickness hath been somewhat hot i' th' army,
Which happily may prove more doubt than danger,
And more his fear than faith; yet, howsoever,
An honest care——
Archas. Ye say right, and it shall be;
For though, upon my life, 'tis but a rumour,
A mere opinion, without faith or fear in 't
(For, sir, I thank Heaven, we never stood more
healthy,
Never more high and lusty); yet, to satisfy

141 *May-games*] The merry ceremonies of May-day, strewing of primroses, burning of straw on the spokes of a wheel, etc.; perhaps Druidic.
144 *too*] Dyce places the necessary comma after *too*.
146 *Crazy*] In the old sense of rickety, shaken. Still used in this sense at sea, and in parts of New England. Cf. III. v. 44.
157 *grudging*] i. e. symptom.—Dyce. Cf. III. ii. 128.
158] Ff place a colon after *last*. *H'has* in ed. 1778.
162 *fear than faith*] *fear than fate* in Ff. Sympson makes the correction. Cf. Archas's speech, l. 165.
166] Parentheses in ed. 1778.

We cannot be too curious or too careful
Of what concerns his state, we 'll draw away, sir,
And lodge at further distance and less danger.
Bor. It will be well.
Anc. [*Aside.*] It will be very scurvy:
I smell it out, it stinks abominably;
Stir it no more.
Bor. The duke, sir, would have you too,
For a short day or two, retire to your own house,
Whither himself will come to visit ye,
And give ye thanks.
Archas. I shall attend his pleasure.
Anc. A trick, a lousy trick; so ho, a trick, boys!
Archas. How now? what 's that?
Anc. I thought I had found a hare, sir,
But 'tis a fox, an old fox; shall we hunt him?
Archas. No more such words.
Bor. The soldier 's grown too saucy;
You must tie him straiter up.
Archas. I do my best, sir;
But men of free-born minds sometimes will fly out.
Anc. May not we see the duke?
Bor. Not at this time, gentlemen;
Your general knows the cause.
Anc. We have no plague, sir,
Unless it be in our pay, nor no pox neither;
Or, if we had, I hope that good old courtier
Will not deny us place there.
Puts. Certain, my lord,
Considering what we are, and what we have done,
(If not, what need ye may have,) 'twould be better,
A great deal nobler, and taste honester,
To use us with more sweetness. Men that dig,

168 *curious*] i. e. scrupulous.—Dyce. Cf. Cavendish, *True Relation*, "Ye Spaniards have . . . arms, in ye cleaninge of which they be not over curious."

177–8 *so-ho . . . found a hare*] 'So ho!' was a cry in hare-hunting and hawking. Cf. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III. i. 189–91: '*Launce.* Soho, soho! *Pro.* What seest thou? *Launce.* Him we go to find: there's not a *hair* on 's head but 'tis a Valentine'—on which the late Mr. W. J. Craig noted (*Little Quarto Shakespeare*): "'Sohowe, the hare is founde: boema, lepus est inventus' (*Promptorium Parvulorum*, 1440)." Halliwell's *Shakespeare* has an engraving of a fourteenth-century seal, with a hare in the centre and legend *So-hov. So hov.*

And lash away their lives at the cart's tail,
Double our comforts; meat, and their master's thanks too,
When they work well, they have: men of our quality,
When they do well, and venture for 't with valour,
Fight hard, lie hard, feed hard, when they come home, sir,
And know these are deserving things, things worthy,
Can you then blame 'em if their minds a little
Be stirr'd with glory? 'tis a pride becomes 'em,
A little season'd with ambition,
To be respected, reckon'd well, and honour'd,
For what they have done: when to come home thus poorly,
And met with such unjointed joy, so look'd on
As if we had done no more but dress'd a horse well,
So entertain'd as if "I thank ye, gentlemen,
Take that to drink," had power to please a soldier:
Where be the shouts, the bells rung out, the people?
The prince himself?
Archas. Peace!—I perceive your eye, sir,
Is fix'd upon this captain for his freedom;
And happily you find his tongue too forward.
As I am master of the place I carry,
'Tis fit I think so too; but were I this man,
No stronger tie upon me, than the truth
And tongue to tell it, I should speak as he does,
And think, with modesty enough, such saints
That daily thrust their loves and lives through hazards,
And fearless, for their country's peace, march hourly
Through all the doors of death, and know the darkest,
Should better be canonized for their service:

192 *And lash away*] i.e. the executioner's assistants paid to whip criminals at the cart's tail. [I leave this note and the next; but I fail to find any allusion to the executioner's assistants and the tumbril. By "Men that dig . . . cart's tail" is surely meant "Diggers and carters." In l. 286 the Ancient speaks slightingly of carters.—A. H. Bullen.]

192 *cart's tail*] The cart was the open tumbril used to convey convicts to Tyburn. The criminal sentenced to be whipped was tied behind it, and received the executioner's lashes while a horse slowly drew the cart throughout the city. See Oman, *History of Newgate*, for a picture of the operation.

194 *quality*] i. e. profession.—Dyce.

218 *doors of death*] Cf. I. ii. 89 note.

What labour would these men neglect, what danger,
Where honour is? though seated in a billow
Rising as high as heaven, would not these soldiers,
Like to so many sea-gods, charge up to it?
Do you see these swords? Time's scythe was ne'er so sharp, sir,
Nor ever at one harvest mow'd such handfuls;
Thought 's ne'er so sudden, nor belief so sure,
When they are drawn; and, were it not sometimes
I swim upon their angers to allay 'em,
And, like a calm, depress their fell intentions,
They are so deadly sure, Nature would suffer.
And whose are all these glories? why, their prince's,
Their country's, and their friends'! alas, of all these,
And all the happy ends they bring, the blessings,
They only share the labours! a little joy, then,
And outside of a welcome, at an upshot,
Would not have done amiss, sir: but, howsoever,
Between me and my duty no crack, sir,
Shall dare appear; I hope, by my example,
No discontent in them.—Without doubt, gentlemen,
The duke will both look suddenly and truly
On your deserts.—Methinks, 'twere good they were paid, sir.

Bor. They shall be immediately; I stay for money;
And any favour else——

Archas. We are all bound to ye:
And so I take my leave, sir. When the duke pleases
To make me worthy of his eyes——

Bor. Which will be suddenly;
I know his good thoughts to ye.

Archas. With all duty,
And all humility, I shall attend, sir.

Bor. Once more you are welcome home. These shall be satisfied.

Theod. Be sure we be; and handsomely——

Archas. Wait you on me, sir.

Theod. And honestly: no juggling.

Archas. Will ye come, sir? [*Exit.*

Bor. Pray, do not doubt.

Theod. We are no boys. [*Exit.*

230] Ff have unneeded break at end of this line. Om. 1778.

Enter a Gentleman, *and* Attendants *with money.*

Bor. Well, sir?
Gent. Here 's money from the duke, an 't please your lordship.
Bor. 'Tis well.
Gent. How sour the soldiers look!
Bor. Is 't told?
Gent. Yes; and for every company a double pay,
And the duke's love to all.
Anc. That 's worth a ducat.
Bor. You that be officers, see it discharged, then.—
Why do not ye take it up?
Anc. 'Tis too heavy:
Body o' me, I have strain'd mine arm.
Bor. Do ye scorn it?
Anc. Has your lordship any dice about ye?—Sit round, gentlemen,
And come on seven, for my share.
Puts. Do you think, sir,
This is the end we fight? can this dirt draw us
To such a stupid tameness, that our service,
Neglected and look'd lamely on, and skew'd at,
With a few honourable words, and this, is righted?
Have not we eyes and ears to hear and see, sir,
And minds to understand, the slights we carry?
I come home old, and full of hurts; men look on me
As if I had got 'em from a whore, and shun me;
I tell my griefs, and fear my wants; I am answer'd,
"Alas, 'tis pity! pray, dine with me on Sunday."
These are the sores we are sick of, the mind's maladies,

251] Old eds. "Enter a Gent. and 2 or 3 with Mony."
253 *told*] i. e. counted.—Dyce.
257 *ye*] F2 *you.*
260 *And come on seven, for my share*] The gamesters' call, before throwing the dice, was "Come on seven," seven being the winning throw. American wastrels, playing the game of "craps," cry "Come seven," as they throw, to this day. Dyce reads, "*And come on; seven, etc.*"
261 *we fight*] *we fight for* Seward and eds 1778. Altered to old reading by Weber.
263 *skew'd at*] i. e. looked at sidelong, obliquely, and therefore scornfully (or slightly).—Weber.
264 *is righted*] i.e. is rightly rewarded.

And can this cure 'em? You should have used us nobly,
And, for our doing well, as well proclaim'd us,
To the world's eye have shew'd and sainted us;
Then ye had paid us bravely; then we had shined, sir,
Not in this gilded stuff, but in our glory.
You may take back your money.
Gent. This I fear'd still.
Bor. Consider better, gentlemen.
Anc. Thank your lordship;
And now I 'll put on my considering cap.
My lord, that I am no courtier, you may guess it
By having no suit to you for this money;
For, though I want, I want not this, nor shall not,
While you want that civility to rank it
With those rights we expected; money grows, sir,
And men must gather it; all is not put in one purse:
And that I am no carter, I could never whistle yet!
But that I am a soldier, and a gentleman,
And a fine gentleman, an 't like your honour,
And a most pleasant companion, [*Sings.*

All you that are witty,
Come, list to my ditty!

Come, set in, boys!——
With your lordship's patience.—[*Song.*]—How do you like my song, my lord?
Bor. Even as I like yourself; but 'would be a great deal better,
You would prove a great deal wiser, and take this money;
In your own phrase I speak now, sir: and 'tis very well
You have learn'd to sing; for, since you prove so liberal
To refuse such means as this, maintain your voice still;
'Twill prove your best friend.

286 *And that I am no carter, I could never whistle yet*] Seward, not understanding the passage, threw out the word *that*.—"The sense of the whole speech is, '*That* I 'm no courtier, you may guess by not asking for money; *that* I 'm no carter, by not being able to whistle; but *that* I 'm a soldier,'" etc. —Ed. 1778.

290 *All you that are witty, etc.*] Printed as though spoken in Ff. In itals. Seward. s.d. 'Sings' added Weber.

296 *In your own phrase*] Dyce refers to Putskie's speech, ll. 188 sqq.

Anc. 'Tis a singing age, sir,
A merry moon here now; I 'll follow it:
Fiddling and fooling now gains more than fighting.
Bor. What is 't you blench at? what would you ask? speak freely.
Sold. And so we dare: a triumph for the general.
Puts. And then an honour special to his virtue.
Anc. That we may be preferr'd that have served for it,
And cramm'd up into favour like the worshipful;
At least upon the city's charge made drunk
For one whole year; we have done 'em ten years' service;
That we may enjoy our lechery without grudging,
And *mine or thine* be nothing, all things equal,
And *catch as catch may* be proclaim'd; that when we borrow,
And have no will to pay again, no law
Lay hold upon us, nor no court control us.
Bor. Some of these may come to pass; the duke may do 'em,
And no doubt will: the general will find too,
And so will you, if you but stay with patience——
I have no power.
Puts. Nor will.—Come, fellow-soldiers.
Bor. Pray, be not so distrustful.
Puts. There are ways yet,
And honest ways; we are not brought up statues.
Anc. If your lordship
Have any silk stockings that have holes i' th' heels,
Or ever an honourable cassock that wants buttons,
I could have cured such maladies: your lordship's custom,
And my good lady's, if the bones want setting
In her old bodice——
Bor. This is disobedience.
Anc. Eightpence a-day and hard eggs!
Puts. Troop off, gentlemen:
Some coin we have; whilst this lasts, or our credits,

302 *blench at*] start at, shrink from. Cf. *Hamlet*, II. ii. 626, "If he but blench, etc." 310, 311] Italics first Weber.
316 *patience*——] Ed. 1778. Ff *patience:*.
325 *bodice*——] Seward. *bodies*—— Ff.

We 'll never sell our general's worth for sixpence.—
Ye are beholding to us.
Anc. Fare ye well, sir,
And buy a pipe with that. Do ye see this scarf, sir?
By this hand, I 'll cry brooms in 't, birchen brooms, sir,
Before I eat one bit from your benevolence.
Now to our old occupations again. By your leave, lord.
[*Exeunt* ANCIENT, PUTSKIE, *and* Soldiers.
Bor. You will bite when ye are sharper.—Take up the money.—
This love I must remove, this fondness to him,
This tenderness of heart; I have lost my way else.—
There is no sending, man; they will not take it,
They are yet too full of pillage;
They 'll dance for 't ere 't be long. Come, bring it after.

Re-enter DUKE.

Duke. How now! refused their money!
Bor. Very bravely;
And stand upon such terms, 'tis terrible.
Duke. Where 's Archas?
Bor. He 's retired, sir, to his house,
According to your pleasure; full of duty
To outward show; but what within——
Duke. Refuse it!
Bor. Most confidently: 'tis not your revenues
Can feed them, sir; and yet they have found a general
That knows no ebb of bounty; there they eat, sir,
And loathe your invitations.
Duke. 'Tis not possible;
He 's poor as they.
Bor. You 'll find it otherwise.
Pray, make your journey thither presently,
And, as ye go, I 'll open ye a wonder:
Good sir, this morning.
Duke. Follow me; I 'll do it. [*Exeunt.*

329 *beholding*] Altered in ed. 1778 to *beholden*.
330 *buy a pipe*] Cf. the proverb: "Put that i' thy pipe."
333 s.d.] 'Exit' F1. 'Exeunt' F2.
339 *Come, bring it after*] As separate line in F1.
339 s.d. Re-enter] 'Enter' in Ff.
346 *them*] F2 *then*.

SCENE II.

A room in the Palace.

Enter OLYMPIA, BURRIS, ALINDA *disguised as before*, PETESCA, *and* Gentlewoman.

Olym. But do you think my brother loves her?
Burris. Certain, madam;
He speaks much of her, and sometimes with wonder;
Oft wishes she were nobler born.
Olym. Do you think him honest?
Burris. Your grace is nearer to his heart than I am;
Upon my life, I hold him so.
Olym. 'Tis a poor wench,
I would not have her wrong'd: methinks my brother——
But I must not give rules to his affections;
Yet, if he weigh her worth——
Burris. You need not fear, madam.
Olym. I hope I shall not. Lord Burris,
I love her well; I know not, there is something
Makes me bestow more than a care upon her.
I do not like that ring from him to her;
I mean to women of her way, such tokens
Rather appear as baits than royal bounties:
I would not have it so.
Burris. You will not find it;
Upon my troth, I think his most ambition
Is but to let the world know *'has* a handsome mistress.
Will your grace command me any service to him?
Olym. Remember all my duty.
Burris. Blessings crown ye!——
What 's your will, lady?
Alin. Any thing that 's honest;

Sc. II.] Locality given by Weber.
s.d.] 'Enter Olympia, Alinda, Burris, and Gentlewomen.'—Folios.
13 *of her way*] i. e. her way of life, her station.
17 *'has*] F1. *h'as* F2.
20] Dyce prints *Young Archas* throughout the scene for *Alinda*.

And, if you think it fit, so poor a service,
Clad in a ragged virtue, may reach him,
I do beseech your lordship speak it humbly.
Burris. Fair one, I will; in the best phrase I have too:
And so, I kiss your hand
Alin. Your lordship's servant. [*Exit* BURRIS.
Olym. Come hither, wench. What art thou doing with that ring?
Alin. I am looking on the posy, madam.
Olym. What is 't?
Alin. "The jewel 's set within."
Olym. But where the joy, wench,
When that invisible jewel 's lost? why dost thou smile so?
What unhappy meaning hast thou?
Alin. Nothing, madam;
But only thinking what strange spells these rings have,
And how they work with some.
Pet. [*Aside.*] I fear, with you too.
Alin. This could not cost above a crown.
Pet. [*Aside.*] 'Twill cost you
The shaving of your crown, if not the washing.
Olym. But he that sent it makes the virtue greater.
Alin. Ay, and the vice too, madam. Goodness bless me,
How fit 'tis for my finger!
Gent. [*Aside.*] No doubt you 'll find, too,
A finger fit for you.
Alin. Sirrah Petesca,
What wilt thou give me for the good that follows this?
But thou hast rings enough; thou art provided.—
Heigh-ho! what must I do now?

21 *fit*] F1 and Weber *fits*.
27 s.d.] Ff Exit.
28 "*The jewel 's set within*"] A posy graven within the ring. "A compliment to the wearer" Seward, who first gave them in italics.
30 *unhappy*] i. e. waggish.—Weber. Cf. *King and No King*, V. ii. 27: 'Thou could'st prate unhappily Ere thou could'st go.'
32 s.d.] The first three asides in this scene by Weber, the rest by Dyce.
37, 49 Gent.] '2 W.' Ff.
38 *Sirrah Petesca*] The word *sirrah* is rarely addressed to a woman, but such use of the word may be found in several of these plays. Cf. 'sir' to a woman in *Rule a Wife*, II. iv. 49, III. iv. 12, IV. i. 148.

Pet. [*Aside.*] You 'll be taught that,
The easiest part that e'er you learnt, I warrant you.

Alin. Aye me, aye me!

Pet. [*Aside.*] You will divide too, shortly;
Your voice comes finely forward.

Olym. Come hither, wanton;
Thou art not surely as thou sayst.

Alin. I would not:
But sure there is a witchcraft in this ring, lady;
Lord, how my heart leaps!

Pet. [*Aside.*] 'Twill go pit-a-pat shortly.

Alin. And now methinks a thousand of the duke's shapes——

Gent. [*Aside.*] Will no less serve you?

Alin. In ten thousand smiles——

Olym. Heaven bless the wench!

Alin. With eyes that will not be denied to enter,
And such soft sweet embraces—take it from me;
I am undone else, madam, I 'm lost else.

[*Gives the ring to* OLYMPIA.

Olym. What ails the girl?

Alin. How suddenly I 'm alter'd,
And grown myself again!—Do not you feel it?

Olym. [*Giving a ring to* ALINDA.] Wear that; and I'll wear this,—I'll try the strength on 't.

Alin. How cold my blood grows now! Here 's sacred virtue.

When I leave to honour this,
Every hour to pay a kiss;
When each morning I arise,
I forget a sacrifice;
When this figure in my faith,
And the pureness that it hath,
I pursue not with my will,
Nearer to arrive at still;
When I lose, or change this jewel,
Fly me, faith, and, Heaven, be cruel!

43. divide] in musical sense, [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] The stage direction is [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Olym. You have half confirm'd me: keep but that way sure,
And what this charm can do, let me endure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A room in the country-house of ARCHAS.

Enter ARCHAS, THEODORE, HONORA, *and* VIOLA.

Archas. Carry yourself discreetly, it concerns me;
The duke's come in; none of your froward passions,
Nor no distastes to any: prithee, Theodore,—
By my life, boy, 'twill ruin me.
Theod. I have done, sir,
So there be no foul play he brings along with him.
Archas. What's that to you? let him bring what please him, and whom,
And how.
Theod. So they mean well.
Archas. Is't fit you be a judge, sirrah?
Theod. 'Tis fit I feel, sir.
Archas. Get a banquet ready,
And trim yourselves up handsomely.
Theod. To what end?
Do you mean to make 'em whores? hang up a sign then,
And set 'em out to livery.
Archas. Whose son art thou?
Theod. Yours, sir, I hope; but not of your disgraces.

68] Printed as two lines in Ff, the first ending at *me.*
68 *confirm'd*] i. e. convinced.—Weber.
Sc. III. A room in] Dyce's prefix to Weber's s.d. 'The Country-house of Archas.'
s.d. Honora and Viola] Ff '2 daughters Honora and Viola.'
5] *So there be no foul play he brings along with him*] Seward, at Sympson's suggestion, printed:

"So there be no foul play. He brings along with him—"

and tells us in a note, "Theodore would say, that the Duke brings Boroskie along with him, but is interrupted by his father." So also the editors of 1778 and Weber. But such a deviation from the pointing of the folios seems quite unnecessary.—Dyce.
10] Printed as two lines in Ff, the first ending at *whores.*

Archas. Full twenty thousand men I have commanded,
And all their minds, with this calm'd all their angers:
And shall a boy, of mine own breed too, of mine own blood,
One crooked stick——
Theod. Pray, take your way, and thrive in 't:
I'll quit your house. If taint or black dishonour
Light on ye, 'tis your own, I have no share in 't:
Yet, if it do fall out so, as I fear it,
And partly find it too——
Archas. Hast thou no reverence,
No duty in thee?
Theod. This shall shew I obey ye:
I dare not stay. I would have shew'd my love too,
And that you ask as duty, with my life, sir,
Had you but thought me worthy of your hazards,
Which Heaven preserve ye from, and keep the duke too!
And there's an end of my wishes: God be with ye!
[*Exit.*
Archas. Stubborn, yet full of that we all love, honesty.

Enter BURRIS.

Lord Burris, where's the duke?
Burris. In the great chamber, sir,
And there stays till he see you. Ye have a fine house here.
Archas. A poor contented lodge, unfit for his presence,
Yet all the joy it hath.

14] F1 has a comma after *this*, which F2 transfers to *minds*, a reading followed by all editors.

31 *Yet all the joy it hath*] "Mason says—'This is not an imperfect sentence, as the last editors make it. Archas means to say, that the lodge was a poor one, unfit for the duke's presence, *though that was all the joy it contained*. The answer of Burris proves this to be the meaning.' But surely nothing can be more forced than this interpretation; indeed, such a stiffness of expression is scarcely to be found in any old dramatist, much less in the easy and natural Fletcher. Burris interrupts Archas, and, taking up his words, says, very obviously, 'I hope it has now a great joy in it.'—Weber, who accordingly, like the editors of 1778, placed a break after 'hath.' But I agree with Mason in thinking that the answer of Burris proves the speech to be complete."—Dyce.

Burris. I hope a great one,
And for your good, brave sir.
Archas. I thank ye, lord:
And now my service to the duke.
Burris. I 'll wait on ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another room in the same.

Enter DUKE, BOROSKIE, Gentlemen, *and* Attendants.

Duke. May this be credited?
Bor. Disgrace me else,
And never more with favour look upon me.
Duke. It seems impossible.
Bor. It cannot choose, sir,
Till your own eyes behold it; but that it is so,
And that by this means the too-haughty soldier
Has been so cramm'd and fed he cares not for ye,
Believe, or let me perish: let your eyes,
As you observe the house, but where I point it
Make stay, and take a view, and then you have found it.
Duke. I 'll follow your direction.

Enter ARCHAS, BURRIS, HONORA, VIOLA, *and* Servant.

Welcome, Archas;
You are welcome home, brave lord. We are come to visit ye,
And thank ye for your service.
Archas. 'Twas so poor, sir,

31, 32 *I hope . . . brave sir*] Printed as one line in Ff.

Sc. IV.] In Ff, Seward and Colman the s.d. is "Enter Duke, Boroskey, Gent. and Attendants." Sc. IV. in these editions not beginning until after 'Exeunt' at l. 23. We follow Weber's and Dyce's division.

7 *eyes*] Altered by editors of 1778 and Weber to *eye*. With reference to *it*, l. 8, Dyce notes a similar looseness of expression in *The Queen of Corinth*, IV. iv. end: 'Nature's divided streams . . . will overrun at last, and flow to *itself*.' Besides, *point it* may equal *point*.

10 s.d. Honora, Viola] '2 Daughters' in Ff.

In true respect of what I owe your highness,
It merits nothing.
Duke. Are these fair ones yours, lord?
[HONORA *and* VIOLA *kneel.*
Archas. Their mother made me think so, sir.
Duke. Stand up, ladies,— [*They rise.*
Beshrew my heart, they are fair ones; methinks fitter
The lustre of the court, than thus live darken'd.
I would see your house, lord Archas; it appears to me
A handsome pile.
Archas. 'Tis neat, but no great structure:
I 'll be your grace's guide.—Give me the keys there.
Duke. Lead on, we 'll follow ye: begin with the gallery;
I think that 's one.
Archas. 'Tis so, an 't please ye, sir;
The rest above are lodgings all.
Duke. Go on, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Moscow. A street.

Enter THEODORE, PUTSKIE, *and* ANCIENT.

Puts. The duke gone thither, do you say?
Theod. Yes, marry, do I;
And all the ducklings too: but what they 'll do there—
Puts. I hope they 'll crown his service.
Theod. With a custard:
This is no weather for rewards. They crown his service!
Rather they go to shave his crown. I was rated

14, 15] s.d. the first Weber's, the second Dyce's.
Sc. V.] Weber's locality.
3 *custard*] Altered by Seward to *costard* (which, he says, most erroneously, signifies "a crab-tree stick").—"To *crown with a custard*, means to clap a *custard* on his head, the effect of which must, of course, be ludicrous."—Nares's *Gloss.* in v. *Costard.* Clapping a custard on one's head appears to have been a trick practised by pages: in *A Pleasant Commodie called Looke about you*, 1600, we find mention of "the tricks that pages passe in time of Parlament, as swearing to the pantable *crowning with Custards*, paper whiffes to the sleepers noses," etc. Sig. C. (Dyce).

(As if I had been a dog had worried sheep) out of doors,
For making but a doubt.
Puts. They must now grace him.
Theod. Mark but the end.
Anc. I am sure they should reward him; they cannot want him.
Theod. They that want honesty want any thing.
Puts. The duke is so noble in his own thoughts.
Theod. That I grant ye,
If those might only sway him: but 'tis most certain,
So many new-born flies his light gave life to,
Buzz in his beams, flesh-flies and butterflies,
Hornets and humming scarabs, that not one honey-bee,
That 's loaden with true labour, and brings home
Increase and credit, can 'scape rifling;
And what she sucks for sweet, they turn to bitterness.
Anc. Shall we go see what they do, and talk our minds to 'em?
Puts. That we have done too much, and to no purpose.
Anc. Shall we be hang'd for him?
I have a great mind to be hang'd now for doing
Some brave thing for him; a worse end will take me,
And for an action of no worth. Not honour him!
Upon my conscience, even the devil, the very devil,
(Not to belie him), thinks him an honest man;
I am sure he has sent him souls, any time these twenty years,
Able to furnish all his fish-markets.
Theod. Leave thy talking;
And come, let 's go to dinner, and drink to him:
We shall hear more ere supper-time. If he be honour'd,

6 *out of doors*] "The modern editors, without giving any notice of such a needless variation, transfer these words from their present situation to the end of the preceding line."—Weber.
9 *want him*] i. e. do without him.—Weber.
15 *scarabs*] dung-bred beetles.
19 *minds*] F1: *mind* F2.
22 *for doing*] In Ff and Seward included in l. 23.
27 *souls*] "A poor pun upon *soals*," ed. 1778: *time* F2, *times* F1.
28 *fish-markets*] So F2. F1 "*fish*-market"; and so Weber.

He has deserved it well, and we shall fight for 't;
If he be ruin'd, so; we know the worst then,
And, for myself, I'll meet it.
Puts. I ne'er fear it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A gallery in the country-house of ARCHAS.

Enter DUKE, ARCHAS, BOROSKIE, BURRIS, Gentlemen, *and* Attendants.

Duke. They are handsome rooms all, well contrived and fitted,
Full of convenience; the prospect 's excellent.
Archas. Now, will your grace pass down, and do me but the honour,
To taste a country banquet?
Duke. What room 's that?
I would see all now; what conveyance has it?
I see you have kept the best part yet; pray, open it.
Archas. [*Aside.*] Ha! I misdoubted this.—'Tis of no receipt, sir;
For your eyes most unfit—
Duke. I long to see it,
Because I would judge of the whole piece: some excellent paintings,
Or some rare spoils, you would keep to entertain me
Another time, I know.
Archas. In troth, there is not,
Nor any thing worth your sight. Below I have
Some fountains and some ponds.
Duke. I would see this now.
Archas. [*Aside.*] Boroskie, thou art a knave.—It contains nothing
But rubbish from the other rooms, and unnecessaries:

Sc. VI.] Dyce's locality. Weber 'The Country-house. A Room, with a Door in the Back-ground.'
7, 14 s.d. Aside] Weber; marked by a dash 1778.
9 *paintings*] F2 *painting.*

Will 't please you see a strange clock?
Duke. This, or nothing.
Why should you bar it up thus with defences
Above the rest, unless it contain'd something
More excellent and curious of keeping?
Open 't, for I will see 't.
Archas. The keys are lost, sir.
Does your grace think, if it were fit for you,
I could be so unmannerly?
Duke. I will see it;
And either shew it——
Archas. Good sir——
Duke. Thank ye, Archas;
You shew your love abundantly.
Do I use to entreat thus?—Force it open.
Burris. That were inhospitable; you are his guest, sir,
And 'tis his greatest joy to entertain ye.
Duke. Hold thy peace, fool.—Will ye open it?
Archas. Sir, I cannot;
I must not, if I could.
Duke. Go, break it open.
Archas. I must withstand that force.—Be not too rash, gentlemen.
Duke. Unarm him first; then, if he be not obstinate,
Preserve his life.
Archas. I thank your grace; I take it:
And now take you the keys; go in, and see, sir;
[*The door is opened.*
There feed your eyes with wonder, and thank that traitor,
That thing that sells his faith for favour. [*Exit* DUKE.
Burris. Sir, what moves ye?
Archas. I have kept mine pure.—Lord Burris, there 's a Judas,
That for a smile will sell ye all: a gentleman!
The devil has more truth, and has maintain'd it;
A whore's heart more belief in 't.

16] Stage direction in Ff 'Little Trunke ready.'
27 *'tis*] Sympson's correction. Both the folios *with*; which, unless we suppose the line to be incomplete (the Duke interrupting Burris), cannot be right.
33 s.d. The door, etc.] Stage direction is Weber's.

Re-enter DUKE.

Duke. What 's all this, Archas?
I cannot blame ye to conceal it so,
This most inestimable treasure.
Archas. Yours, sir.
Duke. Nor do I wonder now the soldier slights me.
Archas. Be not deceived; he has had no favour here, sir,
Nor had you known this now, but for that pickthank,
That lost man in his faith: he has reveal'd it;
To suck a little honey from ye, has betray'd it.—
I swear he smiles upon me, and forsworn too!
Thou crack'd, uncurrent lord!—I 'll tell ye all, sir.
Your sire, before his death, knowing your temper
To be as bounteous as the air and open,
As flowing as the sea to all that follow'd ye,
Your great mind fit for war and glory, thriftily,
Like a great husband, to preserve your actions,
Collected all this treasure; to our trusts—
To mine, I mean, and to that long-tongued lord's there—
He gave the knowledge and the charge of all this;
Upon his death-bed too; and on the sacrament
He swore us thus, never to let this treasure
Part from our secret keepings, till no hope
Of subject could relieve ye, all your own wasted,
No help of those that loved ye could supply ye,
And then some great exploit a-foot: my honesty
I would have kept till I had made this useful,
(I shew'd it, and I stood it to the tempest,)
And useful to the end 'twas left: I am cozen'd,
And so are you too, if you spend this vainly.
This worm that crept into ye has abused ye,
Abused your father's care, abused his faith too;
Nor can this mass of money make him man more;
A flea'd dog has more soul, an ape more honesty.
All mine ye have amongst it; farewell that!

40 *ye*] *you* F2.
44 *pickthank*] parasite, toady.
64] Brackets first in Seward.
65 *I am*] Seward and ed. 1778 *I 'm.*
70 *flea'd*] The old form of *flay'd.*
71 *All mine ye have*] He means his private wealth.

I cannot part with 't nobler; my heart 's clear,
My conscience smooth as that, no rub upon 't :—
[*To* BOROSKIE.] But, oh, thy hell!
Bor. I seek no heaven from you, sir.
Archas. Thy gnawing hell, Boroskie! it will find thee.—
Would ye heap coals upon his head has wrong'd ye,
Has ruin'd your estate? give him this money,
Melt it into his mouth.
Duke. What little trunk 's that?
That there o' th' top, that 's lock'd?
Bor. You 'll find it rich, sir;
Richer, I think, than all.
Archas. You were not covetous,
Nor wont to weave your thoughts with such a coarseness;
Pray, rack not honesty.
Bor. Be sure ye see it.
Duke. Bring out the trunk.
[*An* Attendant *brings out a trunk.*
Archas. You 'll find that treasure too;
All I have left me now. [*The trunk is opened.*
Duke. What 's this; a poor gown?
And this a piece of Seneca?
Archas. Yes, sure, sir,
More worth than all your gold (yet ye have enough on 't),
And of a mine far purer and more precious;
This sells no friends, nor searches into counsels,
And yet all counsel and all friends live here, sir;
Betrays no faith, yet handles all that 's trusty.
Will 't please ye leave me this?
Duke. With all my heart, sir.

74 s.d.] Stage direction Weber's.
76 *Would ye heap coals upon his head has wrong'd ye*] "The present phrase is from Scripture, as pointed out by Mr. Henley in a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. i.," etc., etc. !!—Weber. Who ever doubted it?—Dyce.
82 *ye*] F2 *you.*
83 s.d. An Attendant, etc.] Ff give stage direction 'Enter (F1 "Ent.") with the Trunk.'
84 s.d.] added by Weber.
85 *piece*] i. e. *writing* or *book.*
91 *ye*] F2 *you.*

Archas. What says your lordship to 't?
Bor. I dare not rob ye.
Archas. Poor miserable men, you have robb'd yourselves both!—
This gown, and this unvalued treasure, your brave father
Found me a child at school with, in his progress;
Where such a love he took to some few answers
(Unhappy boyish toys, hit in my head then)
That suddenly I made him, thus as I was
(For here was all the wealth I brought his highness)
He carried me to court, there bred me up,
Bestow'd his favours on me, taught me arms first,
With those an honest mind: I served him truly,
And where he gave me trust, I think I fail'd not;
Let the world speak. I humbly thank your highness;
You have done more, and nobler, eased mine age, sir,
And to this care a fair *quietus* given.
Now to my book again!
Duke. You have your wish, sir.—
Let some bring off the treasure.
Bor. Some is his, sir.
Archas. None, none, my lord; a poor unworthy reaper;
The harvest is his grace's.
Duke. Thank you, Archas.
Archas. But will not you repent, lord? when this is gone,
Where will your lordship——
Bor. Pray, take you no care, sir.
Archas. Does your grace like my house?
Duke. Wondrous well, Archas;
You have made me richly welcome.
Archas. I did my best, sir.
Is there any thing else may please your grace?

94 *unvaluable*] i. e. invaluable.
95 *his progress*] i. e. his journey of state, to visit different parts of his kingdom.
97 *Unhappy*] i. e. waggish. Cf. M. ii. 30 note. The brackets here are Seward's.
99] Brackets Fa.
101 *arms*] To the Army.
103 *my lord*] Omitted Fa.

Duke. Your daughters
I had forgot; send them to court.
Archas. How's that, sir?
Duke. I said, your daughters; see it done: I'll have 'em
Attend my sister, Archas.
Archas. Thank your highness.
Duke. And suddenly. [*Exeunt all except* ARCHAS.
Archas. Through all the ways I dare,
I'll serve your temper, though you try me far. [*Exit.*

119 s.d.] Ff Exit. Ed. 1778 Exit with train.
120 *me far*] So the second folio. The first folio has *me* too *far*.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Moscow. A street.

Enter THEODORE, PUTSKIE, *and* ANCIENT.

Theod. I wonder we hear no news.
Puts. Here 's your father's servant;
He comes in haste too; now we shall know all, sir.

Enter Servant.

Theod. How now!
Serv. I am glad I have met you, sir; your father
Entreats ye presently make haste unto him.
Theod. What news?
Serv. None of the best, sir; I am ashamed to tell it;
Pray, ask no more.
Theod. Did not I tell ye, gentlemen?
Did not I prophesy?—He is undone, then?
Serv. Not so, sir; but as near it——
Puts. There 's no help now;
The army 's scatter'd all through discontent,
Not to be rallied up in haste to help this.
Anc. Plague of the devil, have ye watch'd your seasons?
We shall watch you ere long.
Theod. Farewell: there 's no cure;
We must endure all now: I know what I 'll do.
[*Exeunt* THEODORE *and* Servant.
Puts. Nay, there 's no striving; they have a hand upon us,
A heavy and a hard one.
Anc. Now I have it;

III. i. s.d.] 'Enter Theodore, Putskey, Ancient and Servant' in Ff. Weber adds locality.
2 s.d. Enter Servant] Dyce's direction.
4 *ye*] *you* F2.
7 *He is*] So F1 and mod. eds. *he 's* F2, Seward and ed. 1778.

We have yet some gentlemen, some boys of mettle,
(What, are we bobb'd thus still, colted, and carted?)
And one mad trick we'll have to shame these vipers:
Shall I bless 'em?
Puts. Farewell: I have thought my way too. [*Exit.*
Anc. Were never such rare cries in Christendom,
As Moscow shall afford: we'll live by fooling,
Now fighting 's gone, and they shall find and feel it. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A room in the country-house of ARCHAS.

Enter ARCHAS, HONORA, *and* VIOLA.

Archas. No more; it must be so. Do you think I would send ye,
Your father and your friend——
Viola. Pray, sir, be good to us:
Alas, we know no court, nor seek that knowledge!
We are content, like harmless things, at home,
Children of your content, bred up in quiet,
Only to know ourselves, to seek a wisdom
From that we understand, easy and honest;
To make our actions worthy of your honour,
Their ends as innocent as we begot 'em.
What shall we look for, sir, what shall we learn there,
That this more private sweetness cannot teach us?
Virtue was never built upon ambition,
Nor the soul's beauties bred out of bravery:
What a terrible father would you seem to us,
Now you have moulded us, and wrought our tempers
To easy and obedient ways, uncrooked,

17 *What, are we bobb'd thus still, colted, and carted*] "*Bobb'd* and *colted*, as we have repeatedly mentioned, are synonymous terms, meaning *fooled, tricked.*" —Weber.

Sc. II. s.d.] Locality is Dyce's. Weber 'The Country-house of Archas.'

4 *like*] So F1. F2 *with.*

13 *bravery*] i. e. finery, splendour.

Where the fair mind can never lose nor loiter,
Now to divert our natures, now to stem us
Roughly against the tide of all this treasure!
Would ye have us proud? 'tis sooner bred than buried),
Wickedly proud? for such things dwell at court, sir.
Hon. Would you have your children learn to forget
their father.
And, when he dies, dance on his monument?
Shall we seek Virtue in a satin gown,
Embroider'd Virtue? Faith in a well-curl'd feather?
And set our credits to the tune of *Green-sleeves*?
This may be done; and, if you like, it shall be.
You should have sent us thither when we were younger,
Our maidenheads at a higher rate, our innocence
Able to make a mart indeed: we are now too old, sir;
Perhaps they 'll think too cunning too, and slight us:
Besides, we are altogether unprovided,
Unfurnish'd utterly of the rules should guide us:
This lord comes, licks his hand, and protests to me;
Compares my beauty to a thousand fine things,
Mountains, and fountains, trees, and stars, and goblins;
Now have not I the fashion to believe him;
He offers me the honourable courtesy
To lie with me all night; what a misery is this!

20 *them*] F1 *then*.

22 *you*] Second folio *ye*. Seward and ed. 1778 *y'*.

26 *the tune of Green-sleeves*] Was a very popular air, which is given by Sir John Hawkins, *Hist. of Music*, Appendix, No. 21. Various ballads, differing but little in their titles, were sung to it. From the present line, and several other notices in early writers, we may conclude that the original ballad was a rather wanton ditty. A ballad of *Green-sleeves* was entered on the Books of the Stationers' Company, Sept., 1580; and in *A Handefull of Pleasant Delites &c.*, 1584, is *A New Courtly Sonet of the Lady Green-sleeves, to the new tune of Green-sleeves*, the burthen of which is:

"Green-sleeves was all my joy,
Green-sleeves was my delight,
Green-sleeves was my heart of gold;
And who but Lady Green-sleeves?"

p. 23, reprint. Dyce.

In *The Woman's Prize*, III. iv. 103, the outraged Petruchio applies the term 'Lady Green-sleeves' to his wife Maria.

36 *goblins*] Sympson suggested that the true reading was *godkins* (i. e. little gods), and Mason cites from Massinger and Dekker's *Virgin Martyr* an example of that word, adding (as he well might), "but the alteration does not seem to be necessary."

37 *the fashion to*] So F1. F2 has *the faith for to*: and so Seward.

I am bred up so foolishly, alas, I dare not!
And how madly these things will shew there!
Archas. I send ye not,
Like parts infected, to draw more corruption;
Like spiders, to grow great with growing evil:
With your own virtues season'd, and my prayers;
The card of goodness in your minds, that shews ye
When ye sail false; the needle touch'd with honour,
That through the blackest storms still points at happiness;
Your bodies the tall barks ribb'd round with goodness,
Your heavenly souls the pilots; thus I send you,
Thus I prepare your voyage, sound before ye,
And ever, as you sail through this world's vanity,
Discover shoals, rocks, quicksands, cry out to ye,
Like a good master, "Tack about for honour!"
The court is virtue's school, at least it should be;
Nearer the sun the mine lies, the metal 's purer.
Be it granted, if the spring be once infected,
Those branches that flow from him must run muddy:
Say you find some sins there, and those no small ones,
And they like lazy fits begin to shake ye;
Say they affect your strengths, my happy children,
Great things through greatest hazards are achieved still,
And then they shine, then goodness has his glory,
His crown fast rivetted, then time moves under,
Where, through the mist of errors, like the sun
Through thick and pitchy clouds, he breaks out nobly.
Hon. I thank you, sir, you have made me half a soldier;
I will to court most willingly, most fondly:
And, if there be such stirring things amongst 'em,
Such travellers into Virginia,

45 *The card*] Was a term for the mariner's compass—properly, the card or paper on which the points of the wind were marked. Cf. *Macbeth*, I. iii. 17: 'I' the shipman's card.'

53 Inverted commas first in 1778.

55 *Nearer the sun . . . the metal 's purer*] Cf. Lyly's *Midas*, II. ii. 5, 'Gold is . . . a weed bred by the sunne, the very rubbish of barren ground.' The popular error connecting it with hot countries, disproved e.g. by Klondyke, arose perhaps from an early discovery of alluvial gold on the Gold Coast; but Pliny, xxxiii. 21, associates the metal with the 'montes aridi sterilesque' of Spain.

69 *Virginia*] "This is a curious anachronism."—Weber. A double entendre.

As fame reports, if they can win me, take me.
I think I have a close ward, and a sure one,
An honest mind ; I hope 'tis petticoat-proof,
Chain-proof, and jewel-proof ; I know 'tis gold-proof ;
A coach and four horses cannot draw me from it :
As for your handsome faces and filed tongues,
Curl'd millers' heads, I have another ward for them ;
And yet I 'll flatter too, as fast as they do,
And lie, but not as lewdly.—Come, be valiant, sister :
She that dares not stand the push o' th' court, dares nothing,
And yet come off ungrazed.—Sir, like you, we both
Affect great dangers now, and the world shall see
All glory lies not in man's victory.
Archas. Mine own Honora !
Viola. I am very fearful :
Would I were stronger built !—You would have me honest ?
Archas. Or not at all, my Viola.
Viola. I 'll think on 't ;
For 'tis no easy promise, and live there.—
Do you think we shall do well ?
Hon. Why, what should ail us ?
Viola. Certain, they 'll tempt us strongly : beside the glory
Which women may affect, they are handsome gentlemen ;
Every part speaks : nor is it one denial,
Nor two, nor ten ; from every look we give 'em
They 'll frame a hope ; even from our prayers, promises.
Hon. Let 'em feed so, and be fat ; there is no fear, wench,
If thou be'st fast to thyself.
Viola. I hope I shall be ;
And your example will work more.
Hon. Thou shalt not want it.

72 *mind ; I hope 'tis*] Old editions *mind I hope, 'tis.*
76 *millers' heads*] i. e. powdered heads.
76 *ward*] Sympson, Seward and rest for *word* of Ff.
80 *ungrazed*] ed. 1778 : F1 *ungrased*, F2 *ungraced*. Seward reads ***unrased.***
80 *Sir, like you,*] Seward and ed. 1778 *like you, we both, sir.*
92 *from our prayers, promises*] i. e. they will misinterpret our prayers.
93 *feed . . . and be fat*] a proverbial expression.
94 *If*] F1. F2 *Is.*

Enter THEODORE.

Theod. How do you, sir? can you lend a man an angel?
I hear you let out money.
Archas. Very well, sir;
You are pleasantly disposed: I am glad to see it.
Can you lend me your patience, and be ruled by me?
Theod. Is 't come to patience now?
Archas. Is 't not a virtue?
Theod. I know not: I ne'er found it so.
Archas. That 's because
Thy anger ever knows, and not thy judgment.
Theod. I know you have been rifled.
Archas. Nothing less, boy:
Lord, what opinions these vain people publish!
Rifled of what?
Theod. Study your virtue, patience;
It may get mustard to your meat. Why in such haste, sir,
Sent ye for me?
Archas. For this end only, Theodore,
To wait upon your sisters to the court:
I am commanded they live there.
Theod. To th' court, sir!
Archas. To th' court, I say.
Theod. And must I wait upon 'em?
Archas. Yes, 'tis most fit ye should; ye are their brother.
Theod. Is this the business? I had thought your mind, sir,
Had been set forward on some noble action,
Something had truly stirr'd ye. To th' court with these!
Why, they are your daughters, sir.
Archas. All this I know sir.
Theod. [*Singing.*]

95 s.d. Enter Theodore] After Viola's speech in Ff.
96 *an angel*] A gold coin, worth about 10*s*.
109 *they live there*] i. e. that they go to live there.
111 *ye . . . ye*] F2 *you . . . you.*
116 s.d. Singing] supplied ed. 1778; Seward italicized the line.

The good old woman on a bed he threw.

To th' court!
Archas. Thou art not mad?
Theod. Nor drunk as you are;
Drunk with your duty, sir: do you call it duty?
A pox o' duty! What can these do there?
What should they do?—Can ye look babies, sisters,
In the young gallants' eyes, and twirl their band-strings?
Can ye ride out to air yourselves?—Pray, sir,
Be serious with me; do ye speak this truly?
Archas. Why, didst thou never hear of women yet at court, boy?
Theod. Yes, and good women too, very good women,
Excellent honest women: but are you sure, sir,
That these will prove so?
Hon. There 's the danger, brother.
Theod. God-a-mercy, wench, thou hast a grudging of it.
Archas. Now be you serious, sir, and observe what I say;
Do it, and do it handsomely: go with 'em.
Theod. With all my heart, sir. I am in no fault now,
If they be thought whores for being in my company:
Pray, write upon their backs, they are my sisters,
And where I shall deliver 'em.
Archas. Ye are wondrous jocund;
But, prithee, tell me, art thou so lewd a fellow?
I never knew thee fail a truth.
Theod. I am a soldier;
And spell you what that means.
Archas. A soldier!

117 *Thou art not*] F2 *Thou art,*

120–21 *look babies . . . In . . . gallants' eyes*] Of amorous ogling, as in *The Woman's Prize*, V. i. 44, 'To look gay babies in your eyes'; and *The Woman Hater*, III. i. 101, 'Mine eyes look'd babies in.' The phrase refers to the tiny reflection of oneself seen in the pupil of another's eye; but doubtless has a lewder meaning.

121 *band-strings*] Strings with small tassels at the ends, which tied the *band* (collar or ruff) in front. Among instances of *band* in this sense the *N.E.D.* quotes c. 1625, *Poems on Costume* (1849), 112, 'With laces long and broad As now are women's bands.'

128 *grudging of it*] i. e. a secret inclination for it, or perhaps 'symptom,' as II. i. 157.

What dost thou make of me?
Theod. Your palate 's down, sir.
Archas. I thank ye, sir.
Theod. Come, shall we to this matter?
You will to court?
Hon. If you will please to honour us.
Theod. I 'll honour ye, I warrant; I 'll set ye off
With such a lustre, wenches! Alas, poor Viola,
Thou art a fool, thou criest for eating white bread!
Be a good huswife of thy tears, and save 'em;
Thou wilt have time enough to shed 'em, sister.—
Do you weep too? nay, then I 'll fool no more.—
Come, worthy sisters, since it must be so,
And since he thinks it fit to try your virtues,
Be you as strong as truth, as I to guard ye,
And this old gentleman shall have joy of ye.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Moscow. An apartment in the Palace.

Enter DUKE *and* BURRIS.

Duke. Burris, take you ten thousand of those crowns,
And those two chains of pearls they hold the richest;
I give 'em ye.
Bur. I humbly thank your grace;
And may your great example work in me
That noble charity to men more worthy,
And of more wants!
Duke. You bear a good mind, Burris;
Take twenty thousand now: be not so modest;
It shall be so, I give 'em: go, there 's my ring for 't.

138 *Your palate 's down*] Cf. *The Mad Lover*, II. iii. 32. Of the tongue-tied nonplussed Syphax, 'His palate 's down.' Archas' question implies 'Am I lewd too, then?'; his son replies 'You're past it.'

145-6 *to shed 'em, sister.—Do you weep too?*] The modern editors alter the punctuation thus—

"*to shed 'em.—Sister,*
Do you weep too?"

Sc. III. Moscow.] prefixed by Dyce to Weber's s.d.

Bur. Heaven bless your highness ever!
Duke. You are honest. [*Exit* BURRIS.

Enter ALINDA *and* PUTSKIE, *and remain at the side of the stage.*

Puts. They 're coming now to court, as fair as virtue:
Two brighter stars ne'er rose here.
Alin. Peace, I have it,
And what my art can do—the duke!
Puts. I am gone;
Remember.
Alin. I am counsell'd to the full, sir. [*Exit* PUTSKIE.
Duke. My pretty mistress, whither lies your business?
How kindly I should take this, were it to me now!
Alin. I must confess, immediately to your grace,
At this time——
Duke. You have no address, I do believe ye;
I would ye had!
Alin. 'Twere too much boldness, sir,
Upon so little knowledge, less deserving.
Duke. You 'll make a perfect courtier.
Alin. A very poor one.
Duke. A very fair one, sweet: come hither to me.—
[*Aside.*] What killing eyes this wench has! in his glory,
Not the bright sun, when the Sirian star reigns,
Shines half so fiery.
Alin. Why does your grace so view me?
Nothing but common handsomeness dwells here, sir;
Scarce that: your grace is pleased to mock my meanness.
Duke. Thou shalt not go: I do not lie unto thee;
In my eye thou appear'st——
Alin. Dim not the sight, sir;

9 s.d. Exit Burris] Folios and first three editors have 'Exit' at *ever.*
9 s. d. and remain . . . stage] Ff 'at doore.'
10, 11 *They 're coming . . . rose here*] Seward chose to give these lines to the Duke, for reasons which it would be useless to detail.
13 s.d. Exit Putskie] Ff and first three editors put 'Exit' at *Remember.*
17 *time*——] Ff and first three editors *time.*
22 s.d. Aside] Added Weber.
23 *the Sirian star*] Silently altered by Seward to *the* hot *Sirian star.*

I am too dull an object.
Duke. Canst thou love me?
Canst thou love him will honour thee?
Alin. I can love,
And love as you do too: but 'twill not shew well;
Or, if it do shew here, where all light lustres,
Tinsel affections, make a glorious glistering,
'Twill halt i' th' handsome way.
Duke. Are ye so cunning?
Dost think I love not truly?
Alin. No, ye cannot;
You never travell'd that way yet. Pray, pardon me,
I prate so boldly to you.
Duke. There's no harm done:
But what's your reason, sweet?
Alin. I would tell your grace,
But happily——
Duke. It shall be pleasing to me.
Alin. I should love you again, and then you would hate me:
With all my service I should follow ye,
And through all dangers.
Duke. This would more provoke me,
More make me see thy worths, more make me meet 'em.
Alin. You should do so, if ye did well and truly:
But, though ye be a prince, and have power in ye,
Power of example too, ye have fail'd and falter'd.
Duke. Give me example where.
Alin. You had a mistress,
Oh, Heaven, so bright, so brave a dame, so lovely,
In all her life so true——
Duke. A mistress!
Alin. That served ye with that constancy, that care,
That loved your will, and woo'd it too——
Duke. What mistress?
Alin. That nursed your honour up, held fast your virtue,

43] Ff have this line as two lines.
50 *ye*] *you* F2.

And, when she kiss'd, increased, not stole your goodness!
Duke. And I neglected her?
Alin. Lost her, forsook her,
Wantonly flung her off.
Duke. What was her name?
Alin. Her name as lovely as herself, as noble,
And in it all that 's excellent.
Duke. What was it?
Alin. Her name was Beau-desert: do you know her now, sir?
Duke. Beau-desert! I not remember——
Alin. I know you do not;
Yet she has a plainer name,—lord Archas' service:
Do you yet remember her? There was a mistress
Fairer than woman, far fonder to you, sir,
Than mothers to their first-born joys. Can you love?
Dare you profess that truth to me, a stranger,
A thing of no regard, no name, no lustre,
When your most noble love you have neglected,
A beauty all the world would woo and honour?
Would you have me credit this? think ye can love me,
And hold ye constant, when I have read this story?
Is 't possible you should ever favour me,
To a slight pleasure prove a friend, and fast too,
When, where you were most tied, most bound to benefit,
Bound by the chains of honesty and honour,
You have broke, and boldly too? I am a weak one,
Arm'd only with my fears: I beseech your grace
Tempt me no further.
Duke. Who taught you this lesson?
Alin. Woful experience, sir. If you seek a fair one

58] Written as two lines in Ff.
58 *do you*] Seward and ed. 1778 *D' you.*
59 *not remember*] So F1. F2 has *do not remember.* Sew. Col. *don't.*
62 *woman*] So F2. F1 has *women*; and so Weber.
62 *far*] Silently altered by Seward to *and far*; and so his successors.
68 *ye*] F2 *you.*

Worthy your love, if yet you have that perfect,
Two daughters of his ruin'd virtue now
Arrive at court, excellent fair indeed, sir;
But this will be the plague on 't, they 're excellent honest.

Enter OLYMPIA *and* PETESCA *behind.*

Duke. I love thy face.
Alin. Upon my life, ye cannot:
I do not love it myself, sir; 'tis a lewd one,
So truly ill, art cannot mend it. 'Ods, if 'twere handsome,
At least if I thought so, you should hear me talk, sir,
In a new strain; and, though ye are a prince,
Make ye petition to me too, and wait my answers;
Yet, o' my conscience, I should pity ye,
After some ten years' siege.
Duke. Prithee, do now.
Alin. What would ye do?
Duke. Why, I would lie with ye.
Alin. I do not think ye would.
Duke. In troth, I would, wench.
Here, take this jewel.
Alin. Out upon 't! that 's scurvy:
Nay, if we do, sure we 'll do for good fellowship,
For pure love, or nothing: thus you shall be sure, sir,
You shall not pay too dear for 't.
Duke. Sure, I cannot.
Alin. By 'r lady, but ye may. When ye have found me able
To do your work well, ye may pay my wages.
Pet. Why does your grace start back?
Olym. I ha' seen that shakes me,

81 s.d. behind] Ff have 'privately.' Perhaps they entered above,—on what was called the upper stage or balcony, at the back. Dyce, referring to his note on *The Widow*, I. i. 'Scene.'

83 *lewd*] i. e. bad, ugly. Seward printed *foul*! and Weber cited two passages to prove that *lewd* is used here in the sense of *idle*!

84 *'Ods*] F1 has *'sod* (which, after all, may be right). F2 reads *but*; so Seward. The editors of 1778 printed *God*. Weber gave *'Cod*.

Chills all my blood. Oh, where is faith or goodness?
Alinda, thou art false; false, false, thou fair one,
Wickedly false! and (woe is me) I see it!
For ever false!
Pet. [*Aside.*] I am glad 't has taken thus right.
[*Exeunt* OLYMPIA *and* PETESCA.
Alin. I 'll go ask my lady, sir.
Duke. What?
Alin. Whether I
Shall lie with ye, or no: if I find her willing—
For, look ye, sir, I have sworn, while I am in her service
('Twas a rash oath, I must confess)——
Duke. Thou mock'st me.
Alin. Why, would ye lie with me, if I were willing?
Would you abuse my weakness?
Duke. I would piece it,
And make it stronger.
Alin. I humbly thank your highness:
When you piece me, you must piece me to my coffin.
When you have got my maidenhead, I take it,
'Tis not an inch of an ape's tail will restore it.
I love ye, and I honour ye; but this way
I 'll neither love nor serve ye. Heaven change your mind, sir! [*Exit.*
Duke. And thine too! for it must be changed, it shall be. [*Exit.*

101 *Wickedly*] Second folio *Wickedness.*
102] The 'Aside' is Dyce's.
102 s.d. Exeunt Olympia and Petesca] First folio 'Exit.' Second folio 'Exeunt.'
103 *Whether I*] Written as part of next line in Ff.
105 *I have*] Seward and ed. 1778 *I've.*
112 *an* (the second)] Silently omitted by the modern editors before Dyce.
114, 115] Written as four lines in Ff, ending with *ye, sir, too, be.*

SCENE IV.

Another apartment in the same.

Enter BOROSKIE, BURRIS, THEODORE, VIOLA, *and* HONORA.

Bor. They are goodly gentlewomen.
Burris. They are,
Wondrous sweet women both.
Theod. Does your lordship like 'em?
They are my sisters, sir; good lusty lasses:
They 'll do their labour well, I warrant ye;
You 'll find no bed-straw here, sir.
Hon. Thank ye, brother.
Theod. This is not so strongly built; but she is good mettle,
Of a good stirring strain too; she goes tith, sir.

Enter two Gentlemen.

Here they be, gentlemen, must make ye merry,
The toys you wot of. Do you like their complexions?
They be no Moors: what think ye of this hand, gentlemen?
Here 's a white altar for your sacrifice;
A thousand kisses here—nay, keep off yet, gentlemen;
Let 's start first, and have fair play. What would ye give now
To turn the globe up, and find the rich Moluccas?

Sc. IV.] Locality is due to Weber.
2 *lordship*] First folio *Lordshid.*
7 *she goes tith*] i. e. she goes tight (the allusion being to a ship). Compare Fletcher's *Woman's Prize, or The Tamer Tamed*—

> "Which if he man not
> With more continual labour than a galley,
> To make her *tith*," etc.
> Act III. sc. iv.

In the present passage the editors of 1778 altered "*tith*" to "*tilth*"!

To pass the straits? Here (do ye itch?), by Saint Nicholas,
Here 's that will make ye scratch and claw;
Claw, my fine gentlemen, move ye in divers sorts.
Pray ye, let me request ye, to forget
To say your prayers, whilst these are courtiers;
Or, if ye needs will think of Heaven, let it be no higher
Than their eyes.
Bor. How will ye have 'em bestow'd, sir?
Theod. Even how your lordship please, so you do not bake 'em.
Bor. Bake 'em!
Theod. They are too high a meat that way, they run to jelly:
But if you 'll have 'em for your own diet, take my counsel;
Stew 'em between two feather-beds.
Burris. Please you, colonel,
To let 'em wait upon the princess?
Theod. Yes, sir,
And thank your honour too: but then, happily,
These noble gentlemen shall have no access to 'em;
And to have 'em buy new clothes, study new faces,
And keep a stinking stir with themselves for nothing,
'Twill not be well, i' faith: they have kept their bodies,
And been at charge for baths. Do you see that shirt there?
Weigh but the moral meaning; 'twill be grievous:
Alas, I brought 'em to delight these gentlemen!
I weigh their wants by mine: I brought 'em wholesome,
Wholesome and young, my lord; and two such blessings

15 *by St. Nicholas*] "*St. Nicholas* is the favourite saint of the Russians; they call him, *Scora Pomosnick*, or the Speedy Helper, and say, that he hath three hundred angels of the chiefest appointed by God to attend upon him. See Fletcher's *Russe Commonwealth*, 8vo, 1591, p. 97."—Reed.

22] Written as two lines in folios, the first ending at *please*.

33–4 *shirt . . . moral meaning*] Seemingly one of the "Two Gentlemen" is wearing what Rutilio in *The Custom of the Country*, III. iii. calls "a neat historical shirt"—a shirt with stories embroidered on it. See notes, Vol. II., p. 513.

They will not light upon again in ten year.
Bor. 'Tis fit they wait upon her.
Theod. They are fit for any thing:
They 'll wait upon a man (they are not bashful),
Carry his cloak, or untie his points, or any thing;
Drink drunk, and take tobacco; the familiar'st fools!
This wench will leap over stools too, and sound a trumpet,
Wrestle, and pitch the bar: they are finely brought up.
Bor. Ladies, ye are bound to your brother, and have much cause to thank him.
I 'll ease ye of this charge; and to the princess,
So please you, I 'll attend 'em.
Theod. Thank your lordship:
If there be e'er a private corner as ye go, sir,
A foolish lobby out o' th' way, make danger,
Try what they are, try.
Bor. Ye are a merry gentleman.
Theod. I would fain be your honour's kinsman.
Bor. Ye are too curst, sir.
Theod. Farewell, wenches: keep close your ports; y 'are wash'd else.
Hon. Brother, bestow your fears where they are needful.
Theod. Honor thy name is, and, I hope, thy nature.
[*Exeunt* BOROSKIE, HONORA, *and* VIOLA.
Go after, gentlemen, go; get a snatch if you can;

38 *year*] F2 and editors before Dyce *years*.
41 *or* (the first)] Omitted Seward and ed. 1778.
41 *points*] The tagged laces that fastened the trunk-hose to the doublet.
42 *Drink drunk*] i.e. drink till they are drunk. The expression "drink drunk" was common.
43 *and*] Silently omitted by the modern editors before Dyce.
45] Ff print as two lines, the first ending at *brother*.
45 *Ladies, etc.*] Scan [plaguy rough scansion. A. H. B.]—'Làdies, | ye are bound | to your brò | ther and have mùch | cause to thànk | him'; and in l. 39 above | ''Tis fit | they wait | upòn | her. They are fit | for àn | ything." Cf. l. 41.
49 *make danger*] i. e. make experiment. "From the Latin phrase, *fac periculum*."—Ed. 1778.
51 *curst*] i. e. sour, ill-natured.
52 *ports . . . wash'd*] Of sea entering cabin-windows in fresh weather—of course with indecent quibble.
54 s.d. Exeunt] Ff 'Exit.' etc.

Yond old Erra Pater will never please 'em:
Alas, I brought 'em for you! but see the luck on 't!
I swear, I meant as honestly toward ye——
Nay, do not cry, good gentlemen: a little counsel
Will do no harm: they 'll walk abroad i' th' evenings,
Ye may surprise 'em easily; they wear no pistols:
Set down your minds in metre, flowing metre,
And get some good old linen-woman to deliver it,
That has the trick on 't; you cannot fail.
Farewell, gentlemen. [*Exeunt* Gentlemen.
Burris. You have frighted off these flesh-flies.
Theod. Flesh-flies indeed, my lord,
And it must be very stinking flesh they will not seize on.

Enter Servant *with a casket.*

Serv. Your lordship bid me bring this casket.
Burris. Yes. [*Exit* Servant.]—Good colonel,
Commend me to your worthy father, and, as a pledge
He ever holds my love and service to him,
Deliver him this poor, but hearty token;
And where I may be his——
Theod. Ye are too noble;
A wonder here, my lord, that dare be honest,
When all men hold it vicious. I shall deliver it,
And with it your most noble love. Your servant.
[*Exit* BURRIS.

56 *old Erra Pater*] A fabulous astrologer, whose wrinkled face sometimes adorned the backs of almanacs, which were occasionally called by his name. Cf. *Scornful Lady*, IV. i. 330, 'a face as old as Erra Pater' (and note); *Elder Brother*, I. ii. 28, 'And after six hours' conference with the stars, sleeps with old Erra Pater.'

63] An amorous sleight still practised in America. Scan—'And gèt | some goòd | old lì-|nen woman | to dell|ver ìt.'

65 *Farewell, gentlemen*] A separate line in Ff.

65 s.d. Exeunt Gentlemen] First folio 'Exit.'

66] Scan—'You have frìght|ed òff | these flèsh|-flies. Flèsh|-flies indeèd,| my lord.'

67 s.d. Enter Servant, etc.] Ff, Seward and ed. 1778 have 'Enter a Servant' after *my lord.*

68] Scan—'Your lòrd|ship bid me brìng| this càsk|et. Yès,| Good còl|onel.'

68 s.d. Exit Servant] Weber's direction.

Were there but two more such at court, 'twere sainted.
This will buy brawn this Christmas yet, and muscadine.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A street.

Enter ANCIENT, *crying* Brooms, *and after him, severally, four* Soldiers, *crying other things.* BOROSKIE *and* Gentlemen *over the stage observing them.*

I. SONG.

Ancient.

Broom, broom, the bonny broom!
Come, buy my birchen broom!
I' th' wars we have no more room:
Buy all my bonny broom!
For a kiss take two:
If those will not do,
For a little, little pleasure,
Take all my whole treasure:
If all these will not do 't,
Take the broom-man to boot.
Broom, broom, the bonny broom!

II. SONG.

First Soldier.

The wars are done and gone,
And soldiers, now neglected, pedlars are.
Come, maidens, come alone,
For I can shew you handsome, handsome ware;
Powders for the head,
And drinks for your bed,
To make ye blithe and bonny:
As well in the night
We soldiers can fight,
And please a young wench as any.

77 *muscadine*] The same as 'muscadel' or 'muscatel,' a rich fragrant wine made from the muscatel grape. Florio has *moscardino* 'a kinde of muske comfets, the name of a kind of grapes and peares.'—Skeat.

Sc. V.] Locality Weber's.

s.d. Enter Ancient . . . them] So Ff. Dyce omits the characteristic 'over the stage.'

14 *alone*] Editors (Seward to Dyce) *along*.

16 *for*] Ff have *for, for* (perhaps rightly).

Second Soldier.

I have fine potatoes,
Ripe potatoes!

III. SONG.

Third Soldier.

Will ye buy any honesty? come away;
I sell it openly by day;
I bring no forced light, nor no candle
To cozen ye; come buy and handle:
This will shew the great man good,
The tradesman where he swears and lies,
Each lady of a noble blood,
The city dame to rule her eyes.
Ye are rich men now: come buy, and then
I'll make ye richer, honest men.

IV. SONG.

Fourth Soldier.

Have ye any crack'd maidenheads to new-leech or mend?
Have ye any old maidenheads to sell or to change?
Bring 'em to me; with a little pretty gin,
I'll clout 'em, I 'll mend 'em, I 'll knock in a pin,
Shall make 'em as good maids again
As ever they have bin.

Bor. What means all this? why do y' sell brooms,
Ancient?
Is it in wantonness or want?
Anc. The only reason is,
To sweep your lordship's conscience. Here's one for the nonce:
Gape, sir;—you have swallow'd many a goodlier matter;—
The only casting for a crazy conscience.
Third Sold. Will your lordship buy any honesty?
'twill be worth your money.

22 *potatoes*] Introduced here because supposed a provocative. Cf. ll. 49–50 below, and *Merry Wives*, V. v. 25, 'Let the sky rain potatoes . . . let there come a tempest of provocation.'

34 *new-leech*] "*A leech* is a physician; to *leech* is to treat medicinally." —Mason.

36 *gin*] i. e. engine, instrument.

39 *bin*] F2 *been*.—Probably ll. 38–9 should be printed as a single line.

42 *for the nonce*] i. e. for the occasion.

44 *casting*] i. e. thing to cause vomiting. Cf. 'Crazy and sickly,' II. i. 146.

Bor. How is this?
Third Sold. Honesty, my lord; 'tis here in a quill.
Anc. Take heed you open it not, for 'tis so subtle,
The least puff of wind will blow it out o' th' kingdom.
Sec. Sold. Will your lordship please to taste a fine potato?
'Twill advance your wither'd state.
Anc. Fill your honour full of most noble itches,
And make Jack dance in your lordship's breeches.

First Soldier [*Sings*].

If your daughters, on their beds,
Have bow'd or crack'd their maidenheads;
If, in a coach, with too much tumbling,
They chance to cry, fie, fo, what fumbling!
If her foot slip, and down fall she,
And break her leg above the knee;
The one and thirtieth of February let this be ta'en,
And they shall be arrant maids again.

Bor. Ye are brave soldiers! keep your wantonness:
A winter will come on to shake this wilfulness:
Disport yourselves; and, when you want your money——
[*Exit with* Gentlemen.

Anc.

Broom, broom etc.

[*Exit singing, with the rest.*

SCENE VI.

A room in the Palace.

Enter ALINDA, HONORA, *and* VIOLA.

Alin. You must not be so fearful, little one;
Nor, lady, you so sad; you will ne'er make courtiers,
With these dull sullen thoughts: this place is pleasure,

49 *please*] Om. F1.
58 *above*] Ff *'bove*. *Break the leg, break the knee* and *sprain the ankle* were cant terms.
63] Ff and eds. before Dyce have 'Exit' simply.
64 s.d. Exit, etc.] Dyce. F1 has 'Exit singing,' F2, Sew., Col., Web. Exeunt 'singing.'
Sc. VI.] Locality due to Weber.
s.d. Enter Alinda] Dyce has 'Young Archas disguised as before.'

Preserved to that use, so inhabited;
And those that live here, live delightful, joyful:
These are the gardens of Adonis, ladies;
Where all sweets, to their free and noble uses,
Grow ever young and courted.
Hon. [*Aside.*] Bless me, Heaven!
Can things of her years arrive at these rudiments?—
By your leave, fair gentlewoman, how long have you been here?
Alin. Faith, much about a week.
Hon. You have studied hard,
And, by my faith, arrived at a great knowledge.
Viola. Were not you bashful at first?
Alin. Ay, ay, for an hour or two
But when I saw people laugh'd at me for it,
And thought it a dull breeding——
Hon. You are govern'd here, then,
Much after the men's opinions?
Alin. Ever, lady.
Hon. And what they think is honourable——
Alin. Most precisely
We follow, with all faith.
Hon. A goodly catechism!
Viola. But bashful for an hour or two!
Alin. Faith, to say true,
I do not think I was so long; for, look ye,
'Tis to no end here; put on what shape ye will,
And sour yourself with ne'er so much austerity,
You shall be courted in the same, and won too;
'Tis but some two hours more, and so much time lost,
Which we hold precious here. In so much time now
As I have told you this, you may lose a servant
Your age nor all your art can e'er recover.
Catch me occasion as she comes, hold fast there,
Till what you do affect is ripen'd to ye.
Has the duke seen ye yet?

6 *gardens of Adonis*] See Spenser's description of the Garden of Adonis in Book III, Canto VI, of the *Faërie Queene*.
8 s.d. Aside] Added Dyce.
14 *laugh'd*] Altered by the editors of 1778 and Weber to *laugh*.
26 *servant*] Admirer, as I. ii. 101.
28 *occasion*] *Occasion* must be caught by the forelock, for she is bald behind. Cyril Tourneur (*Rev. Trag.*, I. i. 54) speaks of "that bald madam, Opportunity."

Hon. What if he have not?
Alin. You do your beauties too much wrong, appearing
So full of sweetness, newness; set so richly,
As if a counsel beyond nature framed ye.
Hon. If we were thus, say Heaven had given these blessings,
Must we turn these to sin-oblations?
Alin. How foolishly this country way shews in ye!
How full of phlegm! Do you come here to pray, ladies?
You had best cry, "Stand away; let me alone, gentlemen;
I'll tell my father else."
Viola. [*Aside.*] This woman 's naught sure,
A very naughty woman.
Hon. Come, say on, friend;
I 'll be instructed by ye.
Alin. You 'll thank me for 't.
Hon. [*Aside.*] Either I or the devil shall.—The duke you were speaking of.
Alin. 'Tis well remember'd: yes, let him first see you;
Appear not openly till he has view'd ye.
Hon. He 's a very noble prince, they say.
Alin. Oh, wondrous gracious!
And, as you may deliver yourself, at the first viewing;
For, look ye, you must bear yourself—yet take heed
It be so season'd with a sweet humility,
And graced with such a bounty in your beauty——
Hon. But I hope he will offer me no ill?
Alin. No, no:
'Tis like he will kiss ye, and play with ye.
Hon. Play with me! how?
Alin. Why, good Lord, that you are such a fool now!
No harm, assure yourself.
Viola. Will he play with me too?
Alin. Look babies in your eyes, my pretty sweet one:
There 's a fine sport. Do you know your lodgings yet?
Hon. I hear of none.

38–9 *Stand . . . else*] Italicized first in Seward.
39 s.d. Aside] Stage direction Weber's.
42 s.d. Aside] Added Seward. Ff have no direction.
53 *he*] F2 and all editors. F1 *ye*.

Alin. I do, then ; they are handsome,
Convenient for access.
Viola. Access!
Alin. Yes, little one,
For visitation of those friends and servants
Your beauties shall make choice of: friends and visits ;
Do not you know those uses? alas, poor novice!
There 's a close couch or two, handsomely placed too.
Viola. What are those, I pray you?
Alin. Who would be troubled
With such raw things? They are to lie upon,
And your love by ye ; and discourse, and toy in.
Viola. Alas, I have no love!
Alin. You must by any means:
You 'll have a hundred, fear not.
Viola. Honesty keep me!—
What shall I do with all those?
Alin. You 'll find uses:
Ye are ignorant yet ; let time work. You must learn too,
To lie handsomely in your bed a-mornings, neatly drest
In a most curious waistcoat, to set ye off well,
Play with your bracelets, sing ; you must learn to rhyme too,
And riddle neatly ; study the hardest language,
And 'tis no matter whether it be sense or no,
So it go seemly off. Be sure ye profit
In kissing, kissing sweetly ; there lies a main point,
A key that opens to all practic pleasure:
I 'll help ye to a friend of mine shall teach ye,
And suddenly: your country way is fulsome.
Hon. Have ye schools for all these mysteries?
Alin. Oh, yes,
And several hours prefix'd to study in:
Ye may have calendars to know the good hour,
And when to take a jewel ; for the ill too,
When to refuse, with observations on 'em ;

62–3 *Who would . . . lie upon*] As one line in folios.
70 *waistcoat*] Livia in *The Woman's Prize* (I. iv.) talks of wanting

"Spanish gloves or stockings,
A ten pound waistcoat or a nag to hunt on."

Under what sign 'tis best meeting in an arbour,
And in what bower and hour it works; a thousand—
When in a coach, when in a private lodging,
With all their virtues.
Hon. Have ye studied these?
How beastly they become your youth! how bawdily!
A woman of your tenderness, a teacher,
Teacher of these lewd arts! of your full beauty!
A man made up in lust would loathe this in ye,
The rankest lecher hate such impudence.
They say the devil can assume Heaven's brightness,
And so appear to tempt us; sure, thou art no woman.
Alin. [*Aside.*] I joy to find ye thus.
Hon. Thou hast no tenderness,
No reluctation in thy heart; 'tis mischief.
Alin. All's one for that; read these, and then be satisfied; [*Gives them papers.*
A few more private rules I have gather'd for ye;
Read 'em, and well observe 'em: so I leave ye. [*Exit.*
Viola. A wondrous wicked woman: shame go with thee!
Hon. What new Pandora's box is this? I 'll see it,
Though presently I tear it. Read thine, Viola;
'Tis in our own wills to believe and follow.
[*Reads.*] *Worthy Honora, as you have begun*
In Virtue's spotless school, so forward run;
Pursue that nobleness and chaste desire
You ever had; burn in that holy fire;
And a white martyr to fair memory
Give up your name, unsoil'd of infamy.
How 's this! Read yours out, sister. This amazes me.
Viola. [*Reads.*] *Fear not, thou yet-unblasted Violet,*
Nor let my wanton words a doubt beget;
Live in that peace and sweetness of thy bud;
Remember whose thou art, and grow still good;

85 *a thousand*] i. e. a thousand such rules. Mason proposed to point the line thus—

"*And in what bower and hour it works a thousand,*"

that is, he says, And in what bower and hour it gains you a thousand pounds !!

95, 97] Stage directions due to Weber. Dyce 'papers' for his 'paper.'

104, 111 s.d. Reads] Added Weber.

Remember what thou art, and stand a story
Fit for thy noble sex and thine own glory!
Hon. I know not what to think.
Viola. Sure, a good woman,
An excellent woman, sister.
Hon. It confounds me.
Let 'em use all their arts, if these be their ends;
The court I say breeds the best foes and friends.
Come, let's be honest, wench, and do our best service.
Viola. A most excellent woman! I will love her.
[*Exeunt.*

116 *sex*] "Was altered to *sire* by Seward, who observes, that '"*noble*," given to the female sex, seems a very unusual epithet,' and that '"sire" is very near the trace of the letters, for the *re*, when placed too close, almost form an *x*.' This alteration, which is very plausible, was adopted by the editors of 1778 and Weber."—Dyce.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

An apartment in the Palace.

Enter OLYMPIA *with a casket, and* ALINDA.

Alin. Madam, the duke has sent for the two ladies.
Olym. I prithee, go: I know thy thoughts are with him:
Go, go, Alinda; do not mock me more:
I have found thy heart, wench; do not wrong thy mistress,
Thy too-much-loving mistress; do not abuse her.
Alin. By your own fair hands, I understand ye not.
Olym. By thy own fair eyes, I understand thee too much,
Too far, and built a faith there thou hast ruin'd.
Go, and enjoy thy wish, thy youth, thy pleasure;
Enjoy the greatness no doubt he has promised,
Enjoy the service of all eyes that see thee,
The glory thou hast aim'd at, and the triumph:
Only this last love I ask, forget thy mistress.
Alin. Oh, who has wrong'd me? who has ruin'd me?
Poor wretched girl, what poison is flung on thee?—
Excellent virtue, from whence flows this anger?
Olym. Go, ask my brother, ask the faith thou gav'st me,
Ask all my favours to thee, ask my love,
Last, thy forgetfulness of good: then fly me;
For we must part, Alinda.
Alin. You are weary of me.
I must confess I was never worth your service,

IV. i. An apartment, etc.] Dyce. 'Another Room,' etc. Weber. In stage direction Dyce has *Young Archas disguised as before* instead of *Alinda.*
8 *ruin'd*] F1 *ruine.*

Your bounteous favours less; but that my duty,
My ready will, and all I had to serve ye——
Oh, Heaven, thou know'st my honesty!
Olym. No more:
Take heed; Heaven has a justice. Take this ring with ye, [*Gives him his ring back.*
This doting spell you gave me: too well, Alinda,
Thou knew'st the virtue in 't; too well I feel it:
Nay, keep that too; it may sometimes remember ye,
When you are willing to forget, who gave it,
And to what virtuous end.
Alin. Must I go from ye?
Of all the sorrows Sorrow has—must I part with ye?
Part with my noble mistress?
Olym. Or I with thee, wench.
Alin. And part, stain'd with opinion? Farewell, lady;
Happy and blessed lady, goodness keep ye!
Thus your poor servant, full of grief, turns from ye,
For ever full of grief, for ever from ye.
I have no being now, no friends, no country;
I wander Heaven knows whither, Heaven knows how;
No life, now you are lost: only mine innocence,
That little left me of myself, goes with me;
That 's all my bread and comfort. I confess, madam,
Truly confess, the duke has often courted me.
Olym. And pour'd his soul into thee, won thee.
Alin. Do you think so?
Well, time, that told this tale, will tell my truth too,
And say ye had a faithful honest servant.
The business of my life is now to pray for ye,
Pray for your virtuous loves, pray for your children,
When Heaven shall make ye happy.
Olym. [*Aside.*] How she wounds me!
Either I am undone, or she must go.—Take these with ye, [*Gives casket and money.*
Some toys may do ye service! and this money;
And, when ye want, I love ye not so poorly
(Not yet, Alinda), that I would see ye perish.
Prithee, be good, and let me hear. Look on me;

25, 48 s.d.] Added Weber.
49, 55 s.d.] Added Dyce.

I love those eyes yet dearly: I have kiss'd thee;
And now I'll do 't again. Farewell, Alinda:
[*Kisses him.*
I am too full to speak more, and too wretched. [*Exit.*
Alin. You have my faith, and all the world my fortune. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The court of the Palace.

Enter THEODORE.

Theod. I would fain hear what becomes of these two wenches;
And, if I can, I will do 'em good.

Enter Gentleman, *passing over the stage.*

Do you hear, my honest friend?—
He knows no such name. What a world of business
(Which by interpretation are mere nothings)
These things have here! Mass, now I think on 't better,
I wish he be not sent for one of them,
To some of these by-lodgings: methought I saw
A kind of reference in his face to bawdry.

Enter Gentleman, *with a* Gentlewoman, *passing over the stage.*

He has her; but 'tis none of them. Hold fast, thief!
An excellent touzing knave! Mistress, you are
To suffer your penance some half hour hence now.

57] Written as two lines in Ff, the first ending at *faith.*
Sc. II.] Locality due to Weber.
1] Written as two lines in Ff, the first ending at *hear.*
2 s.d.] So Ff. Dyce has 'Enter a Gentleman who passes, etc.'
3] Written as two lines in Ff, the first ending at *name.*
8 s.d. Enter . . . stage] So Ff. Dyce has 'Re-enter Gentleman with a Gentlewoman who pass, etc.'
10] The line ends at *mistress* in Ff.

How far a fine court custard with plums in it
Will prevail with one of these waiting-gentlewomen!
They are taken with these soluble things exceedingly.
This is some yeoman o' th' bottles now that has sent for her,
That she calls father: now, woe to this ale-incense!

Enter a Servant.

By your leave, sir.

Serv. Well, sir; what's your pleasure with me?

Theod. You do not know the way to the maids' lodgings?

Serv. Yes, indeed do I, sir.

Theod. But you will not tell me?

Ser. No, indeed will not I, because you doubt it. [*Exit.*

Theod. These are fine gim-cracks. Hey! here comes another;
A flagon full of wine in 's hand, I take it.

Enter Second Servant *with a flagon.*

Well met, my friend: is that wine?

Sec. Serv. Yes, indeed is it.

Theod. Faith, I 'll drink on 't, then.

Sec. Serv. Ye may, because ye have sworn, sir.

Theod. [*Drinks.*] 'Tis very good; I 'll drink a great deal now, sir.

Sec. Serv. I cannot help it, sir.

Theod. I 'll drink more yet.

Sec. Serv. 'Tis in your own hands.

Theod. There 's your pot; I thank ye.
Pray, let me drink again.

Sec. Serv. Faith, but ye shall not.
Now have I sworn, I take it. Fare ye well, sir. [*Exit.*

12 *in*] Om. F1.

16 s.d. Enter a Servant] Placed in Ff, Seward and ed. 1778 at end of Theodore's speech.

21 *gim-cracks*] foppish fellows. Cf. *Elder Brother*, III. iii. 82–3—

"this is a *gincrack* [sic]
That can get nothing but new fashions on you."

(Vol. II. p. 51, where see Mr. Greg's note.)

22 s.d. Enter . . . flagon] Ff 'Enter 2 Servant' at end of l. 20, 'with a flaggon of wine' added Weber.

25] Stage direction due to Weber.

Enter Lady.

Theod. This is the finest place to live in I e'er enter'd.
Here comes a gentlewoman, and alone; I 'll to her.
Madam, my lord my master——
Lady. Who 's your lord, sir?
Theod. The lord Boroskie, lady.
Lady. Pray, excuse me:
Here 's something for your pains. Within this hour, sir,
One of the choice young ladies shall attend him:
Pray, let it be in that chamber juts out to the water;
'Tis private and convenient: do my humble service
To my honourable good lord, I beseech ye, sir.
If it please you to visit a poor lady——
You carry the 'haviour of a noble gentleman.
Theod. I shall be bold.
Lady. 'Tis a good aptness in ye.
I lie here in the wood-yard, the blue lodgings, sir;
They call me merrily the Lady of the ——, sir:
A little I know what belongs to a gentleman,
And, if it please you take the pains——
Theod. Dear lady! [*Exit* Lady.] Take the pains!
Why, a horse would not take the pains that thou requir'st now
To cleave, old crab-tree. "One of the choice young ladies"!
I would I had let this bawd go! she has frighted me;
I am cruelly afraid of one of my tribe now:
But, if they will do, the devil cannot stop 'em.
Why should he have a young lady? are women now
O' the nature of bottles, to be stopp'd with corks?
Oh, the thousand little Furies that fly here now!

30 *finest*] Ff *fin'st*.
43 *the* ——] So Ff.
45 *pains*——] The dash supplied 1778.
46] Ff, Seward and ed. 1778 put 'exit' at end of lady's speech, but Seward put dash at *Lady*.
53 *O' the nature of bottles, etc.*]
"'And maids, turn'd bottles, cry aloud for corks.'
Pope [*Rape of the Lock*]."—Ed. 1778.

Enter PUTSKIE.

How now, captain!
Puts. I come to seek you out, sir,
And all the town I have travell'd.
Theod. What 's the news, man?
Puts. That that concerns us all, and very nearly.
The duke this night holds a great feast at court,
To which he bids for guests all his old counsellors,
And all his favourites: your father 's sent for.
Theod. Why, he is neither in council nor in favour.
Puts. That 's it: have an eye now or never, and a quick one;
An eye that must not wink from good intelligence:
I heard a bird sing, they mean him no good office.
Theod. Art sure he sups here?
Puts. Sure as 'tis day.
Theod. 'Tis like, then.

Enter ANCIENT.

How now! where hast thou been, Ancient?
Anc. Measuring the city:
I have left my brooms at gate here; by this time
The porter has stole 'em, to sweep out rascals.
Theod. Brooms!
Anc. I have been crying brooms all the town over,
And such a mart I have made! there 's no trade near it.
Oh, the young handsome wenches, how they twitter'd,
When they but saw me shake my ware, and sing too!
"Come hither, Master Broom-man, I beseech ye";
"Good Master Broom-man, hither," cries another.
Theod. Thou art a mad fellow.
Anc. They are all as mad as I; they all have trades now,
And roar about the streets like bull-beggars.

65 s.d. Enter Ancient] F1 puts it at end of Theod.'s speech (*here*), l. 65; F2, Seward and ed. 1778 at end of l. 64 (*office*).
67] Ff end line at *here*. Ed. 1778 and Weber write as one line *Measuring the city . . . here.*
70 *trade*] F2 *tread.*
73-4] Inverted commas first 1778.
77 *bull-beggars*] i.e. hobgoblins.

Theod. What company of soldiers are they?
Anc. By this means I have gather'd
Above a thousand tall and hardy soldiers,
If need be, colonel.
Theod. That need 's come, Ancient;
And 'twas discreetly done. Go, draw 'em presently,
But without suspicion; this night we shall need 'em:
Let 'em be near the court, let Putskie guide 'em;
And wait me for occasion; here I 'll stay still.
Puts. If it fall out, we are ready; if not, we are scatter'd:
I 'll wait ye at an inch.
Theod. Do; farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An apartment in the same.

Enter DUKE *and* BOROSKIE.

Duke. Are the soldiers still so mutinous?
Bor. More than ever:
No law nor justice frights 'em; all the town over
They play new pranks and gambols; no man's person,
Of what degree soever, free from abuses:
And durst they do this (let your grace consider),
These monstrous, most offensive things, these villanies,
If not set on, and fed? if not by one
They honour more than you, and more awed by him?
Duke. Happily, their own wants.
Bor. I offer to supply 'em,
And every hour make tender of their moneys:
They scorn it, laugh at me that offer it.
I fear the next device will be my life, sir;

87 *at an inch*] i. e. ready to appear at any moment's notice. See examples quoted in *N.E.D.*

Sc. III.] Locality due to Weber.

And willingly I 'll give it, so they stay there.
Duke. Dŏ yŏu thĭnk lord Archas prĭvy?
Bor. More than thought.
I know it, sir; I know they durst not do
These violent rude things, abuse the State thus,
But that they have a hope by his ambitions——
Duke. No more. He 's sent for?
Bor. Yes, and will be here, sure.
Duke. Let me talk further with you anon.
Bor. I 'll wait, sir.
Duke. Did you speak to the ladies?
Bor. They 'll attend your grace presently.
Duke. How do you like 'em?
Bor. My eyes are too dull judges.
They wait here, sir.
Duke. Be you gone, then.
[*Exit* BOROSKIE.
Come in, ladies!

Enter HONORA *and* VIOLA.

Welcome to th' court, sweet beauties! now the court shines,
When such true beams of beauty strike amongst us:
Welcome, welcome, even as your own joys welcome!
How do you like the court? how seems it to you?
Is 't not a place created for all sweetness?
Why were you made such strangers to this happiness,
Barr'd the delights this holds? the richest jewels,
Set ne'er so well, if then not worn to wonder,
By judging eyes not set off, lose their lustre.
Your country shades are faint, blasters of beauty;
The manners, like the place, obscure and heavy;
The rose-buds of your beauties turn to cankers,

20] Scan—'Did you spèak | to the làdies? | They'll attend | your grace prè|sently|.' The excessive roughness and redundancy of Fletcher's verse in his later years is well seen in III. iv. above. The roughness here is not got rid of by taking *They 'll . . . presently* as the beginning of an unfinished line; and Fletcher certainly intends every part of the play as verse, not prose.

22 s.d. Enter Honora and Viola] Put in Ff and first three editors after *sir* in l. 22.

34 *your*] So F1. F2 *the*; and so the first three editors.

Eaten with inward thoughts, whilst there ye wander.
Here, ladies, here, (you were not made for cloisters,)
Here is the sphere you move in ; here shine nobly,
And by your powerful influence command all !—
[*Aside.*] What a sweet modesty dwells round about 'em,
And, like a nipping morn, pulls in their blossoms !
Hon. Your grace speaks cunningly: you do not this,
I hope, sir, to betray us ; we are poor triumphs,
Nor can our loss of honour add to you, sir :
Great men and great thoughts seek things great and worthy,
Subjects to make 'em live, and not to lose 'em ;
Conquests so nobly won can never perish.
We are two simple maids, untutor'd here, sir,
Two honest maids ; is that a sin at court, sir ?
Our breeding is obedience, but to good things,
To virtuous, and to fair. What would you win on us ?
Why do I ask that question, when I have found ye ?
Your preamble has pour'd your heart out to us ;
You would dishonour us ; which, in your translation
Here at the court, reads thus,—your grace would love us,
Most dearly love us ; stick us up for mistresses :
Most certain, there are thousands of our sex, sir,
That would be glad of this, and handsome women,
And crowd into this favour, fair young women,
Excellent beauties, sir : when ye have enjoy'd 'em,
And suck'd those sweets they have, what saints are these then ?
What worship have they won, what name ? you guess, sir ;
What story added to their time ? a sweet one !
Duke. [*Aside.*] A brave-spirited wench.
Hon. I 'll tell your grace,
And tell ye true ; ye are deceived in us two,
Extremely cozen'd, sir : and yet, in my eye,
You are the handsomest man I ever look'd on,

39 s.d.] Stage direction due to Weber.
63 s.d. Aside] Added Weber.

The goodliest gentleman; take that hope with ye;
And, were I fit to be your wife, so much I honour ye,
Trust me I would scratch for ye but I would have ye:
I would woo you then.
Duke. [*Aside.*] She amazes me.—
But how am I deceived?
Hon. Oh, we are too honest,
Believe it, sir, too honest, far too honest;
The way that you propound, too ignorant;
And there is no meddling with us, for we are fools too,
Obstinate, peevish fools. If I would be ill,
And had a wanton's itch to kick my heels up,
I would not leap into th' sun, and do't there,
That all the world might see me; an obscure shade, sir,
Dark as the deed; there is no trusting light with it,
Nor that, that 's lighter far, vain-glorious greatness.
Duke. You will love me as your friend?
Hon. I will honour ye,
As your poor humble handmaid, serve and pray for ye.
Duke. What says my little one? you are not so obstinate?—
[*Aside.*] Lord, how she blushes! here are truly fair souls.—
Come, you will be my love?
Viola. Good sir, be good to me;
Indeed, I 'll do the best I can to please ye:
I do beseech your grace! alas, I fear ye!
Duke. What shouldst thou fear?
Hon. Fie, sir! this is not noble,
Duke. Why do I stand entreating, where my power——
Hon. You have no power; at least, you ought to have none
In bad and beastly things: arm'd thus, I 'll die here,
Before she suffer wrong.
Duke. Another Archas!

70 s.d. Aside] Added Weber.
80 *that, that's*] F1 *thats that.*
84] Stage direction due to Dyce.

Hon. His child, sir, and his spirit.
Duke. I'll deal with you, then,
For here's the honour to be won. Sit down, sweet;
Prithee, Honora, sit.
Hon. Now ye entreat, I will, sir.
Duke. I do, and will deserve it.
Hon. That's too much kindness.
Duke. Prithee, look on me.
Hon. Yes; I love to see ye,
And could look on an age thus, and admire ye.
Whilst ye are good and temperate, I dare touch ye,
Kiss your white hand.
Duke. Why not my lips?
Hon. I dare, sir.
Duke. I do not think ye dare.
Hon. I am no coward. [*Kisses him.*
Do you believe me now? or now? or now, sir?
You make me blush; but, sure, I mean no ill, sir:
It had been fitter you had kiss'd me.
Duke. That I'll do too. [*Kisses her.*
What hast thou wrought into me?
Hon. I hope, all goodness.
Whilst ye are thus, thus honest, I dare do any thing;
Thus hang about your neck, and thus dote on ye;
Bless those fair lights! Hell take me, if I durst not—
But, good sir, pardon me.—Sister, come hither;
Come hither; fear not, wench: come hither; blush not;
Come, kiss the prince, the virtuous prince, the good prince;
Certain, he is excellent honest.
Duke. Thou wilt make me.
Hon. Sit down, and hug him softly.
Duke. Fie, Honora!
Wanton Honora! is this the modesty,

101 s.d. Kisses him] Added Dyce.
104] Scan—'It had | been fit|ter yoù | had kiss'd mè. | That I 'll dò | too. The metrical beat corresponds accurately with the required sense accent.
104] Stage direction due to Weber.
112 *Thou wilt make me*] i. e. Thou wilt make me honest. In both Ff, at the end of this speech, is a break, which the modern editors before Dyce retain.

The noble chastity, your onset shew'd me;
At first charge beaten back? away!
Hon. Thank ye:
Upon my knees I pray, Heaven too may thank ye!
Ye have deceived me cunningly, yet nobly
Ye have cozened me: in all your hopeful life yet
A scene of greater honour you ne'er acted:
I knew Fame was a liar, too long and loud-tongued,
And now I have found it. Oh, my virtuous master!
Viola. My virtuous master too!
Hon. Now you are thus,
What shall become of me let Fortune cast for 't.
Duke. I 'll be that fortune, if I live, Honora:
Thou hast done a cure upon me counsel could not.

Enter ALINDA.

Alin. Here, take your ring, sir; and whom ye mean to ruin,
Give it to her next: I have paid for 't dearly.
Hon. A ring to her!
Duke. Why frowns my fair Alinda?
I have forgot both these again.
Alin. Stand still, sir:
Ye have that violent killing fire upon ye,
Consumes all honour, credit, faith.
Hon. How 's this!
Alin. My royal mistress' favour towards me
(Woe-worth ye, sir!) ye have poison'd, blasted.
Duke. I, sweet!
Alin. You have taken that unmanly liberty,
Which in a worse man is vain-glorious feigning,
And kill'd my truth.
Duke. Upon my life, 'tis false, wench.
Alin. Ladies, take heed; ye have a cunning gamester,
A handsome, and a high: come stored with antidotes;

124 *cast*] i. e. contrive.
126 s.d. Enter Alinda] Dyce has 'Enter Young Arch. disguised as before. F2, Seward and ed. 1778 put this direction after l. 124, F1 at l. 125.
138 *Ladies*] Written as a separate line in Ff.

He has infections else will fire your bloods.
Duke. Prithee, Alinda, hear me.
Alin. Words steep'd in honey,
That will so melt into your minds, buy chastity
A thousand ways, a thousand knots to tie ye;
And, when he has bound ye his, a thousand ruins.—
A poor lost woman ye have made me.
Duke. I'll maintain thee,
And nobly too.
Alin. That gin 's too weak to take me.—
Take heed, take heed, young ladies, still take heed;
Take heed of promises, take heed of gifts,
Of forced, feigned sorrows, sighs, take heed.
Duke. By all that 's mine, Alinda——
Alin. Swear by your mischiefs.
Oh, whither shall I go?
Duke. Go back again;
I 'll force her take thee, love thee.
Alin. Fare ye well, sir:
I will not curse ye; only this dwell with ye,
Whenever ye love, a false belief light on ye! [*Exit.*
Hon. We 'll take our leaves too, sir.
Duke. Part all the world now,
Since she is gone.
Hon. You are crooked yet, dear master;
And still I fear—— [*Exit with* VIOLA.
Duke. I am vex'd, and some shall find it. [*Exit.*

142 *buy chastity*] Mason proposes to read "b'ye *chastity*, i. e. farewell chastity"!
146 *gin*] i. e. trap, snare.
149 *forced, feigned*] Both as dissyllables.
150 *Swear*] Printed by folios in a line by itself.
154 *ye* (first)] F2. F1 *you*.
157 s.d.] Ff Exeunt.
157 *I am vex'd*] A separate line in Ff.

SCENE IV.

The court of the Palace.

Enter ARCHAS *and a* Servant.

Archas. 'Tis strange to me to see the court, and welcome.
Oh, royal place, how have I loved and served thee!—
Who lies on this side, know'st thou?
Serv. The Lord Burris.
Archas. Thou hast named a gentleman I stand much bound to:
I think he sent the casket, sir?
Serv. The same, sir.
Archas. An honest-minded man, a noble courtier!
The duke made perfect choice when he took him.
Go you home; I shall hit the way without a guide now.
Serv. You may want something, sir.
Archas. Only my horses,
Which, after supper, let the groom wait with:
I 'll have no more attendance here.
Serv. Your will, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter THEODORE.

Theod. You are well met here, sir.
Archas. How now, boy! how dost thou?
Theod. I should ask you that question: how do you, sir?
How do you feel yourself?
Archas. Why, well, and lusty.
Theod. What do you here, then?
Archas. Why, I am sent for,
To supper with the duke.
Theod. Have you no meat at home?
Or do you long to feed, as hunted deer do,

Sc. IV.] Locality due to Weber.
1 *'Tis strange*] Separate line in Ff.
4] Written as two lines in Ff, the first ending with *gentleman*.
8] Written as two lines in Ff, the first ending with *way*.
12] Folios make two lines (the first ending with *boy*) of Archas's speech.
16] Scan—'To sùp|per with | the dùke. | Have you nò | meat at hòme?'

In doubt and fear?
Archas. I have an excellent stomach,
And can I use it better than among my friends, boy?
How do the wenches?
Theod. They do well enough, sir;
They know the worst by this time. Pray, be ruled, sir;
Go home again, and, if ye have a supper,
Eat it in quiet there: this is no place for ye,
Especially at this time, take my word for 't.
Archas. May be, they 'll drink hard: I could have drunk my share, boy:
Though I am old, I will not out.
Theod. I hope you will.
Hark in your ear; the court 's too quick of hearing.
[*Whispers.*
Archas. Not mean me well! thou art abused and cozen'd.
Away, away!
Theod. To that end, sir, I tell ye:
Away, if ye love yourself!
Archas. Who dare do these things,
That ever heard of honesty?
Theod. Old gentleman,
Take a fool's counsel.
Archas. 'Tis a fool's indeed,
A very fool's: thou hast more of these flams in thee,
These musty doubts—Is 't fit the duke send for me,
And honour me to eat within his presence,
And I, like a tall fellow, play at bo-peep with his pleasure?

19] Written as two lines in Ff, the first ending with *better*.
24, 25, 27, 28] Each written as two lines in folios.
26 *I will not out*] i. e. I will make one of the party.—Dyce, comparing *Bonduca*, II. iii. 9, 'But all agree, and I 'll not out, boys.' Here perhaps rather of passing the cup untasted.
27 s.d.] Added Dyce.
30 *ye*] Second folio, Col., Web., Dyce *you*.
33] Line ends at *of* in Ff, and next line at *doubts*. Seward and ed. 1778 *thou 'st* for *thou hast*.
36 *tall*] "Is generally, in old plays, used for *stout*, *brave*; but here it seems to mean, ironically, great, or lubberly."—Weber. F2 *tale*.
36] One line, Dyce. Line ends at *bo-peep* in Ff and first three editors.

Theod. Take heed of bo-peep with your pate, your pate, sir:
I speak plain language now.
Archas. If 't were not here,
Where reverence bids me hold, I would so swinge thee,
Thou rude, unmanner'd knave! Take from his bounty,
His honour that he gives me, to beget
Saucy and sullen fears!
Theod. You are not mad, sure?
By this fair light, I speak but what is whisper'd,
And whisper'd for a truth.
Archas. A dog! drunken people,
That in their pot see visions, and turn states,
Madmen and children! Prithee, do not follow me;
I tell thee I am angry; do not follow me.
Theod. I am as angry as you for your heart,
Ay, and as wilful too. Go, like a woodcock,
And thrust your neck i' th' noose!
Archas. I 'll kill thee,
An thou speak'st but three words more. Do not follow me. [*Exit.*

37] One line ends at *heed* in Ff. In ed. 1778 a line ends at first *pate.*

38–40 (speech of Archas)] Ed. 1778 makes first line end at *hold*, second at *knave*, third at *me.* The Ff have second line ending at *hold*, third at *rude.*

45–6 *A dog! drunken people,*
That in their pot see visions, and turn states,] Seward printed—

"*A dog* is 't? *Drunken people,*
That in their pot see visions, and turn statists."

The editors of 1778 adopted Seward's "is 't," but rejected his alteration in the next line. Mason proposed to read—

"Amongst *drunken people,*" etc.

Weber, protesting against any deviation from the old copies, says that *states* means here—persons of high rank.

I am strongly inclined to believe that Seward's alteration, *statists* (i. e. statesmen), is the author's word. That *states* frequently means—persons of rank, is very certain; but that meaning hardly suits the text. If *turn states* be the genuine reading, it must be equivalent to—overturn or make alterations in states.

46–9] Ff end lines at *visions, children, me, angrie, heart.*

50–1 *like a woodcock . . . noose*] The bird, as easily caught, was a proverb for folly with Elizabethans; but not now, the fittest having survived. Cf. *Scornful Lady*, IV. i. 300 to Loveless detected in his plot, 'I 'll have a stronger noose to hold the woodcock.' *Hamlet*, V. ii. 316, 'A woodcock to mine own springe.'

52] Ff end line at *more.*

Theod. A strange old foolish fellow! I shall hear yet;
And, if I do not my part, hiss at me. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The Presence-Chamber in the same.

Enter two Servants, *preparing a banquet.*

First Serv. Believe me, fellow, here will be lusty drinking;
Many a wash'd pate in wine, I warrant thee.
Sec. Serv. I am glad the old general 's come: upon my conscience,
That joy will make half the court drunk. Hark, the trumpets!
They are coming on; away!
First Serv. We 'll have a rouse too. [*Exeunt.* 5

Enter DUKE, ARCHAS, BURRIS, BOROSKIE, Gentlemen, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Come, seat yourselves.—Lord Archas, sit you there.
Archas. 'Tis far above my worth.
Duke. I 'll have it so.—
[*Aside to* BOROSKIE.] Are all things ready?
Bor. All the guards are set,
The court-gates shut.
Duke. Then do as I prescribed ye;

Sc. V.] Locality due to Weber.
5 *rouse*] i. e. bumper. See Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, i. 240, ed. 1813.
5 s.d. Exeunt] F1 'Exit.'
5 s.d. Gentlemen and Attendants] Ff Attend. Gent.
8] Stage direction due to Weber; a break at *so* in 1778.
9 *shut*] F2 *are shut.*

Be sure, no further.
Bor. I shall well observe ye.
Duke. Come, bring some wine.—Here 's to my sister, gentlemen; [*Drinks.*
A health, and mirth to all!
Archas. Pray, fill it full, sir;
'Tis a high health to virtue.—Here, Lord Burris,
A maiden health: you are most fit to pledge it,
You have a maiden soul, and much I honour it:
Passion o' me, ye are sad, man.
Duke. [*Aside to him.*] How now, Burris!
Go to; no more of this.
Archas. Take the rouse freely;
'Twill warm your blood, and make ye fit for jollity.—
Your grace's pardon: when we get a cup, sir,
We old men prate apace.
Duke. Mirth makes a banquet.
[*Aside to* BURRIS.] As you love me, no more.
Burris. I thank your grace.—
Give me it.—Lord Boroskie!
Bor. I have ill brains, sir——
Burris. [*Aside.*] Damnable ill, I know it.
Bor. But I 'll pledge, sir,
This virtuous health.
Burris. [*Aside.*] The more unfit for thy mouth.
Duke. Come, bring out robes, and let my guests look nobly,
Fit for my love and presence.

Enter two Servants *with cloaks, and distribute them among the guests, giving a black one to* ARCHAS.

Begin downward.—
Off with your cloaks, take new.
Archas. Your grace deals truly
Like a munificent prince with your poor subjects.
Who would not fight for you? what cold dull coward
Durst seek to save his life when you would ask it?—
Begin a new health in your new adornments;

11, 16, 21, 23] Stage directions due to Weber.
24 Aside] Added Dyce.
26 s.d. and distribute . . . Archas] Added Weber, who places the s.d. (as Ff and preceding edd.) after l. 24.

The duke's, the royal duke's!—Ha! what have I got,
Sir? ha! the robe of death!
Duke. You have deserved it.
Archas. The livery of the grave!—Do you start all from me?
Do I smell of earth already?—Sir, look on me,
And like a man; is this your entertainment?
Do you bid your worthiest guests to bloody banquets?

Enter a Guard, *who seize* ARCHAS.

A guard upon me too!—This is too foul play,
Boy, to thy good, thine honour; thou wretched ruler,
Thou son of fools and flatterers, heir of hypocrites!—
Am I served in a hearse, that saved ye all?
Are ye men or devils? do ye gape upon me?
Wider! and swallow all my services:
Entomb them first, my faith next, then my integrity;
And let these struggle with your mangy minds,
Your sear'd and seal'd-up consciences, till ye burst.
Bor. These words are death.
Archas. No, those deeds that want rewards, sirrah,
Those battles I have fought, those horrid dangers
(Leaner than death, and wilder than destruction)
I have march'd upon, these honour'd wounds, time's story,
The blood I have lost, the youth, the sorrows suffer'd,
These are my death, these that can ne'er be recompensed,
These that ye sit a-brooding on like toads,
Sucking from my deserts the sweets and savours,
And render me no pay again but poisons!
Bor. The proud vain soldier thou hast set——
Archas. Thou liest!
Now, by my little time of life, liest basely,
Maliciously, and loudly! how I scorn thee!
If I had swell'd the soldier, or intended

33 *Sir*] Ed. 1778 puts this at end of previous line.
37 s.d. who seize Archas] Added Weber.
46 *ye*] So F1. F2 has *they*, and so the modern editors before Dyce.
54 *sit*] The editors of 1778 and Weber print *set*.
55 *savours*] Seward and all editors for *favours* of Ff.

An act in person leaning to dishonour,
As ye would fain have forced me, witness, Heaven,
Where clearest understanding of all truth is,
(For these are spiteful men, and know no piety,)
When Olin came, grim Olin, when his marches,
His last incursions, made the city sweat,
And drove before him, as a storm drives hail,
Such showers of frosted fears shook all your heart-strings;
Then, when the Volga trembled at his terror,
And hid his seven curl'd heads, afraid of bruising
By his arm'd horses' hoofs; had I been false then,
Or blown a treacherous fire into the soldier,
Had but one spark of villany lived within me,
Ye 'ad had some shadow for this black about me.
Where was your soldiership? why went not you out,
And all your right-honourable valour with ye?
Why met ye not the Tartar, and defied him?
Drew your dead-doing sword, and buckled with him?
Shot through his squadrons like a fiery meteor?
And, as we see a dreadful clap of thunder
Rend the stiff-hearted oaks, and toss their roots up,
Why did not you so charge him? You were sick then;
You, that dare taint my credit, slipp'd to bed then,
Stewing and fainting with the fears ye had;
A whoreson shaking fit oppress'd your lordship.
Blush, coward knave, and all the world hiss at thee!

Duke. Exceed not my command.

Bor. I shall observe it. [*Exit* DUKE.

Archas. Are you gone too?—Come, weep not, honest Burris,
Good loving lord, no more tears: 'tis not his malice,
This fellow's malice, nor the duke's displeasure,
By bold bad men crowded into his nature,
Can startle me. Fortune ne'er razed this fort yet;
I am the same, the same man, living, dying;
The same mind to 'em both, I poize thus equal:

62 *witness,*] The comma inserted 1778.

87] Ff and first three editors put 'Exit' at end of Duke's speech. F1 has 'Exit' also at end of Boroskie's speech.

Only the juggling way that toll'd me to it,
The Judas way, to kiss me, bid me welcome,
And cut my throat, a little sticks upon me.
Farewell: commend me to his grace, and tell him
The world is full of servants; he may have many,
(And some I wish him honest; he 's undone else,)
But such another doting Archas never,
So tried and touch'd a faith: farewell for ever!
Burris. Be strong, my lord: you must not go thus lightly.
Archas. Now, what 's to do? what says the law unto me?
Give me my great offence, that speaks me guilty.
Bor. Laying aside a thousand petty matters,
As scorns and insolencies, both from yourself and followers,
Which you put first fire to (and these are deadly),
I come to one main cause, which, though it carries
A strangeness in the circumstance, it carries death too,
Not to be pardon'd neither: ye have done a sacrilege.
Archas. High Heaven defend me, man! how, how, Boroskie?
Bor. Ye have took from the temple those vow'd arms,
The holy ornament you hung up there,
No absolution of your vow, no order
From holy church to give 'em back unto you,
After they were purified from war, and rested
From blood, made clean by ceremony: from the altar
You snatch'd 'em up again, again ye wore 'em,
Again you stain'd 'em, stain'd your vow, the church too,
And robb'd it of that right was none of yours, sir;
For which the law requires your head, ye know it.
Archas. Those arms I fought in last?
Bor. The same.
Archas. God-a-mercy!

95 *toll'd me*] i. e. drew me on by degrees. F1 *told.* Cf. *Scornful Lady*, II. i. 35, 'You toll'd him when his rage was set a-tilt' (metaphor from a cask).

105 *guilty*] F2 *guily*.

Thou hast hunted out a notable cause to kill me,
A subtle one: I die for saving all you.
Good sir, remember, if you can, the necessity,
The suddenness of time, the state all stood in;
I was entreated to, kneel'd to, and pray'd to,
The duke himself, the princess, all the nobles,
The cries of infants, bed-rid fathers, virgins!
Prithee, find out a better cause, a handsomer;
This will undo thee too; people will spit at thee;
The devil himself would be ashamed of this cause.
Because my haste made me forget the ceremony,
The present danger every where, must my life satisfy?
Bor. It must and shall.
Archas. Oh, base ungrateful people!
Have ye no other sword to cut my throat with,
But mine own nobleness? I confess I took 'em,
The vow not yet absolved I hung 'em up with;
Wore 'em, fought in 'em, gilded 'em again
In the fierce Tartars' bloods; for you I took 'em,
For your peculiar safety, lord, for all;
I wore 'em for my country's health, that groan'd then;
Took from the temple, to preserve the temple:
That holy place, and all the sacred monuments,
The reverent shrines of saints, adored and honour'd,
Had been consumed to ashes, their own sacrifice,
Had I been slack; or stay'd that absolution,
No priest had lived to give it. My own honour,
Cure of my country, murder me!
Bor. No, no, sir;
I shall force that from ye will make this cause light too.—
Away with him!—I shall pluck down that heart, sir.
Archas. Break it thou mayst; but, if it bend for pity,
Dogs and kites eat it!—Come; I am honour's martyr.
[*Exeunt.*

129] Ff *Princes*.
137 *sword*] F2 Seward and ed. 1778 *swords*.
140–41 *gilded . . . In . . . bloods*] Cf. *Macbeth*, II. ii. 56, 'I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal.'

SCENE VI.

Another apartment in the same.

Enter DUKE *and* BURRIS.

Duke. Exceed my warrant!
Burris. You know he loves him not.
Duke. He dares as well meet death as do it; eat wildfire.
Through a few fears I mean to try his goodness,
That I may find him fit to wear here, Burris.
I know Boroskie hates him, to death hates him;
I know he is a serpent too, a swoln one;
But I have pull'd his sting out. [*Noise within.*
What noise is that?
Theod. [*Within.*] Down with 'em, down with 'em, down with the gates!
Soldiers. [*Within.*] Stand, stand, stand!
Puts. [*Within.*] Fire the palace before ye!
Burris. Upon my life, the soldier, sir, the soldier!
A miserable time is come.

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. Oh, save him!
Upon my knees, my heart's knees, save lord Archas!
We are undone else.
Duke. Dares he touch his body?
Gent. He racks him fearfully, most fearfully.
Duke. Away, Burris!
Take men, and take him from him; clap him up,
And, if I live, I'll find a strange death for him.
[*Exit* BURRIS.
Are the soldiers broke in?
Gent. By this time, sure they are, sir;

Sc. VI.] Locality due to Weber.
2 *meet*] F2 has, by a misprint, "eat"—a reading which Seward preferred!
6 *he is*] Ff *he's*. "Meaning *Borosky*; but the pronoun is used rather confusedly, both here and in the lines that follow [in the fourth speech of the Duke]."—Ed. 1778.

They beat the gates extremely, beat the people.
Duke. Get me a guard about me; make sure the lodgings,
And speak the soldiers fair.
Gent. Pray Heaven that take, sir! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The court of the Palace.

Enter PUTSKIE, ANCIENT, Soldiers, *with torches.*

Puts. Give us the general; we 'll fire the court else;
Render him safe and well!
Anc. Do not fire the cellar,
There 's excellent wine in 't, captain; and though it be cold weather,
I do not love it mull'd.—Bring out the general!
We 'll light ye such a bonefire else! where are ye?
Speak, or we 'll toss your turrets; peep out of your hives,
We 'll smoke ye else. Is not that a nose there?
Put out that nose again, and, if thou darest
But blow it before us——Now he creeps out on 's burrow.

Enter Gentleman.

Puts. Give us the general!
Gent. Yes, gentlemen;
Or any thing ye can desire.
Anc. You musk-cat,
Cordevan-skin! we will not take your answer.
Puts. Where is the duke? speak suddenly, and send him hither.
Anc. Or we 'll so fry your buttocks!
Gent. Good sweet gentlemen——

22 s.d. Exeunt] F1 'Exit.' In Ff and ed. 1778 what follows is the continuation of the same scene.
Sc. VII.] Locality and scene division due to Weber.
5 *bonefire*] So the word was written and spoken.
12 *Cordevan-skin*] i. e. Spanish leather hide.—Ed. 1778. *Cordevant-skin* F2, Sew., 1778.

Anc. We are neither good nor sweet; we are soldiers,
And you miscreants that abuse the general.—
Give fire, my boys! 'tis a dark evening;
Let 's light 'em to their lodgings.

Enter THEODORE, OLYMPIA, HONORA, VIOLA, PETESCA, *and* Gentlewoman.

Hon. Good brother, be not fierce.
Theod. I will not hurt her.—
Fear not, sweet lady.
Olym. 'May do what you please, sir;
I have a sorrow that exceeds all yours,
And more contemns all danger.

Enter DUKE *above.*

Theod. Where is the duke?
Duke. He 's here.—What would ye, soldiers? wherefore troop ye
Like mutinous madmen thus?
Theod. Give me my father!
Puts. Anc. Give us our general!
Theod. Set him here before us;
Ye see the pledge we have got; ye see these torches;
All shall to ashes, as I live, immediately!
A thousand lives for one!
Duke. But hear me!
Puts. No;
We come not to dispute.

Enter ARCHAS *and* BURRIS.

Theod. By Heaven I swear,
He 's rack'd and whipt!

18 s.d.] Ff and editors till Dyce 'Enter Olympia, Honora, Viola, Theodore, [and] women.'
20 *'May do*] So F1 (i. e. 'You may do'). F2 reads "Nay, *do*"; and so Seward.
26 *these*] F2 *the.*
28 *No*] Printed as part of next line in Ff.
29] Dyce gives stage direction after Puts.'s next speech. Ff print "By heaven . . . whipt" as one line.

Hon. Oh, my poor father!
Puts. Burn, kill and burn!
Archas. Hold, hold, I say! hold, soldiers!
On your allegiance, hold!
Theod. We must not.
Archas. Hold!
I swear by Heaven, he is a barbarous traitor stirs first,
A villain, and a stranger to obedience,
Never my soldier more, nor friend to honour!—
Why did you use your old man thus? thus cruelly
Torture his poor weak body? I ever loved ye.
Duke. Forget me in these wrongs, most noble Archas.
Archas. I have balm enough for all my hurts; weep no more, sir;
A satisfaction for a thousand sorrows:
I do believe ye innocent, a good man,
And Heaven forgive that naughty thing that wrong'd me!—
Why look ye wild, my friends? why stare ye on me?
I charge ye, as ye are men, my men, my lovers,
As ye are honest faithful men, fair soldiers,
Let down your anger! Is not this our sovereign?
The head of mercy and of law? who dares, then,
But rebels scorning law, appear thus violent?
Is this a place for swords, for threatening fires?
The reverence of this house dares any touch,
But with obedient knees and pious duties?
Are we not all his subjects, all sworn to him?
Has not he power to punish our offences,
And do we not daily fall into 'em? Assure yourselves
I did offend, and highly, grievously;
This good sweet prince I offended, my life forfeited,
Which yet his mercy and his old love met with,
And only let me feel his light rod this way:
Ye are to thank him for your general,
Pray for his life and fortune, sweat your bloods for him.

33] In ed. 1778 *I swear* is put at end of previous line.
33 *is*] F1 *it*. 33 *barbarous*] Altered by Seward to *base*.
41 *ye*] F2, Dyce and ed. 1778 *you*.
60 *sweat*] F2 *swear*.

Ye are offenders, too, daily offenders;
Proud insolencies dwell in your hearts, and ye do 'em,
Do 'em against his peace, his law, his person:
Ye see he only sorrows for your sins,
And where his power might persecute, forgives ye.
For shame, put up your swords! for honesty,
For order's sake, and whose ye are, my soldiers,
Be not so rude!
Theod. They have drawn blood from ye, sir.
Archas. That was the blood rebell'd, the naughty blood,
The proud, provoking blood; 'tis well 'tis out, boy.
Give you example first; draw out, and orderly;—
Hon. Good brother, do.
Archas. Honest and high example,
As thou wilt have my blessing follow thee,
Inherit all mine honours.—Thank ye, Theodore,
My worthy son.
Theod. If harm come, thank yourself, sir;
I must obey ye. [*Exit.*
Archas. Captain, you know the way now:
A good man and a valiant you were ever,
Inclined to honest things.—I thank ye, captain;—
Soldiers, I thank ye all: and love me still,
But do not love me so you lose allegiance;
Love that above your lives. Once more I thank ye.
[*Exeunt* PUTSKIE, ANCIENT, *and* Soldiers.
Duke. Bring him to rest, and let our cares wait on him.—
Thou excellent old man, thou top of honour,
Where justice and obedience only build,
Thou stock of virtue, how am I bound to love thee,
In all thy noble ways to follow thee!
Burris. Remember him that vex'd him, sir.
Duke. Remember!
When I forget that villain, and to pay him

61 *Ye*] F1 *You.*
68 *ye*] F2, Seward and ed. 1778 *you.*
78] Ff Seward and ed. 1778 have 'Ex. Soul.' at end of this line.
81 s.d.] Stage direction due to Weber.

For all his mischiefs may all good thoughts forget me!
Archas. I am very sure
Lisia. Bring him to bed with ease, gentlemen:
For every stripe I'll drop a tear to wash 'em;
And in my sad repentance——
Archas. 'Tis too much:
I have a life yet left to gain that love, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

An apartment in the Palace.

Enter DUKE, BURRIS, *and* Gentlemen.

Duke. How does lord Archas yet?
Burris. But weak, an 't please ye,
Yet all the helps that art can are applied to him:
His heart 's untouch'd and whole yet; and no doubt, sir,
His mind being sound, his body soon will follow.
Duke. Oh, that base knave that wrong'd him! without leave too!
But I shall find an hour to give him thanks for 't.
He 's fast, I hope?
Burris. As fast as irons can keep him;
But the most fearful wretch!—
Duke. He has a conscience,
A cruel stinging one, I warrant him,
A loaden one. But what news of the soldier?
I did not like their parting; 'twas too sullen.
Burris. That they keep still, and I fear a worse clap:
They are drawn out of the town, and stand in councils,
Hatching unquiet thoughts and cruel purposes.
I went myself unto 'em, talk'd with the captains,
Whom I found fraught with nothing but loud murmurs
And desperate curses, sounding these words often,
Like trumpets to their angers, "We are ruin'd,
Our services turn'd to disgraces, mischiefs;
Our brave old general, like one had pilfer'd,
Tortur'd and whipt." The colonel's eyes, like torches,
Blaze every where, and fright fair peace.

V. i.] Locality due to Weber.
1 *yet*] Omitted in F2, Seward and ed. 1778.
10 *soldier*] Collective sense, as above, I. i. 12, 44, etc.
18–21] Inverted commas first in 1778.

First Gent. Yet worse, sir;
The news is current now, they mean to leave ye,
Leave their allegiance; and under Olin's charge,
The bloody enemy, march straight against ye.
Burris. I have heard this too, sir.
Duke. This must be prevented,
And suddenly and warily.
Burris. 'Tis time, sir;
But what to minister, or how?
Duke. Go in with me,
And there we 'll think upon 't. Such blows as these.
Equal defences ask, else they displease. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another apartment in the same.

Enter PETESCA *and* Gentlewoman.

Pet. Lord, what a coil has here been with these soldiers!
They are cruel fellows.
Gent. And yet methought we found 'em
Handsome enough. I 'll tell thee true, Petesca,
I look'd for other manner of dealings from 'em,
And had prepared myself. But where 's my lady?
Pet. In her old dumps within, monstrous melancholy:
Sure she was mad of this wench.
Gent. An she had been a man,
She would have been a great deal madder. I am glad she is shifted.
Pet. 'Twas a wicked thing for me to betray her;
And yet I must confess she stood in our lights.

Enter YOUNG ARCHAS *in his own dress.*

What young thing 's this?
Y. Arch. Good morrow, beauteous gentlewomen:

Sc. II.] Locality due to Weber.
10 s.d.] Ff have 'Enter Alinda,' and *Al.* or *Alin.* in prefixes throughout scene.

'Pray ye, is the princess stirring yet?
Gent. He has her face.
Pet. Her very tongue, and tone too; her youth upon him.
Y. Arch. I guess ye to be the princess' women.
Pet. Yes, we are, sir.
Y. Arch. Pray, is there not a gentlewoman waiting on her grace,
Ye call Alinda?
Pet. The devil, sure, in her shape.
Gent. I have heard her tell my lady of a brother,
An only brother, that she had, in travel——
Pet. 'Mass, I remember that: this may be he too.
I would this thing would serve her!
Gent. So would I, wench;
We should love him better, sure.

Enter OLYMPIA.

Sir, here 's the princess;
She best can satisfy ye.
Y. Arch. [*Aside.*] How I love that presence!
Oh, blessed eyes, how nobly shines your comforts!
Olym. What gentleman is that?
Gent. We know not, madam:
He ask'd us for your grace; and, as we guess it,
He is Alinda's brother.
Olym. Ha! let me mark him:
My grief has almost blinded me. Her brother!
[*Aside.*] By Venus, he has all her sweetness upon him!
Two silver drops of dew were never liker.
Y. Arch. Gracious lady——
Olym. [*Aside.*] That pleasant pipe he has too.
Y. Arch. Being my happiness to pass by this way,
And having, as I understand by letters,
A sister in your virtuous service, madam——

12 *ye*] F1 *you.*
20 *serve her!*] Ff and ed. 1778 have 'Enter Olym.' here.
22 s.d. Aside] Added Weber.
23 *shines*] F1 (the old plural). *shine* F2 and editors.
28, 30, s.d. Aside] Added Dyce.
28 *upon*] Altered by Seward, Colm., Web. to *on.*
32 *understana*] Weber chose to print *understood.*

Olym. [*Aside.*] Oh, now my heart, my heart aches!
Y. Arch. All the comfort
My poor youth has, all that my hopes have built me;
I thought it my first duty, my best service,
Here to arrive first, humbly to thank your grace
For my poor sister, humbly to thank your nobleness,
That bounteous goodness in ye——
Olym. [*Aside.*] 'Tis he, certainly.
Y. Arch. That spring of favour to her; with my life, madam,
If any such most happy means might meet me,
To shew my thankfulness.
Olym. [*Aside.*] What have I done, fool!
Y. Arch. She came a stranger to your grace, no courtier,
Nor of that curious breed befits your service;
Yet one, I dare assure my soul, that loved ye
Before she saw ye; doted on your virtues;
Before she knew those fair eyes, long'd to read 'em;
You only had her prayers, you her wishes;
And that one hope to be yours once, preserved her.
Olym. [*Aside.*] I have done wickedly.
Y. Arch. A little beauty,
Such as a cottage breeds, she brought along with her;
And yet our country eyes esteem'd it much too.
But for her beauteous mind (forget, great lady,
I am her brother, and let me speak a stranger,)
Since she was able to beget a thought, 'twas honest:
The daily study how to fit your services,
Truly to tread that virtuous path you walk in,
So fired her honest soul, we thought her sainted.
I presume she is still the same: I would fain see her;
For, madam, 'tis no little love I owe her.
Olym. Sir, such a maid there was, I had——
Y. Arch. There was, madam!
Olym. [*Aside.*] Oh, my poor wench! Eyes, I will ever curse ye
For your credulity.—Alinda——

34, 39, 42, 50, 62 s.d. Aside] Added Dyce.
54 *a stranger*] i. e. as a stranger.

Y. Arch. That 's her name, madam,
Olym. Give me a little leave, sir, to lament her.
Y. Arch. Is she dead, lady?
Olym. Dead, sir, to my service:
She is gone. Pray ye, ask no further.
Y. Arch. I obey, madam.
Gone!—[*Aside.*] Now must I lament too.—Said ye "gone," madam?
Olym. Gone, gone for ever!
Y. Arch. That 's a cruel saying.
Her honour too?
Olym. Prithee, look angry on me,
And, if thou ever lov'dst her, spit upon me:
Do something like a brother, like a friend,
And do not only say thou lov'st her.
Y. Arch. Ye amaze me.
Olym. I ruin'd her, I wrong'd her, I abused her;
Poor innocent soul, I flung her—Sweet Alinda,
Thou virtuous maid! my soul now calls thee virtuous.—
Why do ye not rail now at me?
Y. Arch. For what, lady?
Olym. Call me base treacherous woman?
Y. Arch. Heaven defend me!
Olym. Rashly I thought her false, and put her from me;
Rashly and madly I betray'd her modesty;
Put her to wander, Heaven knows where: nay, more, sir,
Stuck a black brand upon her.
Y. Arch. 'Twas not well, lady.
Olym. 'Twas damnable; she loving me so dearly,
Never poor wench loved so. Sir, believe me,
'Twas the most duteous wench, the best companion;
When I was pleased, the happiest and the gladdest;
The modestest sweet nature dwelt within her:
I saw all this, I knew all this, I loved it,
I doted on it too, and yet I kill'd it.
Oh, what have I forsaken! what have I lost!
Y. Arch. Madam, I 'll take my leave; since she is wandering,
'Tis fit I know no rest.
Olym. Will you go too, sir?

I have not wrong'd you yet. If you dare trust me—
For yet I love Alinda there, I honour her,
I love to look upon those eyes that speak her,
To read that face again—[*Aside*] modesty keep me!
Alinda in that shape!—but why should you trust me?
'Twas I betray'd your sister, I undid her;
And, believe me, gentle youth, 'tis I weep for her.
Appoint what penance you please; but stay then,
And see me perform it; ask what honour this place
Is able to heap on ye, or what wealth:
If following me will like ye, my care of ye,
Which for your sister's sake, for your own goodness——
Y. Arch. Not all the honour earth has, now she's gone, lady,
Not all the favour——yet, if I sought preferment,
Under your bounteous grace I would only take it.
Peace rest upon ye! one sad tear every day,
For poor Alinda's sake, 'tis fit ye pay. [*Exit.*
Olym. A thousand, noble youth; and when I sleep,
Even in my silver slumbers still I 'll weep. [*Exeunt.*

95 s.d. Aside] Marked by Seward, and by parentheses in F2.
102 *like*] i. e. please.
110 *silver slumbers*] "Perhaps originally 'SILENT *slumbers*.'"—Ed. 1778. "The text is perfectly right. In *Henry IV.*, Part I., we have *golden sleep*, upon which Mr. Holt White observes—'The various epithets borrowed from the qualities of metals which have been bestowed on *sleep* may serve to show how vaguely words are applied in poetry. In the line before us sleep is called *golden*, and in *King Richard III.* we have *leaden* slumbers. But in Virgil it is *ferreus somnus*; while Homer terms sleep *brazen*, or more strictly *copper*, χάλκεος ὕπνος.'—*Shakspeare*, ed. 1803, XI. 262. Fletcher is perhaps singular in applying the epithet *silver* to sleep."—Weber.
110 s.d. Exeunt] Exit Ff.

SCENE III.

Another apartment in the same.

Enter DUKE *and* Gentlemen.

Duke. Have ye been with 'em?
First Gent. Yes, an 't please your grace;
But no persuasion serves 'em, nor no promise:
They are fearful angry, and by this time, sir,
Upon their march to the enemy.
Duke. They must be stopp'd.
First Gent. Ay, but what force is able? and what leader——

Enter BURRIS.

Duke. How now! have you been with Archas?
Burris. Yes, an 't please ye,
And told him all: he frets like a chafed lion,
And calls for his arms, and all those honest courtiers
That dare draw swords.
Duke. Is he able to do any thing?
Burris. His mind is well enough; and where his charge is,
Let him be ne'er so sore, 'tis a full army.
Duke. Who commands the rebels?
Burris. The young colonel:
That makes the old man almost mad; he swears, sir,
He will not spare his son's head for the dukedom.
Duke. Is the court in arms?
Burris. As fast as they can bustle.
Every man mad to go now; inspired strangely,
As if they were to force the enemy.
I beseech your grace to give me leave.
Duke. Pray go, sir,
And look to the old man well: take up all fairly,
And let no blood be spilt; take general pardons,
And quench this fury with fair peace.

Sc. III.] Locality due to Weber.
4 *the*] Seward and ed. 1778 *th'*. Ff, Seward and ed. 1778 have 'Enter Burris' at *stopp'd*.
8] Seward and ed. 1778 omit *And* at beginning of line.

Burris. I shall, sir,
Or seal it with my service. They are villains.
The court is up: good sir, go strengthen 'em;
Your royal sight will make 'em scorn all dangers:
The general needs no proof.
Duke. Come, let's go view 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The open country.

Enter THEODORE, PUTSKIE, ANCIENT, Soldiers, *drums and colours.*

Theod. 'Tis known we are up, and marching. No submission,
No promise of base peace, can cure our maladies;
We have suffer'd beyond all repair of honour:
Your valiant old man's whipt; whipt, gentlemen,
Whipt like a slave; that flesh that never trembled,
Nor shrunk one sinew at a thousand charges,
That noble body, ribb'd in arms, the enemy
So often shook at, and then shunn'd like thunder,
That body's torn with lashes.
Anc. Let's turn head.
Puts. Turn nothing, gentlemen; let's march on fairly,
Unless they charge us.
Theod. Think still of his abuses,
And keep your angers.
Anc. He was whipt like a top;
I never saw a whore so laced: court school-butter,—
Is this their diet? I'll dress 'em one running banquet.

22 *Or seal it with my service*] "This expression is obscure; but the following seems to be the meaning of it: 'I'll either quench this fury, or, in endeavouring so to do, put a period to my service.'"—J. N., ed. 1778.

Sc. IV.] Locality due to Weber.

13 *school-butter*] Cant term for a flogging (Grose).

14 *running banquet*] The equivalent of our "hasty meal." Here used with a quibble as in Fletcherian passages of *Henry VIII.*, I. iv. 12—

"Some of these—
Should find a *running banquet* ere they rested";

and V. iv. 71, "besides the *running banquet* of two beadles that is to come."—A. H. Bullen.

What oracle can alter us? did not we see him?
See him we loved?
Theod. And though we did obey him,
Forced by his reverence for that time; is 't fit, gentlemen,
My noble friends, is 't fit we men and soldiers,
Live to endure this, and look on too?
Puts. Forward!
They may call back the sun as soon, stay time,
Prescribe a law to death, as we endure this.
Theod. They will make ye all fair promises.
Anc. We care not.
Theod. Use all their arts upon ye.
Anc. Hang all their arts!
Puts. And happily they 'll bring him with 'em.
Anc. March apace, then;
He is old, and cannot overtake us.
Puts. Say he do?
Anc. We 'll run away with him; they shall never see him more.
The truth is, we 'll hear nothing, stop at nothing,
Consider nothing but our way; believe nothing,
Not though they say their prayers; be content with nothing
But the knocking out their brains; and last do nothing
But ban 'em and curse 'em, till we come to kill 'em.
Theod. Remove, then, forwards bravely! keep your minds whole,
And the next time we face 'em shall be fatal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another part of the country.

Enter DUKE, ARCHAS, BURRIS, Gentlemen, *and* Soldiers.

Archas. Peace to your grace! take rest, sir; they are before us.
First Gent. They are, sir, and upon the march.
[*Exit* DUKE.

Sc. V.] Locality due to Weber.

Archas. Lord Burris,
Take you those horse and coast 'em: upon the first advantage,
If they will not slack their march, charge 'em up roundly;
By that time I 'll come in.
Burris. I 'll do it truly. [*Exit.*
First Gent. How do you feel yourself, sir?
Archas. Well, I thank ye;
A little weak, but anger shall supply that.—
You will all stand bravely to it?
All. Whilst we have lives, sir.
Archas. Ye speak like gentlemen. I 'll make the knaves know,
The proudest and the strongest-hearted rebel,
They have a law to live in, and they shall have.
Beat up apace; by this time he is upon 'em;
And, sword, but hold me now, thou shalt play ever!
[*Drum within. Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Another part of the country.

Enter, drums beating, THEODORE, PUTSKIE, ANCIENT, *and their* Soldiers.

Theod. Stand, stand, stand close and sure; the horse will charge us.
Anc. Let 'em come on; we have provender fit for 'em.
Puts. Here comes lord Burris, sir, I think to parley.

3 *coast 'em*] i. e. keep alongside of them.—Mason.
4 *slack*] F2 *slake.*
12 Ff, Seward and ed. 1778 have here 'Drum within,' and make one scene with that following.
Sc. VI.] Locality due to Weber, who first marked this as a separate scene.
1] Printed as two lines in Ff, the first ending at *sure.*

Enter BURRIS, *and one or two* Soldiers.

Theod. You are welcome, noble sir; I hope to our part.
Burris. No, valiant colonel, I am come to chide ye,
To pity ye; to kill ye, if these fail me.
Fie, what dishonour seek ye! what black infamy!
Why do ye draw out thus? draw all shame with ye?
Are these fit cares in subjects? I command ye
Lay down your arms again; move in that peace,
That fair obedience, you were bred in.
Puts. Charge us:
We come not here to argue.
Theod. Charge up bravely,
And hotly too; we have hot spleens to meet ye,
Hot as the shames are offer'd us.

Enter ARCHAS, Gentlemen, *and* Soldiers.

Burris. Look behind ye:
Do you see that old man? do you know him, soldiers?
Puts. Your father, sir, believe me.
Burris. You know his marches,
You have seen his executions. Is it yet peace?
Theod. We 'll die here first.
Burris. Farewell: you 'll hear on 's presently.
Archas. Stay, Burris:
This is too poor, too beggarly a body,
To bear the honour of a charge from me;
A sort of tatter'd rebels.—Go, provide gallowses.—
Ye are troubled with hot heads; I 'll cool ye presently.—
These look like men that were my soldiers,
Now I behold 'em nearly and more narrowly,
My honest friends: where got they these fair figures?
Where did they steal these shapes?
Burris. They are struck already.
Archas. Do you see that fellow there that goodly rebel?
He looks as like a captain I loved tenderly,

3 s.d. Enter Burris, etc.] After *sure* (l. 1) in Ff, Seward and ed. 1778.
19 *Stay, Burris*] Printed in Ff as part of the following line.
22 *sort*] i. e. company, set.

A fellow of a faith indeed:——
Burris. He has shamed him.
Archas. And that that bears the colours there, most certain
So like an Ancient of mine own, a brave fellow,
A loving and obedient, that, believe me, Burris,
I am amazed and troubled: and, were it not
I know the general goodness of my people,
The duty, and the truth, the stedfast honesty,
And am assured they would as soon turn devils
As rebels to allegiance, for mine honour——
Burris. Here needs no wars.
Puts. I pray forgive us, sir.
Anc. Good general, forgive us, or use your sword;
Your words are double death.
All. Good noble general!
Burris. Pray, sir, be merciful.
Archas. Weep out your shames first;
Ye make me fool for company. Fie, soldiers!
My soldiers too, and play these tricks! What's he there?
Sure I have seen his face too: yes; most certain
I have a son (but I hope he is not here now)
Would much resemble this man, wondrous near him;
Just of his height and making too.—You seem a leader.
Theod. Good sir, do not shame me more: I know your anger,
And less than death I look not for.
Archas. You shall be my charge, sir: it seems you want foes,
When you would make your friends your enemies:
A running blood ye have, but I shall cure ye.
Burris. Good sir——
Archas. No more, good lord.—Beat forward, soldiers:—
And you march in the rear; you have lost your places.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Moscow. The court of the Palace.

Enter DUKE, OLYMPIA, HONORA, *and* VIOLA.

Duke. You shall not be thus sullen still with me, sister;
You do the most unnobly to be angry,
For, as I have a soul, I never touch'd her;
I never yet knew one unchaste thought in her.
I must confess I loved her; as who would not?
I must confess I doted on her strangely;
I offer'd all, yet so strong was her honour,
So fortified as fair, no hope could reach her:
And whilst the world beheld this, and confirm'd it,
Why would you be so jealous?
Olym. Good sir, pardon me;
I feel sufficiently my folly's penance,
And am ashamed; that shame a thousand sorrows
Feed on continually. Would I had never seen her!
Or with a clearer judgment look'd upon her!
She was too good for me; so heavenly good, sir,
Nothing but Heaven can love that soul sufficiently,
Where I shall see her once again.
Duke. No more tears;
If she be within the dukedom, we 'll recover her.

Enter BURRIS.

Welcome, lord Burris; fair news I hope.
Burris. Most fair, sir:
Without one drop of blood these wars are ended,
The soldier cool'd again, indeed ashamed, sir,
And all his anger ended.
Duke. Where's lord Archas?
Burris. Not far off, sir; with him his valiant son,
Head of this fire, but now a prisoner;

Sc. VII.] In Ff, Seward and ed. 1778 Scene VI. Locality due to Weber.
1 *still*] Omitted by Weber!
18 s.d. Enter Burris] After *again*, l. 17, in Ff, Sew., Col., Web.

And, if by your sweet mercy not prevented,
I fear some fatal stroke. [*Drums.*
Duke. I hear the drums beat.

Enter ARCHAS, THEODORE, Gentlemen, [*and*] Soldiers.

Welcome, my worthy friend!
Archas. Stand where ye are, sir;
Even as you love your country, move not forward,
Nor plead for peace, till I have done a justice,
A justice on this villain, 'none of mine now,'
A justice on this rebel.
Hon. Oh, my brother!
Archas. This fatal firebrand——
Duke. Forget not, old man,
He is thy son, of thine own blood.
Archas. In these veins
No treachery e'er harbour'd yet, no mutiny;
I ne'er gave life to lewd and headstrong rebels.
Duke. 'Tis his first fault.
Archas. Not of a thousand, sir;
Or, were it so, it is a fault so mighty,
So strong against the nature of all mercy,
His mother, were she living, would not weep for him.
He dare not say he would live.
Theod. I must not, sir,
Whilst you say 'tis not fit.—Your grace's mercy,
Not to my life applied, but to my fault, sir!
The world's forgiveness, next! last, on my knees, sir,
I humbly beg, [*Kneels.*
Do not take from me yet the name of father;
Strike me a thousand blows, but let me die yours!
Archas. He moves my heart: I must be sudden with him,
I shall grow faint else in my execution.
[*Aside, and then draws his sword.*

26 s.d. Enter Archas, etc.] After *stroke* in folios and ed. 1778.
33 *thy son,*] Comma first in F2.
35 *lewd*] i. e. wicked, vile.
44 *I humbly beg*] So arranged in Ff. 'Kneels' inserted Weber, l. 41, here Dyce.
48] s.d. as Dyce. Weber inserted 'Draws' l. 46 and dash at *execution*.

Come, come, sir, you have seen death; now meet
him bravely.
Duke. Hold, hold, I say, a little hold! consider,
Thou hast no more sons, Archas, to inherit thee.
Archas. Yes, sir, I have another and a nobler;
No treason shall inherit me; young Archas,
A boy as sweet as young; my brother breeds him,
My noble brother Briskie breeds him nobly:
Him let your favour find, give him your honour.

Enter PUTSKIE, *and* YOUNG ARCHAS.

Puts. Thou hast no child left, Archas, none to
inherit thee,
If thou strik'st that stroke now. Behold young Archas!
Behold thy brother here, thou bloody brother,
As bloody to this sacrifice as thou art!
Heave up thy sword, and mine's heaved up; strike,
Archas,
And I 'll strike too, as suddenly, as deadly!
Have mercy, and I'll have mercy; the duke gives it;
Look upon all these, how they weep it from thee!
Choose quickly, and begin.
Duke. On your obedience,
On your allegiance, save him!
Archas. Take him to ye:——
[THEOD. *rises:* Soldiers *shout.*
And, sirrah, be an honest man; ye have reason.——
I thank ye, worthy brother.—Welcome, child,
Mine own sweet child!
Duke. Why was this boy conceal'd thus?
Puts. Your grace's pardon:
Fearing the vow you made against my brother,
And that your anger would not only light
On him, but find out all his family,
This young boy, to preserve from after-danger,
Like a young wench, hither I brought; myself,
In the habit of an ordinary captain
Disguised, got entertainment, and served here,

56] The stage direction in Ff is 'Enter Putskie (alias Briskie) and Alinda (alias Archas).'
66] s.d. 'Soul. shout' Ff. Dyce prefixed 'Theod. rises.'

That I might still be ready to all fortunes.
The boy your grace took, nobly entertain'd him,
But thought a girl ;—Alinda, madam.
Olym. Stand away,
And let me look upon him.
Duke. My young mistress!—
This is a strange metamorphosis.—Alinda!
Y. Arch. Your grace's humble servant.
Duke. Come hither, sister.
I dare yet scarce believe mine eyes.—[*Aside.*] How they view one another!—
Dost thou not love this boy well?
Olym. I should lie else, trust me,
Extremely lie, sir.
Duke. Didst thou never wish, Olympia,
It might be thus?
Olym. A thousand times.
Duke. Here, take him ;
Nay, do not blush; I do not jest ; kiss sweetly :
Boy, ye kiss faintly, boy ;—Heaven give ye comfort!—
Teach him ; he 'll quickly learn.—There 's two hearts eased now.
Archas. You do me too much honour, sir.
Duke. No, Archas;
But all I can I will.—Can you love me? speak truly.
Hon. Yes, sir, dearly.
Duke. Come hither, Viola : can you love this man?
Viola. I 'll do the best I can, sir.
Duke. Seal it, Burris.
We 'll all to church together instantly ;
And then a vie for boys! Stay, bring Boroskie :
[*Exeunt* Gentlemen, *who re-enter with* BOROSKIE.
I had almost forgot that lump of mischief.
There, Archas, take the enemy to honour,
The knave to worth ; do with him what thou wilt.

79 *The*] F1. F2, Seward *That.*
84 s.d. Aside] Dyce. Weber put the whole line between dashes.
85 *trust me*] Printed as part of following line in Ff.
86 *sir*] Weber chose to print *else.*
97 *a vie*] i. e. a wager. To *vie* (a term in various games at cards) "was to hazard, to put down, a certain sum upon a hand." See Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, i. 106.
97] Stage direction enlarged by Dyce. Ff Enter Boroskie.

Archas. Then, to my sword again, you to your prayers; [*Draws his sword.*
Wash off your villanies; you feel the burden.
Bor. Forgive me ere I die, most honest Archas! [*Kneels.*
'Tis too much honour that I perish thus.
Oh, strike my faults to kill them, that no memory,
No black and blasted infamy, hereafter——
Archas. Come, are ye ready?
Bor. Yes.
Archas. And truly penitent, to make your way straight?
Bor. Thus I wash off my sins.
Archas. Stand up, and live, then, [BOROSKIE *rises.*
And live an honest man; I scorn men's ruins.—
Take him again, sir, try him; and believe
This thing will be a perfect man.
Duke. I take him.
Bor. And when I fail those hopes, Heaven's hopes fail me!
Duke. You are old: no more wars, father.—Theodore,
Take you the charge; be general.
Theod. All good bless ye!
Duke. And, my good father, you dwell in my bosom;
From you rise all my good thoughts: when I would think,
And examine Time for one that 's fairly noble,
And the same man through all the straits of virtue,
Upon this silver book I 'll look, and read him.—
Now forward merrily to Hymen's rites,
To joys, and revels, sports! and he that can
Most honour Archas, is the noblest man. [*Exeunt.*

101, 103] Stage directions due to Weber.
109 s.d.] Added Dyce.
114 *Theodore*] Begins the next line in Ff.
122 *revels, sports*] "I should read 'revel-sports.'"—Mason.

EPILOGUE

THOUGH something well assured, few here repent
Three hours of precious time, or money spent
On our endeavours; yet, not to rely
Too much upon our care and industry,
'Tis fit we should ask, but a modest way,
How you approve our action in the play?
If you vouchsafe to crown it with applause,
It is your bounty, and you give us cause
Hereafter with a general consent
To study, as becomes us, your content.

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE

EDITED BY R. WARWICK BOND

(Q.) *Rule a Wife And have a Wife. A Comedy. Acted by his Majesties Servants. Written by John Fletcher Gent. Oxford, Printed by Leonard Lichfield Printer to the University. Anno* 1640. 4to.

(F.) *Rule a Wife, and have a Wife*, is the full title in the Folio of 1679, where it is the fourteenth play, occupying pp. 279–296 of the first system of pagination.

It appears in Theobald's edition (1750) vol. iii. (curavit Seward), in Colman's (1778) vol. iii., in Weber's (1812) vol. ii., and in Dyce's (1843) vol. ix. See also under 'History,' p. 366.

The text of the Folio of 1679 is reproduced in vol. iii. (1906) of the edition by A. R. Waller in the *Cambridge English Classics*, with the Quarto's variants given in an Appendix.

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE

TEXT.—The quarto of 1640, issued from the Oxford University Press, deserves on the whole Weber's praise for careful printing. The few corrections made in the folio of 1679 (e.g. 'her' for 'your' [illegible], 'look'dst' for 'look'st' I. v. 40, 'Altea' for 'she' [illegible] II. i. iii, III. i, 'them' for 'him' II. iv. 80, 'summer' for 'sumner' III. ii. 4, 'were' for 'are' III. iv. 40, 'us'd' for 'use' IV. iii. 193) are outweighed by its corruptions (e.g. [illegible] for [illegible] I. v. 31, 'Bet' for 'Bar' III. iv. 78, etc.) and omission of a line at III. iv. 23 and III. v. 73, and of a word in three other places; while its nine other doubtful changes are of no weight. The mistakes left as common to both are fewer than usual (the chief are, the Spanish I. v. 50, 'civill' for 'Sevile' I. vi. 20, 'plates' for 'plate' II. ii. 55, the probable omission of a line at II. iv. 20 and (?) V. iii. 83 and the transposition of III. i. 95 and 96, 'last' for 'lust' III. i. 100, prefixes wrong or omitted IV. i. 50, iii. 17, V. v. 158, 162, 'business' III. i. 30, 'bought' for 'brought' V. ii. 62, punctuation V. iii. 35, 'reach' for 'reach'd' [illegible], 'swear' for 'sweat' V. iv. 26, 'folly' v. 108, 'you' for 'we' 176); while, as regards metre, the quarto text (always faithfully followed in this matter by the folio) is much better than usual, the slight dislocation occurring at I. v. 29-32, vi. 59-63, II. iv. 85-90, 93-5, III. i. 23-6, 113-5, V. v. 63-5, and of a word or two in many other places, being due rather to a strict counting of syllables which failed to take account of Fletcher's redundancies than to the usual ignorant neglect of the whole matter.

Most of the errors, whether metrical or verbal, were corrected by Seward. Colman supplied a few stage directions and corrected the prefixes IV. i. 50, iii. 17: Weber numbered and located the scenes and marked most of the asides and s.d.: and Dyce ably supplemented their work whether of re-arrangement, correction or addition of s.d.

We have restored the old text at II. iv. 7, V. iii. 30-1, and iv. 1 s.d.; and have found we believe the true emendation at III. iii. 51, and perhaps the right explanation at IV. iii. 206-7, V. iii. 82. Where not otherwise noted, the stage directions here are verbally reproduced from the quarto.

ARGUMENT.—An unattached heiress, Margarita, is the object of general interest among the gallants and officers at Seville, where recruiting is going on for the war in Flanders. She is anxious to marry, but only as a cover to illicit intrigue; and Altea, her confidential attendant, plots to obtain the coveted prize for her brother Leon, lately recommended as ensign to captain Juan de Castro. Promising Altea a thousand crowns, Leon, a tall strong fellow, assumes before the officers a character of foolish simplicity, and is introduced to Margarita as Altea's happy discovery, who will make the most submissive of husbands. With admirably-affected sheepishness he agrees to a complete subservience, and the heiress accepts and marries him. On their return to her town-house she prepares to entertain her wanton admirers, and especially the Duke of Medina, instructing Leon to occupy himself with the other servants. She is surprised by an ironical outburst on his part; and, when the guests are come, he boldly asserts his rights as her husband and master of the house. The incensed Duke, overcome by his eloquence and spirit and the advocacy of Juan, suppresses his annoyance for the moment, and

conceives the plan of getting rid of him by a false captain's commission. But Leon, equal to the occasion, at once gives orders that his wife, with plate, hangings and everything portable, shall accompany him to the seat of war. He defies all opposition; and when she attempts a diversion by pretending a previous gift of the house to a former waiting-woman, Estefania, while the Duke declares the commission a trick, he announces the resolve to visit her other properties, even in the Indies. She feigns submission, only begging for a month's delay, which he grants. She is already half-conquered; but lends herself to a last ruse by which the Duke, pretending to be wounded in a scuffle, obtains shelter and a bed in the house. Warned by Juan, now his staunch ally, Leon shows her he fathoms the trick, appeals to her sense of justice and threatens her with the most servile humiliation. Overcome at last by his resource and firmness, she throws herself whole-heartedly on his side and joins him in fooling the pretended invalid, whose amorous advances she parries with a lecture, works on his superstitious fears by means of drunken noises in the cellar below, and threatens him with her husband's vengeance. First cowed, then repentant, the Duke is reconciled to Leon, and gives him a genuine commission.

The main plot is well balanced by and carefully interwoven with an underplot, wherein Michael Perez, one of the captains, amorous and conceited of his powers as lady-killer and tamer, is tricked into wedding Margarita's woman, Estefania, who poses as owner of the house in her absence. For some days he revels in luxurious quarters and parades his good fortune before the officers. On Margarita's unexpected return with Leon, Estefania attributes to her the very device she has herself employed, and persuades Perez to vacate the house for four days, promising him handsome compensation when her 'cousin's' wealthy admirer is secured. He reluctantly consents, and they find accommodation in a poor cottage hard by, where he loudly complains of the discomfort. On the eve of his expected re-entry he finds his trunks robbed of the chains, jewels and rich clothes which had formed his contribution to the partnership; and, accusing the old woman of the house, learns from her the true position and character of his wife, who has abstracted them. Margarita confirms the woman's account; but Estefania, when they meet, counters him with the reproach that his chains are of copper and his jewels false. To vex him further she pretends that the old woman and Margarita are merely in league with her to try him, and bids him return and take possession. He goes distrustfully, demands the house from Leon, and is cheated by a moment's delusive hope when Margarita asserts that she had actually given it to his wife; but the pretence is quickly abandoned, and the unhappy man breaks away to be revenged. Estefania boldly confronts him with a loaded pistol; and proves that she can still be of use by producing a thousand ducats, which she has just wheedled out of Cacafogo, a rich and fatuous suitor of Margarita, pledging (as from her) the trumpery trinkets. Perez owns her ascendency and is reconciled; and their future is secured by gifts from Margarita and the generous hospitality of Leon. Altea's deception is forgiven; and Cacafogo, a combination of baseness, folly, insolence and gross self-indulgence, visiting the house with amorous intentions, is confined by her in the cellar and finally dismissed in drunken ignominy.

DATE AND AUTHORSHIP.—Malone (*Shakespeare*, ed. Boswell, iii. 226), among a list of plays written by Fletcher only, mentions ours as licensed by Sir Henry Herbert on Oct. 19, 1624; and at p. 228 extracts the following from Herbert's 'Note of such playes as were acted at Court in 1623 and 1624'—

"Upon All-hollows night, 1624, the king beinge at Roiston, no play.

The night after, my Lord Chamberlin had Rule a Wife and Have a Wife for the ladys, by the kings company.

Upon St. Steevens night, the prince only being there, Rule a Wife and Have a Wife, by the kings company. Att Whitehall."

Fletcher's sole authorship is confirmed by the title-page of the quarto, and the attribution to him in the commendatory verse of G. Hills. The Prologue, too, evidently contemporary with the first production and probably by Fletcher himself, speaks of 'the poet.' And the verse exhibits the most marked degree of his special characteristics—a double or triple ending to almost every line, rarely a line run-on, and no prose at all. It was his latest or almost his latest play. His own marriage is very doubtful.

SOURCES.—The Perez-Estefania underplot is borrowed from one of Cervantes' *Novelas Ejemplares*, 'El Casamiento Engañoso' (The Deceitful Marriage), of which no English translation is known earlier than that of Thomas Shelton in 1642—it is not among the six translated by James Mabbe in 1640. There existed, however, a French translation with the following title: 'Les novveles, ov sont contenuës plusieurs rares advantures, et memorables exemples d'amour . . . Traduictes d'espagnol en françois: les six premieres par F. de Rosset et les autres par le sr d'Avdigvier. Avec l'Histoire de Ruis Dias, etc. Paris, 1620.' 8vo.[1] Since 'El Casamiento' was the eleventh of the twelve tales as published by Cervantes, the translation of it would fall to the Sieur d'Audiguier, who translated *Lazarillo de Tormes* the same year. The existence of this French version of the *Novelas* is important for the question of Fletcher's familiarity with Spanish, which the occurrence of a few words and phrases in his text (*e.g.* I. i. 12, v. 50) can hardly be held to prove. It is doubtful whether there be anything of his, of Spanish connexion, not attributable to the use of translations or of other sources. *Love's Cure*, where, as we hope to show, large use is made of an untranslated Spanish play, is not Fletcher's. Yet the probability of his reading Spanish may be admitted.

The following full sketch of Cervantes' tale (abridged from W. K. Kelly's translation) gives everything of which Fletcher can have made the slightest use.

One morning in Valladolid the licentiate Peralta meets his friend, the alferez Campuzano [I. i. 12, 67], issuing from the Hospital of the Resurrection, so pale and with limbs so weak as shewed he 'must have sweated a good deal in the last few weeks' [I. ii. 8]. Making the sign of the cross as though he had seen a ghost [IV. i. 5], he expresses his surprise—"Why, I thought you were in Flanders trailing a pike [I. i. 56], instead of hobbling along with your sword for a walking-stick" [I. ii. 12–3]. Campuzano attributes his condition to a woman whom he has been so unfortunate as to marry recently; and, being invited to dine by Peralta, relates his story. Being some time since with a friend, Captain Pedro de Herrera, now in Flanders, they were accosted by two ladies of genteel appearance, one of whom drew the captain aside, while Campuzano addressed himself to the other, who was veiled, but excited his curiosity by shewing a very white hand with handsome rings. He imagined that with his rich dress, gold chain and good looks he would easily induce her to unveil: she remained obdurate, however, only promising that, if he would send a servant to note where she lived, he should see her with less reserve. The interview over, Herrera reported that he had been requested to carry letters to Flanders to one whom the lady called her cousin, but whom he knew to be only her gallant [cf. Juan's suspicion, I. i. 117–20]. Campuzano, repairing next day to the house indicated by his servant, found a lady of about thirty whose name was Doña Estefania de Caycedo, well-looking rather than beautiful, but possessed of a sweet voice and fascinating address, occupying a handsomely-furnished house, and waited on by a girl more rogue than simpleton. After

[1] There is no copy of this in the British Museum. The title is here given from Mr. J. Fitzmaurice Kelly's *Life of Cervantes*, 1892, p. 357. Ward, who mentions it (ii. 753), gives its date as 1614–5.

visiting her on four successive days [cf. 'four days,' II. iv. 104, IV. iii. 10, 44] he offered her marriage. She replied that she had no wish to pass for a saint: she had been, and was, a sinner, but no subject of scandal [I. i. 73–4]; and was now looking out for a husband to settle down with and try to please. She had inherited no fortune, but the furniture of the house would fetch 2500 ducats. She could cook well:—"I can be the major domo in the house, the tidy wench in the kitchen, and the lady in the drawing-room: in fact I know how to command and make myself obeyed. I squander nothing and accumulate a great deal; my coin goes all the further for being spent under my own directions" [closely reproduced, I. vi. 41–9]. Campuzano, overjoyed, said that his own fortune was 'not so small but that with that chain which I wore round my neck, and other jewels which I had at home, and by disposing of some military finery, I could muster more than 2000 ducats, which, with her 2500, would be enough for us to retire upon to a village of which I was a native, and where I had relations and some patrimony' [so Perez thinks of selling his commission, II. ii. 18]. They were married 'on the fourth day . . . in the presence of two friends of mine, and a youth who she said was her cousin, and to whom I introduced myself as a relation with words of great urbanity [II. iv. 92]. Such, indeed, were all those which hitherto I had bestowed upon my bride—with how crooked and treacherous an intention I would rather not say. . . . My servant removed my trunk from my lodgings to my wife's house. I put by my magnificent chain in my wife's presence; showed her three or four others, not so large, but of better workmanship, with three or four other trinkets of various kinds; laid before her my best dresses and my plumes, and gave her about 400 reals, which I had, to defray the household expenses. For six days I tasted the bread of wedlock'; and he describes his luxury, and Estefania's attentions and cooking—'My shirts, collars, and handkerchiefs were a very Aranjuez of flowers, so drenched they were with fragrant waters . . . I began to change for the better the evil intention with which I had begun this affair. . . . At the end of them (the six days) one morning, whilst I was still in bed with Doña Estefania, there was a loud knocking and calling at the street door. The servant girl put her head out of the window, and immediately popped it in again, saying—"There she is, sure enough; she is come sooner than she mentioned in her letter the other day, but she is welcome." "Who's come, girl?" said I. "Who?" she replied; "why, my lady Doña Clementa Buseo, and with her señor Don Lope Melendez de Almendarez, with two other servants, and Hortigosa the dueña she took with her." "Bless me! run, wench, and open the door for them," Doña Estefania now exclaimed; "and you, señor, as you love me, don't put yourself out, or reply for me to anything you may hear said against me." "Why, who is to say anything to offend you, especially when I am by? Tell me, who are these people, whose arrival appears to have upset you?" "I have no time to answer," said Doña Estefania, "only be assured that whatever takes place here will be all pretended, and bears upon a certain design which you shall know by and by."'

The arrivals enter, richly dressed, and the duenna reflects upon her lady's bed being occupied—"the señora Doña Estefania has availed herself of my lady's friendliness to some purpose." "That she has, Hortigosa," replied Doña Clementa; "but I blame myself for never being on my guard against friends who can only be such when it is for their own advantage." Estefania does not say she is married, but pretends some mystery and that the sequel will show her blameless: then, leading her husband into another room, she tells him 'that this friend of hers wanted to play a trick on that Don Lope who was come with her, and to whom she expected to be married. The trick was to make him believe that the house and everything in it belonged to herself. Once married, it would matter little that the truth was discovered, so confident was the lady in the great love of Don Lope; the property would then be returned;

and who could blame her, or any woman, for contriving to get an honourable husband, though it were by a little artifice? I replied that it was a very great stretch of friendship she thought of making, and that she ought to look well to it beforehand, for very probably she might be constrained to have recourse to justice to recover her effects . . .': however he complies with her wishes 'on the assurance that the affair would not last more than eight days, during which we were to lodge with another friend of hers.

We finished dressing; she went to take her leave of the señora and the señor, ordered my servant to follow her with my luggage, and I too followed without taking leave of any one. Doña Estefania stopped at a friend's house, and stayed talking with her a good while, leaving us in the street, till at last a girl came out and told me and my servant to come in. We went up-stairs to a small room in which there were two beds so close together that they seemed but one, for the bedclothes actually touched each other. There we remained six days, during which not an hour passed in which we did not quarrel; for I was always telling her what a stupid thing she had done in giving up her house and goods.'

One day in Estefania's absence the woman of the house asks him about this continual wrangling, and hears from him the story. 'Thereupon the woman began to cross and bless herself at such a rate, and to cry out, "O, Lord! O, the jade!" that she put me into a great state of uneasiness.' At last she tells him—'"The truth is, that Doña Clementa Buseo is the real owner of the house and property which you have had palmed upon you for a dower; the lies are every word that Doña Estefania has told you, for she has neither house nor goods, nor any clothes besides those on her back. What gave her an opportunity for this trick was that Doña Clementa went to visit one of her relations in the city of Plasencia, and there to perform a novenary in the church of our Lady of Guadelupe, meanwhile leaving Doña Estefania to look after her house, for in fact they are great friends. And after all, rightly considered, the poor señora is not to blame, since she has had the wit to get herself such a person as the Señor Alferez for a husband," . . . I took my cloak and sword, and went out in search of Doña Estefania, resolved to inflict on her an exemplary chastisement; but chance ordained, whether for my good or not I cannot tell, that she was not to be found in any of the places where I expected to fall in with her. I went to the church of San Lorente . . .' [IV. i. 9–26] and there the wretched man finds relief in sleep, but is soon awakened. 'I went with a heavy heart to Doña Clementa's, and found her as much at ease as a lady should be in her own house. Not daring to say a word to her, because Don Lope was present, I returned to my landlady, who told me she had informed Doña Estefania that I was acquainted with her whole roguery; that she had asked how I had seemed to take the news; that she, the landlady, said I had taken it very badly, and had gone out to look for her, apparently with the worst intentions; whereupon Doña Estefania had gone away, taking with her all that was in my trunk, only leaving me one travelling coat. I flew to my trunk, and found it open, like a coffin waiting for a dead body; and well might it have been my own, if sense enough had been left me to comprehend the magnitude of my misfortune.'

Here Peralta breaks in with condolence on the loss of his valuables—the chain alone must have weighed over 200 ducats: but Campuzano assures him that all the trinkets together were only worth ten or twelve crowns, being counterfeit. "So then it seems to have been a drawn game," says the licentiate; to which Campuzano gives doubtful assent—he at least is saddled with her as wife: "without looking for her, I always find her in imagination; and, wherever I am, my disgrace is always present before me." She, however, has gone off with the 'cousin whom she brought to our wedding, who had been a lover of hers of long standing,' and he feels himself well rid of her. But, as a

result of the connexion, he has been attacked by disease, and driven by poverty into the hospital, where he has undergone forty sudations.—His story thus ended Campuzano passes on, pretty cheerfully, to relate the famous *Colloquio* between the two hospital dogs, Berganza and Scipio.

It will be seen that Fletcher has followed the tale closely, so far as it goes. His changes are all in the direction of dramatic effect, or to suit the combination with, and balance against, the main plot. As Leon, beginning with an exaggerated foolishness and meekness, succeeds in imposing his unquestioned authority on Margarita ; so Perez, commencing with self-confidence and swagger (I. i. 38–41, II. ii. iv. 22–87), is brought to feel and confess his wife's superiority. No separation of the pair being contemplated, her cousin and former lover disappears ; and Perez's civility to him at the wedding is transferred, along with the 'cousinship,' to Margarita on her arrival (II. iv. 92). The express deletion of Estefania's confession of a 'past' (I. vi. 23–5) is in the direction of probability : the Old Woman makes us amends on the point, but at least Perez is spared physical penalties for his union—those pains are transferred to the rake Alonzo (II. i.). His vacation of the house, again, is made more probable by Estefania's ready production of a document promising compensation ; nor is he credited with any intention of selling it : his fondness for the beauty of the grounds is made a pathetic element in his disappointment —'I would live a swallow here,' he confesses with tears in his eyes, as he accepts Leon's generous offer of a home (V. v. 154). This change in the dénouement induces the development of the tale by some excellent scenes ; namely III. v. 150–93 (he is dumb in the tale) ; the whole of IV. i., where his vain search for his wife is developed into the witty opposed speeches (10–50), and his private confession of the fraud of the trinkets into that indignant exposure by Estefania (62–104) which has earned him since the name of 'the Copper Captain' and leads on to his third discomfiture at the house (104–7 and IV. iii. 124–210) ; and the scene of the pistol, which ends in their reconciliation. The addition of a capital study of humanity at its poorest in the wealthy Cacafogo affords Estefania the means to effect that reconciliation (IV. i. 125–170), and to provide for her future (V. v. 6 and 158), and Perez the consolation of a companion in misfortune (V. ii. 19–69). He is probably wholly Fletcher's. Dr. L. Bahlsen (cf. below, 'History') suggests, Bessus, to whom he bears some slight resemblance ; but neither corpulence, drunkenness nor disappointed lechery, can affiliate him to Falstaff.

Dunlop (*Hist. of Fiction*, ch. vii., pp. 129–32, ed. H. Wilson) pointed out some resemblance to our underplot in the story of the mutual outwitting of Jancofiore of Palermo and her Florentine admirer in the *Decamerone*, viii. 10, a story Boccaccio may have borrowed from the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, but which is traceable back through the *Gesta Romanorum*, the *Disciplina Clericalis* of Petrus Alphonsus, and the *Thousand and One Nights*, and as an Arabian tale may well have been accessible to Cervantes.

For the main plot (Leon, Margarita and the Duke) no direct source has hitherto been indicated beyond some obvious general example in *The Taming of the Shrew*, which is however sufficiently distinct. Hallam, while owning a likelihood of some Spanish prototype, recognized native qualities in the variety and spirit of character and the vivacious humour. Indeed, the vigour of Leon's part throughout suggests that the author is working on a conception of his own. The title of a comedy by Gaspar de Avila, 'El Valeroso Español y Primero de su Casa' (*Biblioteca de Autores Españoles*, tom. xliii., pp. 563–81) has allured us : but examination shows the piece to deal with Cortez's triumph over envious charges at the Spanish Court on his return from his American conquests, the title referring to the marquisate granted him by the emperor Charles V. If Fletcher was at all aware of it, he can have borrowed nothing but the name El Duque de Medina, a staunch champion of Cortez, who is the

means of introducing the heroine Doña Juaña to the imperial Court, where the emperor bestows her hand on Cortez, for whom she has conceived a passion; while the reference to Margarita's possessions in the Indies (IV. iii. 199-201) might be suggested by this or a thousand other works.

Were literary example needed for wanton life the Italian novelists supplied it in abundance. Two conspicuous cases from Bandello, for instance, had been reproduced (through Belleforest) in Geoffrey Fenton's *Tragicall Discourses* of 1567, of which the seventh deals with the Countess of Celant, and the third with Pandora, 'a younge Ladye in Myllan' who 'longe abused the vertue of her youth and honor of mariage with an vnlawful haunte of diuerse yonge Gentlemen,' and secured 'the whole conveygh of all the householde doinges, whereby her commaundement was only currant, and she, houldinge the rayne of her lybertie in her owne hand, might haunte and use what place for recreacion she lyste at her pleasure': but this is the limit of suggestion. A germ at least for Leon and Margarita is furnished in the Doña Clementa and Don Lope of Cervantes' novel: the duenna might suggest the complaisant old ladies of I. iv.; and a further distinct leaning upon the tale is noticeable in the transfer of Estefania's *cousinship with a former lover* to Margarita and the Duke (cf. Leon's satirical 'What cousin's this?' IV. iii. 126, following ll. 97, 99). But the vigorous Leon remains still without forerunner. Dr. Koeppel is inclined to find a leading source of inspiration in Morose's disillusion when his silent wife breaks into her first flow of talk (cf. note on III. i. 89), a reference which he also made in regard to *The Woman's Prize*, and a probable reminiscence, but quite inadequate.

In all probability Fletcher relied upon his own invention in the rehandling and variation of a theme of conjugal contest which he had treated with striking similarities of detail in two other and earlier plays. In *The Woman's Prize* (before 1622) Petruchio, like Margarita and Morose, is surprised to find that he has caught a Tartar. Maria's successful revolt is followed by an exhibition of wasteful extravagance. Petruchio feigns sickness: she meets the move by ordering the hangings to be taken down, the linen and plate packed up and the infected house cleared, and afterwards pretends the order was his. When he himself threatens departure, she feigns madness. His pretended death is equally vain; but the moment of final victory is also that of wifely submission—

> 'From this hour make me what you please: I have tamed ye,
> And now am vow'd your servant.' (V. iv. 45-6.)

Compare, in IV. iii. of our play, Leon's orders to pack and Margarita's feigned sickness, and in V. iii. 19-20 his generous confidence—

> 'Command you now and ease me of that trouble,
> I'll be as humble to you as a servant.'

In *The Noble Gentleman* (perhaps adapted from Tourneur's *The Nobleman* of 1612), which was performed Feb. 3, 1626, after Fletcher's death (see our Introd. to the play in a later volume) we have a close parallel to Margarita in the wanton and extravagant Madame Mount Marine, who allies herself with some loose courtiers in order to overcome her husband's determination to quit Paris. There is the same talk of hasty packing, and the same device of pretended promotion which, when it proves unsuccessful, is, as here, withdrawn. A similar contest of wills, drawn out through a succession of devices, is seen in the still earlier *Scornful Lady* (1609 or 1610).

Finally Dr. Koeppel has well noted that Altea's plot to secure a good match for her brother is anticipated by that of Cleanthe and Syphax in regard to the princess Calis in *The Mad Lover*.

HISTORY.—Among the drolls, or excerpts from the comic portions of plays, furtively given at fairs during the suppression of the theatres and mostly

credited to the comic actor Robert Cox (Dyce, i. 200), was one called *An Equall Match*. It appears as the seventh in Kirkman's collection, *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport*, 1672 (Part I. pp. 45–50), and is no more than a reprint (as *prose*) of Perez and Estefania in III. ii. iv. and IV. i. 1–101 of our play, with frequent omission of a line or two and rare change of a word, but without addition or other alteration. *Philaster*, *The Scornful Lady*, and *Cupid's Revenge* furnished similar drolls to Kirkman's collection.

At the Restoration the play entered on a long career of popularity. Sir Henry Herbert records a performance on Jan. 28, 1662 (Malone, iii. 275—for original production see under 'Date'), and Pepys saw it 'very well done' a week later, Feb. 5. It was among the stock pieces of Killegrew's company at the Theatre Royal, opened April 8, 1663: casts are preserved of performances in 1663 or 4, 1683, 1706, 1731, 1741; while on March 25, 1756, it was revived by Garrick at Drury Lane after a fifteen years' interval, when Leon was played by Garrick, 'the Copper Captain' by Woodward, and Estefania first by Mrs. Cibber and then by Mrs. Pritchard. It was given again by Garrick in 1757 and 1759, and at Covent Garden in 1761 and 1763; revived by Garrick at Drury Lane in 1775 and 1776; given at the Haymarket 1777, 1810; at Drury Lane again 1784, 1788, 1797, and 1815; and at Covent Garden 1780, 1797, 1803, 1809, 1811, 1825. All these performances are recorded by Genest, and the casts given: see his Index, near beginning of vol. i.

The British Museum contains separate editions as follows: London, 1717. 4°; 1720. 12°; Dublin, 1728. 12°; London, 1733. 12°; 1767. 12°—'As perform'd at the Theatres'; 1772. 8° (a verbal reprint of the last); 1777. 8°—'As it is acted at the Theatres Royal in Drury Lane and Covent Garden'; 1811. 8°—'Adapted to the stage by James Love; revised by J. P. Kemble: and now first published as it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden'; Edinburgh, 1813? 12°; 1825? 12°: and it appears further in the following collections—

Bell's *British Theatre* (vol. iv.). 1776. 12°. 'As performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, and Regulated from the Prompt-Book, By permission of the Managers, By Mr. Hopkins Prompter';

The New English Theatre (vol. iii.). 1776. 8°. 'Marked with the variations in the Manager's Book, at the Theatre-Royal in Drury Lane';

The British Theatre (vol. vi.). Ed. by Mrs. Inchbald. 1808. 12°. 'As performed at the Theatres-Royal, Covent Garden and Drury Lane. Printed under the authority of the managers from the prompt-book';

The Modern British Drama (vol. iii.). 1811. 8°.

The New English Drama (vol. x.). Ed. W. Oxberry. 1820. 8°. 'Altered from Beaumont and Fletcher by David Garrick';

The London Stage (vol. i.). 1824. 8°. 'Altered from Beaumont and Fletcher by David Garrick';

The British Drama (vol. ii.). 1826. 8°; Cumberland's *British Theatre* (vol. xii.). 1829. 8°; and last in Dick's *Standard Plays* (No. 60). 1883. 8°, which is also announced as Garrick's alteration.

Of these printed versions (and there were doubtless others), (1) the first in which sensible alteration occurs is the duodecimo of 1767, which is exactly reprinted in the octavo of 1772. The changes here are almost confined to the omission of numerous passages of one to six lines (ten, II. i. 34–43, v. 25–36, and the whole short scene V. i.) throughout the play, whether to excise a coarseness or for abbreviation's sake, until the final scene is reached. Here the reviser, doubtless feeling the exaggeration by which the hitherto wanton Margarita is represented as the eloquent champion of the sanctity of the hearth, and the libertine Duke as a superstitious and cowardly poltroon, makes large omissions (ll. 17–23, 26–37, 46–8, 52–70, 73–77, 79–84, 89–106), including almost all the references to Cacafogo 'below,' and everything in the nature of

terrorizing by Margarita. Otherwise the action and motives remain the same here, as throughout; nor is anything inserted in the piece beyond a stage direction ('Perez sings, Estefania sings') at IV. i. 97, and some half-dozen words at one or two points, not of the least importance. This, we take it, is the Garrick alteration in its first form, introduced perhaps 1756, perhaps later: the close reprint of it in 1772 gives the Drury Lane cast of 1771, with Garrick as Leon.

(2) But in the above-cited dramatic collections of 1776 and in the 8° of 1777 we have a somewhat different revision, based indeed on this as regards omissions, to which it adds the whole of I. ii., yet restoring some lines of the original and printing all the omitted lines of Fletcher in inverted commas. Its insertions throughout are marked in italics, and in this respect as in the matter of inverted commas the version in *The New English Theatre* (vol. iii.), 1776, is far more accurately printed than in Bell's collection of the same year. Its most marked departures are in V. iii. and v. The intervening scene iv. is taken before sc. iii. The substance of the last ten lines of V. iii. and the first ten lines of V. v. are drawn together in some twenty lines at the end of the former, mostly new, and closing with the following soliloquy by Leon—

> 'My work is done; and now my heart's at ease.
> I read in every look she means me fairly:
> And nobly shall my love reward her for 't.
> He who betrays his rights, the husband's rights,
> To pride and wantonness, or who denies
> Affection to the heart he has subdued,
> Forfeits his claim to manhood and humanity.'

Then, in scene v., the interview between the Duke and Margarita is wholly rewritten, the humour of her attitude being sacrificed (as by the omissions of the earlier revision, 1767), and her new-found virtue even more strongly emphasized, *e. g.* the Duke protesting himself 'high in blood,' she replies—

> 'As low in blood you mean.
> Dishonest thoughts debase the greatest birth.
> The man that acts unworthily, though ennobled,
> Sullies his honour. . . .
> Ill wishes once, my lord, my mind debas'd:
> You found my weakness, wanted to ensnare it:
> Shameful I own my fault, but 'tis repented.
> No more the wanton Margarita now,
> But the chaste wife of Leon. His great merit,
> His manly tenderness, his noble nature,
> Commands from me affection in return
> Pure as esteem can offer. He has won me:
> I owe him all my heart.'

Their colloquy is shortened to less than half its length in Fletcher. The Duke persisting in his amorous attempt, she calls for aid, whereupon Leon enters with the officers and first rallies, then forgives, the shamefaced intriguer. Some twenty lines are then added where the drunken Cacafogo is introduced, and the rest of the scene from the entry of Perez and Estefania (l. 135) proceeds as in Fletcher.

The title-pages of 1776, as noted above are precise in their reference to the prompt-book; and in Bell's collection the play is preceded by a portrait of Mrs. Abington as Estefania, the part she actually took at Drury Lane in 1775 (Genest, v. 482). Evidently, then, this second revision is the authorized acting-version of the revival of that year; and when Garrick in a letter dated Aug. 19, 1776 (*Biog. Dram.*, ed. 1812, quoted by Dyce), disavowed the alteration, he probably merely meant to deny the actual authorship of these insertions. That they had his concurrence cannot be doubted. They are, however, as nothing compared to what was undergone by some of Shakespeare's best work. The action and characters remain unchanged.

(3) The same may be said of Love's and Kemble's much slighter revision, based on Garrick's. It was published in 1811, and made probably at Kemble's revival in 1803. It adds a dolorous line or two for the Old Woman at the end of III. iv. (in 1776 the direction 'Pushes her down' had been inserted for Perez before his exit), gives names 'Victoria' and 'Isabel' to Fletcher's 'Ladies,' deletes some lines of the Garrick revision in V. v., and, while making fresh slight omissions throughout (*e. g.* I. vi. 18–21, II. iv. 134–8, III. iii. 11–14, 45–6, iv. 25–6, 27–32, v. 15–20, 134–8, IV. iii. 75–87 (79–84 om. 1776)), restores here and there a few of Fletcher's (*e. g.* II. ii. 30–7, 45–6, III. iv. 33–5, v. 35–6, and a few in IV. ii.).

The acting-version of the comedian W. Oxberry (*New Eng. Drama*, vol. x. 1820) reverts in some respects to Garrick's (2), but also embodies points from Kemble's. Garrick remains the chief reviser; and since his serious changes are confined to V. iii. and v., Fletcher's capital play may be said to have held the stage, abbreviated but almost unadulterated, till the second quarter of the nineteenth century.

From Dr. Leo Bahlsen (*Eine Komödie Fletcher's, ihre spanische Quelle*, etc. Berlin, 1894), we learn that Tieck mentions a bad German translation of the play, with the title *Der beste Mann*, which appeared in C. G. Schmidt's *Englischen Theater*, 1770, and was performed with success at Hamburg in 1774, with F. L. Schröder as Perez, and his sister, Charlotte Ackermann, as Estefania (see below). A better translation with the same title is found in a German edition of our poet's dramatic works edited by K. L. Kannegiesser, 1808, 8° (vol. ii. 195–344).

From a collation, apparently, of Garrick's 1775 version with Kemble's a close translation into French prose was made by F. G. I. S. Andrieux, and published as Beaumont and Fletcher's with introduction and notes in *Chefs-d'œuvre des Théâtres Étrangers* (vol. iv. Paris, 1822) under the title of 'L'École des Épouseurs, ou ce qu'il faut savoir avant de prendre femme.'

After alluding to the Italian *I Chinesi* of Gherardi and Molière's *Le Dépit Amoreux* (1654) and *Les Précieuses Ridicules* as pieces using the same motive of a match sought by the false assumption of a higher rank, Dr. Bahlsen shows how—

(1) Perez and Estefania are reproduced by the Danish poet, Ludvig af Holberg, in *Henrich og Pernille*, first performed Copenhagen 1724, printed 1731, and indebted probably both to Fletcher and Molière. The valet and chambermaid, having tricked each other into marriage by the same means, in the end fall to blows upon the stage, while a match is also made between their respective master and mistress, Leander and Leonora.

(2) The theme of a wife subdued and reformed by a vigorous husband is re-treated in *The Honey Moon* of the English poet, John Tobin (1770–1804), where, however, Juliana and the Duke owe more to Shakespeare's *Taming* than to Fletcher.

(3) In F. L. Schröder's four-act comedy, *Stille Wasser sind tief*, produced at Vienna 1784, the poet transfers all the characters of Fletcher's piece (including Cacafogo), with changed names, to a small German principality in the 18th century, adding only the uncle, Baron Fridhelm, who contrives the match between the wealthy baroness and the poor Wiburg to protect her from the prince's compromising attentions. The wife, whose pride has been offended by the husband's authoritative attitude, is saved from committing herself fatally by his eloquent representation of the misery awaiting her as a prince's mistress.

We may add that Schröder's play no doubt suggested the *Still Waters Run Deep* of Tom Taylor; wherein the quiet easy-tempered husband, who has come to be quite ignored by his wife and mother-in-law in his own house, is able to save his wife's repute and recover his rightful position by the exhibition of strength and decision at a critical moment.

PROLOGUE

PLEASURE attend ye! and about ye sit
The springs of mirth, fancy, delight, and wit,
To stir you up! Do not your looks let fall,
Nor to remembrance our late errors call,
Because this day w' are Spaniards all again,
The story of our play, and our scene, Spain:
The errors, too, do not for this cause hate;
Now we present their wit, and not their state.
Nor, ladies, be not angry, if you see
A young fresh beauty, wanton, and too free,
Seek to abuse her husband; still 'tis Spain;
No such gross errors in your kingdom reign:
W' are vestals all; and, though we blow the fire,
We seldom make it flame up to desire.
Take no example neither to begin,
For some by precedent delight to sin;
Nor blame the poet if he slip aside
Sometimes lasciviously, if not too wide;
But hold your fans close, and then smile at ease:
A cruel scene did never lady please.
Nor, gentlemen, pray, be not you displeased,
Though we present some men fool'd, some diseased,
Some drunk, some mad: we mean not you, you 're free;
We tax no farther than our comedy;
You are our friends; sit noble, then, and see.

PROLOGUE] It appears on fol. A2 in Q, and at end of play with Epilogue in F.

4, 5 *our late errors . . . Spaniards all again*] Weber detected the allusion to Middleton's *Game of Chess*, produced at the Globe shortly before Aug. 12, 1624, in which the English and Spanish Courts were represented as white and black chessmen, with such reflection on Spanish ambition and intrigue as caused Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, to complain to James, whereupon it was suppressed. It had run for nine nights, and the actors are said to have taken the unusual sum of over £1500.

11 *her*] *your* Q. 12 *reign*] *raigne* Q.

13 *W' are*] So F, Q. Seward and all editors *You 're*; but the change seems needless. *all* implies 'we, *no less than you*,' while the allusion to the Vestals' task, of keeping the fire alive, is much more appropriate to the actors than to the audience.

17 *slip*] Weber alone *slipt*. 18 *if*] Provided that.

(3) The same may be said of [illegible] based on Garrick's. [illegible] revival in 1803. [illegible] of III. iv. (in 1776 the direction [illegible] Perez before his exit, gives names [illegible] 'Ladies,' deletes some lines of the Garr[illegible] making fresh slight omissions throughout [illegible] iii. 11 14. 45 6. iv. 25 6, 27 32, v. 15-2[illegible] 1776 [illegible], restores here and there a few [illegible] iv. 33-5. v. 35 6, and a few in IV. ii.

The acting-version of the [illegible] 1820 reverts in some respects [illegible] Kemble's. Garrick remains [illegible] are confined to V. iii. and iv. [illegible] the stage, abbreviated but almost [illegible] nineteenth century.

From Dr. Leo Bahlsen (*Ein*[illegible] Berlin, 1894) we learn that [illegible] play, with the title *Der* [illegible] *Er*[illegible] *Theater*, 177[illegible] with F. L. Schröder as Per[illegible] (see below). A better [illegible] edition of our poet's dr[illegible] (vol. [illegible] 195-344).

From [illegible] close translation into [illegible] published [illegible] Beaum[illegible] *Theater* [illegible] des Etrangers, [illegible]

After all [illegible] *Amsterdam* 1654 [illegible] of a match [illegible] how—

[illegible] Perez [illegible] Holberg, [illegible] 1731, and [illegible] chamber[illegible] the en[illegible] respect[illegible]

2 [illegible] re[illegible] wher[illegible] tha[illegible]

[illegible] a rich heiress.

[illegible] her attendants.

[illegible] Ladies.

[illegible] Old Ladies.

[illegible] Woman.

[illegible] Maids.

[illegible] country-house near [illegible].

[illegible] nor statement of scene, nor the names [illegible] 1717, Seward, and succeeding editions. [illegible] Alonzo were officers in the army [illegible] and [illegible] cf. IV. [illegible] that [illegible] are duly specified, and that [illegible] [illegible] (see our note on [illegible])

[illegible] two Spanish words, may be rendered [illegible] [illegible] his attempt on Margarita. [illegible] Lady [illegible] Leon. [illegible] description. [illegible] and [illegible] on the ground [illegible] being the scene of [illegible] [illegible] Spain. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] 175 and the evening [illegible]

PROLOGUE

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE of Medina.
JUAN DE CASTRO, a colonel.
SANCHIO, ALONZO, MICHAEL PEREZ, } Captains.
LEON, brother to ALTEA.
CACAFOGO, a usurer.
LORENZO, Coachman, Boy, and other Servants.

MARGARITA, a rich heiress.
ALTEA, ESTEFANIA, Other Ladies, } her attendants.
CLARA.
Three old Ladies.
Old Woman.
Two Maids.

SCENE.—*Seville, and a Country-house near it.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ] Q, F have no list, nor statement of scene, nor the names of the actors. List here as in the 4to of 1717, Seward, and succeeding editions, save that, until Dyce, Sanchio and Alonzo were 'officers in the army,' and Michael Perez 'the Copper Captain' (cf. IV. i. 92), that until Weber the relations of the chief characters were more fully specified, and that Dyce added 'Lorenzo . . . Servants,' 'Other Ladies' (see our note on s.d. II. iii. 1), and one Maid.

Cacafogo] The name, a combination of two Spanish words, may be rendered as 'Foul-hearth,' an allusion perhaps to his attempt on Margarita.

a rich heiress] So Dyce. Seward, Colman 'a wanton Lady, marry'd to Leon, by whom she is reclaim'd.' Weber no description.

SCENE.—*Seville, etc.*] So ed. 1811 and Dyce, on the ground of I. vi. 20. Weber 'Valladolid' (etc. as Dyce), Valladolid being the scene of Cervantes' novel. Seward and Colman simply 'Spain.' That 'the Court' in Fletcher's day was held at Valladolid is immaterial; Seville is a far more likely rendezvous for forces about to embark for Flanders—cf. V. v. 175 and the opening of *Love's Cure*.

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Seville. A room in a lodging-house.

Enter JUAN DE CASTRO, *and* MICHAEL PEREZ.

Perez. Are your companies full, colonel?
Juan. No, not yet, sir;
Nor will not be this month yet, as I reckon.
How rises your command?
Perez. We pick up still,
And, as our moneys hold out, we have men come:
About that time I think we shall be full too.
Many young gallants go.
Juan. And unexperienced:
The wars are dainty dreams to young hot spirits;
Time and experience will allay those visions.
We have strange things to fill our numbers:
There 's one Don Leon, a strange goodly fellow,
Recommended to me from some noble friends,
For my alferez: had you but seen his person,

ACT I. . . . lodging-house.] The play is divided into Acts, and the first scene of each Act marked, in Q, F. Weber completed the numbering of the scenes, and marked their localities. We follow Dyce, noting where Weber differs. Weber here 'Valladolid. The lodgings of Juan de Castro.'

s.d. Perez.] Colman, Weber, Dyce. Q, F, Seward 'Mich.' or 'Michael,' and so throughout Scene i only.

1 *colonel*] F. Q here and always *Coronell.*

9 *numbers*] Seward silently printed "*numbers* up."

10 *strange*] i. e. uncommonly.—Mason. Theobald proposed, and Colman adopted, *strong.*

12 *alferez*] "ensign. *Spanish.*"—Reed. Q, F and eds. before Weber *Alferes.*

And what a giant's promise it protesteth!
Perez. I have heard of him, and that he hath served before too.
Juan. But no harm done, nor never meant, Don Michael,
That came to my ears yet. Ask him a question,
He blushes like a girl and answers little,
To the point less; he wears a sword, a good one,
And good clothes too; he is whole-skinn'd, has no hurt yet:
Good promising hopes; I never yet heard certainly
Of any gentleman that saw him angry.
Perez. Preserve him; he 'll conclude a peace, if need be.
Many as strong as he will go along with us,
That swear as valiantly as heart can wish,
Their mouths charged with six oaths at once, and whole ones,
That make the drunken Dutch creep into mole-hills.
Juan. 'Tis true, such we must look for. But, Michael Perez.
When heard you of Donna Margarita, the great heiress?
Perez. I hear every hour of her, though I never saw her;
She is the main discourse. Noble Don Juan de Castro,
How happy were that man could catch this wench up,
And live at ease! she is fair, and young, and wealthy,
Infinite wealthy, and as gracious too
In all her entertainments, as men report.
Juan. But she is proud, sir; that I know for certain;
And that comes seldom without wantonness:
He that shall marry her must have a rare hand.
Perez. Would I were married! I would find that wisdom,

23 *strong*] Theobald proposed *strange*. Seward, feeling the antithesis between strength and big talk imperfect, read *stout*, i. e. valiant (no more valiant than he). Colman understood *strong* ironically. But there is neither irony, nor difficulty. Perez means, 'We can afford quietude in one case, having plenty other strong fellows who can do all the swaggering required.'
25 *mouths*] F and all later eds. Q *mouth*.
27 *Michael*] Q. F *Mich*.
28 *Margarita*] F. Q *Margaretta*.

With a light rein to rule my wife: if ever woman
Of the most subtlest mould went beyond me,
I would give the boys leave to hoot me out o' th' parish.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, there be two gentlewomen attend to speak with ye.
Juan. Wait on 'em in.
Perez. Are they two handsome women?
Serv. They seem so, very handsome; but they are veil'd, sir.
Perez. Thou putt'st sugar in my mouth; how it melts with me!
I love a sweet young wench.
Juan. Wait on them in, I say. [*Exit* Servant.
Perez. Don Juan!
Juan. How you itch, Michael! how you burnish!
Will not this soldier's heat out of your bones yet?
Do your eyes glow now?
Perez. There be two.
Juan. Say honest;
What shame have you, then!
Perez. I would fain see that:
I have been in the Indies twice, and have seen strange things;
But, two honest women!——one I read of once.
Juan. Prithee, be modest.
Perez. I'll be any thing.

[*Re-*]*enter* Servant, DONNA CLARA *and* ESTEFANIA *veiled.*

Juan. You are welcome, ladies.
Perez. Both hooded! I like 'em well though.
They come not for advice in law, sure, hither:

40 *most subtlest*] Q, followed by Weber and Dyce. F and preceding editors *most subtile.*
42 *ye*] Q. F *you.* *With yee* [*you*] at beginning of l. 43 in Q, F.
49 *Say honest*] With *what shame . . . then!* Q, F.
49, 50 *Say honest; What shame have you, then!*] Sufficiently explained by Seward, 'How will you be ashamed if you offer rudeness to women of virtue!' Theobald proposed *What* share, etc.
55 *hither*] F. Q *heather.*

May be they would learn to raise the pike; I am
for 'em.
They are very modest; 'tis a fine preludium.
Juan. With me, or with this gentleman, would you
speak, lady?
Clara. With you, sir, as I guess; Juan de Castro.
[*Unveils.*
Perez. [*Aside.*] Her curtain opens; she is a pretty
gentlewoman.
Juan. I am the man, and shall be bound to fortune,
I may do any service to your beauties.
Clara. Captain, I hear you are marching down to
Flanders,
To serve the Catholic king.
Juan. I am, sweet lady.
Clara. I have a kinsman, and a noble friend,
Employ'd in those wars; may be, sir, you know him;
Don Campusano, captain of carbines,
To whom I would request your nobleness
To give this poor remembrance. [*Gives a letter.*
Juan. I shall do it;
I know the gentleman, a most worthy captain.
Clara. Something in private.
Juan. Step aside; I 'll serve thee.
[*Exeunt* JUAN *and* CLARA.
Perez. Prithee, let me see thy face.
Estef. Sir, you must pardon me:
Women of our sort, that maintain fair memories,
And keep suspect off from their chastities,
Had need wear thicker veils.
Perez. I am no blaster of a lady's beauty,
Nor bold intruder on her special favours;
I know how tender reputation is,
And with what guards it ought to be preserved, lady:

56 *pike*] F. Q *picke*. To 'raise' it is to exercise with it, as opposed to trailing it.
56 *I am for 'em*] With l. 57 Q, F.
59 s.d. Unveils] Added Weber.
60 s.d. Aside] Dyce.
67 *Campusano*] "In the novel of Cervantes this is the name of the person who answers to the Michael Perez of the play."—Weber.
69 s.d. Gives a letter] All editors, for 'A letter' of Q, F.
73 *memories*] i. e. reputations.—Dyce.

You may to me.
Estef. You must excuse me, signior;
I come not here to sell myself.
Perez. As I am a gentleman!
By the honour of a soldier!
Estef. I believe you;
I pray you, be civil; I believe you would see me,
And, when you have seen me, I believe you will like me;
But in a strange place, to a stranger too,
As if I came on purpose to betray you!
Indeed, I will not.
Perez. I shall love you dearly;
And 'tis a sin to fling away affection:
I have no mistress, no desire to honour
Any but you.—[*Aside.*] Will not this oyster open?—
I know not, you have struck me with your modesty—
[*Aside.*] She will draw, sure—so deep, and taken from me
All the desire I might bestow on others:
Quickly, before they come!
Estef. Indeed, I dare not:
But, since I see you are so desirous, sir,
To view a poor face that can merit nothing
But your repentance——
Perez. It must needs be excellent.
Estef. And with what honesty you ask it of me;
When I am gone let your man follow me,
And view what house I enter; thither come;
For there I dare be bold to appear open,
And, as I like your virtuous carriage then,
I shall be able to give welcome to you.

[*Re-*]*enter* JUAN, CLARA, *a* Servant.

She hath done her business; I must take my leave, sir.
Perez. I 'll kiss your fair white hand, and thank ye, lady:

81 *I come*] At end of l. 80, and Perez's next speech as one line, Q, F, Seward; corrected Colman.
90, 92] Seward first marked these asides by a parenthesis.
92 *draw*] Probably 'draw back her veil.' Cf. l. 60.
105 *ye*] Q. F *you.*

My man shall wait, and I shall be your servant.—
Sirrah, come near; hark.
Serv. I shall do it faithfully. [*Exit.*
Juan. You will command me no more services?
Clara. To be careful of your noble health, dear sir,
That I may ever honour you.
Juan. I thank you,
And kiss your hands.—Wait on the ladies down there!
[*To* Servants *within.—Exeunt* CLARA *and* ESTEFANIA.
Perez. You had the honour to see the face that came to you.
Juan. And 'twas a fair one: what was yours, Don Michael?
Perez. Mine was i' th' eclipse, and had a cloud drawn over it;
But I believe well, and I hope, 'tis handsome:
She had a hand would stir a holy hermit.
Juan. You know none of 'em?
Perez. No.
Juan. Then I do, captain;
But I 'll say nothing till I see the proof on 't.—
[*Aside.*] Sit close, Don Perez, or your worship 's caught:
I fear a fly.
Perez. Were those she brought love-letters?
Juan. A packet to a kinsman now in Flanders.
Yours was very modest, methought.
Perez. Some young unmanaged thing;
But I may live to see——
Juan. 'Tis worth experience.
Let 's walk abroad, and view our companies. [*Exeunt.*

111 s.d. To Servants . . . Estefania] Dyce. Q, F 'Exeunt Ladies and Servants.'

119 s.d. Aside] Weber; rightly, since aloud it would hardly be consistent with l. 122.

120 *I fear a fly*] Probably a reference to fly-fishing, as Seward and Mason supposed. The latter appeals to *caught*, l. 119, and Estefania's words, II. iv. 9–11, where however *cast* need not be the angler's cast.

122 *unmanaged*] Unbroken, shy and wild like a colt. Cf. II. ii. 25.

124 s.d. Exeunt] F. Q 'Exit.'

SCENE II.

A street.

Enter SANCHIO *and* ALONZO.

Sanc. What, are you for the wars, Alonzo?
Alon. It may be ay,
It may be no; e'en as the humour takes me.
If I find peace amongst the female creatures,
And easy entertainment, I 'll stay at home;
I am not so far obliged yet to long marches
And mouldy biscuits, to run mad for honour.
When you are all gone, I have my choice before me.
Sanc. Of which hospital thou wilt sweat in. Wilt thou never leave whoring?
Alon. There is less danger in 't than gunning, Sanchio:
Though we be shot sometimes, the shot 's not mortal;
Besides, it breaks no limbs.
Sanc. But it disables 'em:
Dost thou see how thou pullest thy legs after thee,
As they hung by points?
Alon. Better to pull 'em thus, than walk on wooden ones;
Serve bravely for a billet to support me.
Sanc. Fie, fie! 'tis base.
Alon. Dost thou count it base to suffer?
Suffer abundantly! 'tis the crown of honour.
You think it nothing to lie twenty days
Under a surgeon's hands, that has no mercy.
Sanc. As thou hast done, I am sure. But I perceive now
Why you desire to stay; the orient heiress,
The Margarita, sir!

Sc. II. 8 *never . . . whoring*] As separate line until Dyce, though Weber printed *never* with l. 8.

13 *As they*] With l. 12 Q, F. Corrected Seward, who inserted *if*. Colman, Weber made two separate lines of Sanchio's speech.

13 *points*] Laces such as fastened the breeches to the doublet.—Dyce.

15 *Serve*] i. e. they (his legs) serve.

22 *Margarita*] *Margaretta* Q. The word is Spanish, Latin and Italian for 'a pearl,' hence *orient heiress*, as Weber and Dyce point out. Again, III. iii. 32.

Alon. I would I had her!
Sanc. They say she will marry.
Alon. Yes, I think she will.
Sanc. And marry suddenly, as report goes, too:
She fears her youth will not hold out, Alonzo.
Alon. I would I had the sheathing on 't!
Sanc. They say too
She has a greedy eye, that must be fed
With more than one man's meat.
Alon. Would she were mine!
I would cater for her well enough. But, Sanchio,
There be too many great men that adore her;
Princes, and princes' fellows, that claim privilege.
Sanc. Yet those stand off i' th' way of marriage:
To be tied to a man's pleasure is a second labour.
Alon. She has bought a brave house here in town.
Sanc. I have heard so.
Alon. If she convert it now to pious uses,
And bid poor gentlemen welcome!
Sanc. When comes she to it?
Alon. Within these two days; she is in the country yet,
And keeps the noblest house!
Sanc. Then there 's some hope of her.
Wilt thou go my way?
Alon. No, no, I must leave you,
And repair to an old gentlewoman
That has credit with her, that can speak a good word.
Sanc. Send thee good fortune! but make thy body sound first.
Alon. I am a soldier, and too sound a body
Becomes me not. Farewell, Sanchio.
[*Exeunt severally.*

23 *Yes*] Om. F.
26 *sheathing on 't*] lining of it—obscene quibble; cf. *As You Like It*, III. ii. 112–13.
33 *To be tied to a man's pleasure is a second labour*] "To obtain a man's pleasure, is the first labour; to be tied to it, a second. This appears to be Sanchio's meaning."—Mason. Deighton (more precisely), "Does it not rather mean that compulsion to pleasure is only another name for labour?" (*Conjectural Readings*, p. 76.) Seward had explained as—marriage would change pleasure into drudgery.
41 *That*] At end of l. 40 Seward and Dyce only. Possibly *make* has dropped out before *repair*.
44 s.d. Exeunt severally] Dyce. 'Exit' Q. 'Exeunt' F.

SCENE III.

Another street; before the town-house of MARGARITA.

Enter a Servant *of* MICHAEL PEREZ.

Serv. 'Tis this or that house, or I have lost mine aim;
They are both fair buildings. She walk'd plaguy fast;
And hereabouts I lost her.

Enter ESTEFANIA.

Stay; that 's she,
'Tis very she,—she makes me a low court'sy.
Let me note the place; the street I well remember.
[*Exit* ESTEFANIA *into the house of* MARGARITA.
She is in again. Certain some noble lady:
How happy should I be if she love my master!
A wondrous goodly house; here are brave lodgings,
And I shall sleep now like an emperor,
And eat abundantly: I thank my fortune.
I 'll back with speed, and bring him happy tidings.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Before MARGARITA'S *country-house.*

Enter three old Ladies.

First Lady. What should it mean, that in such haste we are sent for?
Sec. Lady. Belike the Lady Margaret has some business

Sc. III. Another street . . . Margarita] Adding 'town-' to Dyce. Weber, who marked Scene II. 'The Street,' marks this 'The same.'
1 *mine*] Q. *F my.*
5 s.d. into . . . Margarita] Added Dyce. Weber had added 'into a house.'
Sc. IV. Before . . . house] Weber 'The Country. An Apartment in the Villa of Margarita.' Dyce 'The Country. Before the house of Margarita.'
1 *we are sent for*] As separate line Q, F.

She would break to us in private.
Third Lady. It should seem so.
'Tis a good lady, and a wise young lady.
Sec. Lady. And virtuous enough too, I warrant ye,
For a young woman of her years: 'tis pity
To load her tender age with too much virtue.
Third Lady. 'Tis more sometimes than we can well away with.

Enter ALTEA.

Altea. Good morrow, ladies.
All. Morrow, my good madam.
First Lady. How does the sweet young beauty, Lady Margaret?
Sec. Lady. Has she slept well after her walk last night?
First Lady. Are her dreams gentle to her mind?
Altea. All 's well;
She 's very well: she sent for you thus suddenly,
To give her counsel in a business
That much concerns her.
Sec. Lady. She does well and wisely,
To ask the counsel of the ancient'st, madam;
Our years have run through many things she knows not.
Altea. She would fain marry.
First Lady. 'Tis a proper calling,
And well beseems her years. Who would she yoke with?
Altea. That 's left to argue on. I pray, come in,
And break your fast; drink a good cup or two,
To strengthen your understandings; then she 'll tell ye.
Sec. Lady. And good wine breeds good counsel; we 'll yield to ye. [*Exeunt.*

8 *away with*] i. e. endure ("'I cannot *away* with,'" Richardson observes, "is—I cannot *move* with; in unison with."—*Dict.* in v. *Away*).—Dyce.
23 *we'll . . . ye*] As separate line Q, F.

SCENE V.

Seville. A street.

Enter JUAN DE CASTRO *and* LEON.

Juan. Have you seen any service?
Leon. Yes.
Juan. Where?
Leon. Every where.
Juan. What office bore yee?
Leon. None; I was not worthy.
Juan. What captains know you?
Leon. None; they were above me.
Juan. Were you never hurt?
Leon. Not that I well remember;
But once I stole a hen, and then they beat me.
Pray, ask me no long questions; I have an ill memory.
Juan. [*Aside.*] This is an ass.—Did you never draw your sword yet?
Leon. Not to do any harm, I thank Heaven for 't.
Juan. Nor ne'er ta'en prisoner?
Leon. No, I ran away,
For I had ne'er no money to redeem me.
Juan. Can you endure a drum?
Leon. It makes my head ache.
Juan. Are you not valiant when you are drunk?
Leon. I think not;
But I am loving, sir.
Juan. [*Aside.*] What a lump is this man!——
Was your father wise?
Leon. Too wise for me, I'm sure,
For he gave all he had to my younger brother.
Juan. That was no foolish part, I 'll bear you witness.
Canst thou lie with a woman?
Leon. I think I could make shift, sir;
But I am bashful.
Juan. In the night?
Leon. I know not;

Sc. V. 7, 13 s.d.] Asides first in Dyce. Marked in Weber by a dash.
12, 13 *I think . . . sir*] As one line Q, F, as also *What . . . man.* Corrected Seward.

Darkness indeed may do some good upon me.
Juan. Why art thou sent to me to be my officer,
Ay, and commended too, when thou dar'st not fight?
Leon. There be more officers of my opinion,
Or I am cozen'd, sir; men that talk more too.
Juan. How wilt thou scape a bullet?
Leon. Why, by chance:
They aim at honourable men; alas, I am none, sir!
Juan. [*Aside.*] This fellow has some doubts in 's talk, that strikes me;
He cannot be all fool.—

Enter ALONZO.

Welcome, Alonzo!
Alon. What have you got there? Temperance into your company?
The spirit of peace? we shall have wars by th' ounce, then.

Enter CACAFOGO.

Oh, here 's another pumpion; let him loose for luck-sake;
The cramm'd son of a starved usurer, Cacafogo:
Both their brains butter'd cannot make two spoonfuls.
Cac. My father 's dead; I am a man of war too,
Moneys, demesnes; I have ships at sea too, captains.
Juan. Take heed o' th' Hollanders; your ships may leak else.
Cac. I scorn the Hollanders; they are my drunkards.
Alon. Put up your gold, sir; I 'll borrow it else.

26 s.d.] Aside first in Dyce. Marked in Weber by a dash.

26 *strikes*] Q *striks* (the old plural, cf. II. i. 52). F *strike*. The comma at *talk* was added by Colman.

29–32] Arranged as Dyce. Q, F *The . . . wars By th' . . . Pumpion, Let . . . sonne Of . . . butterd, Cannot . . . spoonefulls.* The other editors vary.

30 *pumpion*] i.e. pumpkin.—Dyce.

30 *let him loose, etc.*] Seward omitted *him* (thus making *let* a passive participle), and explained that the 'rich fool' was 'let loose by his father's death for the good luck of wiser men;' but Alonzo means simply 'let Leon loose,' that one fool may make play with the other.

31 *starved*] Q. F *stav'd.*

32 *butter'd*] Served like buttered eggs. *N.E.D.* quotes *Merry Wives*, III. v. 8, 'If I be seru'd such another tricke, Ile haue my branes tane out and butter'd'—so the treatment may have been proverbially recommended.

34 *captains*] Separately Q, F.

Cac. I am satisfied, you shall not.—
Come out; I know thee; meet mine anger instantly!
Leon. I never wrong'd yee.
Cac. Thou hast wrong'd mine honour;
Thou look'dst upon my mistress thrice lasciviously;
I 'll make it good.
Juan. Do not heat yourself; you will surfeit.
Cac. Thou wann'st my money, too, with a pair of base bones,
In whom there was no truth; for which I beat thee,
I beat thee much: now I will hurt thee dangerously;
This shall provoke thee. [*He strikes.*
Alon. You struck too low by a foot, sir.
Juan. You must get a ladder when you would beat this fellow.
Leon. I cannot choose but kick again; pray, pardon me. [*Kicks* CACAFOGO.
Cac. Hadst thou not ask'd my pardon, I had kill'd thee.
I leave thee as a thing despised.—*Beso las manos á vuestra señoria.* [*Exit* CACAFOGO.
Alon. You have scaped by miracle; there is not, in all Spain,
A spirit of more fury than this fire-drake.
Leon. I see he is hasty; and I would give him leave
To beat me soundly, if he would take my bond.
Juan. What shall I do with this fellow?
Alon. Turn him off:
He will infect the camp with cowardice,
If he go with thee.
Juan. About some week hence, sir,
If I can hit upon no abler officer,

41 *look'dst*] F. Q *look'st.*
42 *heat*] Q. F *hear.*
43 *wann'st*] *wan'st* Q, F. The quarto of 1720 *want'st.*
43 *base bones*] Loaded dice. Halliwell quotes Skelton's *Works*, i. 43, 'And on the borde he whyrled a payre of bones, | *Quater treye dews* he clatered as he wente.'
46 s.d. He strikes] So Q, F.
48 s.d. Kicks Cacafogo] 'Kicks him' supplied Weber.
50 *Beso las manos, etc.*] Q, F "*assoles manus a vostra siniare a Maistre*"; corrected by Theobald and Weber. "For what '*a Maistre*' is intended, a very acute Spaniard, to whom I submitted the passage, was unable to conjecture."—Dyce.
52 *fire-drake*] Fiery dragon or serpent, as *Beggars' Bush*, V. i. 39.—Dyce.

You shall hear from me.
Leon. I desire no better.
[*Exeunt, on one side,* JUAN *and* ALONZO; *on the other,* LEON.

SCENE VI.

Seville. An apartment in the house of MARGARITA.

Enter ESTEFANIA *and* PEREZ.

Perez. You have made me now too bountiful amends, lady,
For your strict carriage when you saw me first.
These beauties were not meant to be conceal'd;
It was a wrong to hide so sweet an object;
I could now chide ye, but it shall be thus: [*Kisses her.*
No other anger ever touch your sweetness!
Estef. You appear to me so honest and so civil,
Without a blush, sir, I dare bid ye welcome.
Perez. Now let me ask your name.
Estef. 'Tis Estefania;
The heir of this poor place.
Perez. Poor, do you call it?
There 's nothing that I cast mine eyes upon,
But shews both rich and admirable; all the rooms
Are hung as if a princess were to dwell here;
The gardens, orchards, every thing so curious!
Is all that plate your own too?
Estef. 'Tis but little,
Only for present use; I have more and richer,
When need shall call, or friends compel me use it.
The suits you see of all the upper chambers
Are those that commonly adorn the house:

59 s.d. Exeunt, etc.] Dyce. Q, F 'Exit.' Seward 'Exeunt.'
Sc. VI. Seville . . . Margarita] Dyce. Weber 'A splendid Apartment in Margarita's Town House.'
5 s.d. Kisses her] Added Weber.
9 *Estefania*] Q, F *Estefanie;* corrected Seward.
18 *chambers*] Q. F *chamber.*

I think I have, besides, as fair as Seville,
Or any town in Spain, can parallel.
Perez. [*Aside.*] Now, if she be not married, I have some hopes.—
Are you a maid?
Estef. You make me blush to answer;
I ever was accounted so to this hour,
And that 's the reason that I live retired, sir.
Perez. Then would I counsel you to marry presently,—
[*Aside.*] If I can get her, I am made for ever,—
For every year you lose, you lose a beauty;
A husband now, an honest careful husband,
Were such a comfort! Will ye walk above stairs?
Estef. This place will fit our talk; 'tis fitter far, sir;
Above there are day-beds, and such temptations
I dare not trust, sir.
Perez. [*Aside.*] She is excellent wise withal too.
Estef. You named a husband; I am not so strict, sir,
Nor tied unto a virgin's solitariness,
But if an honest, and a noble one,
Rich, and a soldier (for so I have vow'd he shall be),
Were offer'd me, I think I should accept him;
But, above all, he must love.
Perez. He were base else.
[*Aside.*] There's comfort minister'd in the word soldier:
How sweetly should I live!
Estef. I am not so ignorant,
But that I know well how to be commanded,
And how again to make myself obey'd, sir:
I waste but little, I have gather'd much;
My royal not the less worth, when 'tis spent,

20, 21 *as fair as Seville, Or*] Theobald and Seward's correction of *as faire as civill, Or* Q. *as fair, as civil, As* F.

22, 27, 33, 40 s.d. Asides] First marked by Weber. Line 27 printed as parenthesis by Seward; and all but the first indicated by dash in Colman.

32 *day-beds*] i. e. a sort of couches or sofas.—Dyce. Again, III. i. 25. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, II. v. 55, 'having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping.'

45 *royal*] Q, F *rial*, a recognized variant; but they have *royal* III. iv. 71. The Spanish *real* was a little silver coin (the real is now worth about 2½*d.*); the English *royal* or rose-noble was a gold coin worth, when coined by Edward IV., ten shillings (*Cent. Dict.*). The latter is probably meant here, as certainly in III. iv. 71.

If spent by my direction: to please my husband,
I hold it as indifferent in my duty,
To be his maid i' th' kitchen, or his cook,
As in the hall to know myself the mistress.
Perez. [*Aside.*] Sweet, rich, and provident! no
fortune stick to me!—
I am a soldier, and a bachelor, lady;
And such a wife as you I could love infinitely:
They that use many words, some are deceitful;
I long to be a husband, and a good one;
For 'tis most certain I shall make a precedent
For all that follow me to love their ladies.
I am young, you see, able I would have you think to
If 't please you know, try me before you take me.
'Tis true, I shall not meet in equal wealth with ye;
But jewels, chains, such as the war has given me,
A thousand ducats I dare presume on
In ready gold, now as your care may handle it,
As rich clothes too as any he bears arms, lady.
Estef. You are a true gentleman, and fair, I see l
ye;
And such a man I had rather take——
Perez. Pray, do so
I 'll have a priest o' the sudden.
Estef. And as suddenly
You will repent too.
Perez. I 'll be hang'd or drown'd first
By this, and this, and this kiss!
Estef. You are a flattere
But I must say there was something, when I saw y
first,
In that most noble face that stirr'd my fancy.

50 s.d. Aside] First marked by Weber; indicated by dash in Colm
50 *to me*] With l. 51 Q, F; corrected Seward.
59 *in*] Weber chose to print *an*.
59–63] Arranged as Seward and Dyce. Seward inserted *too* before
Q, F print *'Tis . . . wealth With . . . warre Has . . . dare Pres
your Care . . . as Any . . . Lady*. Colman and Weber *'Tis . .
With . . . war Has . . . presume on*, and rest as here.
61, 62 *A thousand ducats . . . handle it*] i. e. you will be able to
sum for the jewels and chains. Cf. IV. i. 67, 68.
65 *take*——] The break substituted by Seward and succeeding e
full-stop of Q, F.
69 *first*] With l. 70 Q, F; corrected Colman.

Peres. I'll stir it better ere you sleep, sweet lady.
I 'll send for all my trunks, and give up all to ye,
Into your own dispose, before I bed ye;
And then, sweet wench——
Estef. You have the art to cozen me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An apartment in MARGARITA'S *country-house.*

Enter MARGARITA, *and two* Ladies, *and* ALTEA.

Marg. Sit down, and give me your opinions seriously.
First Lady. You say you have a mind to marry, lady?
Marg. 'Tis true, I have, for to preserve my credit;
Yet not so much for that as for my state, ladies;
Conceive me right, there lies the main o' th' question:
Credit I can redeem, money will imp it;
But when my money's gone, when the law shall seize that,
And for incontinency strip me of all——
First Lady. Do you find your body so malicious that way?
Marg. I find it as all bodies are that are young and lusty,
Lazy, and high-fed; I desire my pleasure,
And pleasure I must have.
Sec. Lady. 'Tis fit you should have;
Your years require it, and 'tis necessary,
As necessary as meat to a young lady;
Sleep cannot nourish more.
First Lady. But might not all this be, and keep ye single?
You take away variety in marriage,
The abundance of the pleasure you are barr'd then:
Is't not abundance that you aim at?

II. i. s.d. Margarita] Margaretta Q. Dyce inserts 'old' before 'Ladies' to identify them with those of I. iv.

4 *state*] i. e. estate.—Dyce.

6 *imp it*] i. e. repair it, properly of repairing a falcon's broken wing with artificial feathers.

7 *seize that*] At beginning of l. 8 Q, F, giving *Of all* as separate line; corrected Dyce. For Margarita's fear of the law cf. III. i. 9, 59, and below, l. 37.

Marg. Yes;
Why was I made a woman?
Sec. Lady. And every day a new?
Marg. Why fair and young, but to use it?
First Lady. You are still i' th' right; why would you marry, then?
Altea. Because a husband stops all doubts in this point,
And clears all passages.
Sec. Lady. What husband mean ye?
Altea. A husband of an easy faith, a fool;
Made by her wealth, and moulded to her pleasure;
One, though he see himself become a monster,
Shall hold the door, and entertain the maker.
Sec. Lady. You grant there may be such a man?
First Lady. Yes, marry;
But how to bring 'em to this rare perfection?
Sec. Lady. They must be chosen so; things of no honour,
Nor outward honesty.
Marg. No, 'tis no matter;
I care not what they are, so they be lusty.
Sec. Lady. Methinks now, a rich lawyer; some such fellow,
That carries credit and a face of awe,
But lies with nothing but his clients' business.
Marg. No, there 's no trusting them; they are too subtle;
The law has moulded 'em of natural mischief.
First Lady. Then some grave governor,
Some man of honour, yet an easy man.
Marg. If he have honour, I am undone; I 'll none such:
I 'll have a lusty man; honour will cloy me.
Altea. 'Tis fit ye should, lady;
And to that end, with search, and wit, and labour,
I have found one out, a right one and a perfect;

22 *would*] Silently altered to "should" by the editors of 1778; and so Weber.

23 Altea] So F, and throughout. Q prefixes '4' to this and all her speeches in this scene, meaning '4th Lady,' i.e. the fourth of those enumerated in the initial stage direction, as Weber shewed.

He is made as strong as brass, is of brave years too,
And doughty of complexion.
Marg. Is he a gentleman?
Altea. Yes, and a soldier; as gentle as you would wish him;
A good fellow, wears good clothes.
Marg. Those I 'll allow him;
They are for my credit. Does he understand
But little?
Altea. Very little.
Marg. 'Tis the better.
Has not the wars bred him up to anger?
Altea. No;
He will not quarrel with a dog that bites him;
Let him be drunk or sober, is one silence.
Marg. H'as no capacity what honour is?
For that 's the soldier's god.
Altea. Honour 's a thing too subtle for his wisdom;
If honour lie in eating, he is right honourable.
Marg. Is he so goodly a man, do you say?
Altea. As you shall see, lady;
But, to all this, is but a trunk.
Marg. I would have him so;
I shall add branches to him to adorn him.
Go, find me out this man, and let me see him;
If he be that motion that you tell me of,
And make no more noise, I shall entertain him:
Let him be here.
Altea. He shall attend your ladyship. [*Exeunt.*

47 *doughty*] F. Q *doubty*.
48 *as gentle*] Seward inserted *but* before this, changing the arrangement.
52 *Has*] Q. F *Have*. Cf. I. v. 26, and the 4to reading, Prol. l. 12.
54, 60 *is*] i. e. *he is*.
60 *to all this*] With all his goodliness.
63 *motion*] i. e. puppet.—Reed.

SCENE II.

Seville. A street.

Enter JUAN, ALONZO, *and* PEREZ.

Juan. Why, thou art not married indeed?
Perez. No, no; pray, think so:
Alas, I am a fellow of no reckoning,
Not worth a lady's eye!
Alon. Wouldst thou steal a fortune,
And make none of all thy friends acquainted with it,
Nor bid us to thy wedding?
Perez. No, indeed,
There was no wisdom in 't, to bid an artist,
An old seducer, to a female banquet:
I can cut up my pie without your instructions.
Juan. Was it the wench i' th' veil?
Perez. *Basta;* 'twas she;
The prettiest rogue that e'er you look'd upon,
The loving'st thief!
Juan. And is she rich withal too?
Perez. A mine, a mine; there is no end of wealth, colonel:
I am an ass, a bashful fool! Prithee, colonel,
How do thy companies fill now?
Juan. You are merry, sir;
You intend a safer war at home belike now?
Perez. I do not think I shall fight much this year, colonel;
I find myself given to my ease a little:
I care not if I sell my foolish company;
They are things of hazard.
Alon. [*Aside.*] How it angers me,
This fellow at first sight should win a lady,

Sc. II. Seville. A street] Dyce. Weber 'Valladolid. The Lodgings of Don Juan.'

9 *Basta*] Seward. Q, F *Basto*. The verb, both Italian and Spanish, as Dyce points out, means 'it is enough.' Again, *Mad Lover*, III. ii. 137; *Little French Lawyer*, IV. i.

14 *companies*] Q, F (*compaines*), Seward. Colman read *companions*; corrected Mason.

19 s.d. Aside] Added Weber.

A rich young wench; and I, that have consumed
My time and art in searching out their subtleties,
Like a fool'd alchemist, blow up my hopes still!—
When shall we come to thy house and be freely merry?
Perez. When I have managed her a little more:
I have a house to entertain an army.
Alon. If thy wife be fair, thou wilt have few less come to thee.
Perez. But where they 'll get entertainment is the point, signior;
I beat no drum.
Alon. You need none but her tabor.
Perez. May be I 'll march, after a month or two,
To get me a fresh stomach. I find, colonel,
A wantonness in wealth, methinks I agree not with;
'Tis such a trouble to be married too,
And have a thousand things of great importance,
Jewels, and plate, and fooleries, molest me;
To have a man's brains whimsied with his wealth!
Before, I walk'd contentedly.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My mistress, sir, is sick, because you are absent;
She mourns, and will not eat.
Perez. Alas, my jewel!—
Come, I 'll go with thee.—Gentlemen, your fair leaves:
You see I am tied a little to my yoke;
Pray, pardon me: would ye had both such loving wives! [*Exeunt* PEREZ *and* Serv.
Juan. I thank ye for your old boots!—Never be blank, Alonzo,
Because this fellow has outstript thy fortune:

25 *managed*] Trained, broken in. Cf. I. i. 122.
27 *come to thee*] As separate line Q, F; corrected Seward.
28 *where*] Qy. *whe'r*, i. e. whether?—A. H. B.
30 Perez] Theobald, Seward and rest. Q, F omit the prefix.
35 *plate*] So Dyce, adopting Mason's correction of *plates* Q, F, which latter Weber thought correct, and Nares cited, under '*Plate*, a piece of silver money.' Dyce supported Mason's correction by I. vi. 14; III. i. 42, iv. 44, v. 166; IV. i. 96, iii. 18, 60, 151.
42 s.d. Exeunt, etc.] 'Exit Perez, Serv.' Q, F.
43 *I thank ye*] As separate line Q, F and all editions.

Tell me ten days hence what he is, and how
The gracious state of matrimony stands with him.
Come, let 's to dinner. When Margarita comes,
We 'll visit both ; it may be then your fortune. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An apartment in MARGARITA'S *country-house.*

Enter MARGARITA, ALTEA, *and* Ladies.

Marg. Is he come ?
Altea. Yes, madam ; h'as been here this half hour.
I have question'd him of all that you can ask him,
And find him as fit as you had made the man :
He will make the goodliest shadow for iniquity !
Marg. Have ye search'd him, ladies ?
Ladies. He 's a man at all points,
A likely man.
Marg. Call him in, Altea.

Exit ALTEA *and re-enters with* LEON.

A man of a good presence !—Pray ye, come this way—
Of a lusty body !—Is his mind so tame ?
Altea. Pray ye, question him ; and, if you find him not
Fit for your purpose, shake him off ; there 's no harm done.
Marg. Can you love a young lady ?—How he blushes !

48 *visit both*] So Q, F and all editors till Dyce, who reads *visit, both* (making *both* agree with *we*), no doubt because he reflected that the real connexion of Estefania and Margarita is not yet known. But Juan is supposed to have an inkling of the truth (I. i. 117–20) ; and if he has not, there is nothing to prevent their visiting *two* houses on the same occasion.—In Dyce's support cf. V. iii. 100.

Sc. III. s.d. Altea, and Ladies] F. 'Altea, the Ladies' Q. They are Margarita's attendants, resident in the house, not to be identified with those of I. iv., II. i., though probably played by the same actors. As in II. i., Q uses '4.' as prefix for 'Altea' throughout the scene.

1 *h'as*] F. Q *has.*

5 Ladies] Dyce. Q, F 'Omnes.'

6 s.d. Exit . . . Leon] So Weber, for 'Exit Lady. Ent. Leon, Altea' of Q, F.

10 *done*] With l. 11 Q, F. Here as Seward and rest.

Altea. Leave twirling of your hat, and hold your head up,
And speak to th' lady.
Leon. Yes, I think I can;
I must be taught; I know not what it means, madam.
Marg. You shall be taught. And can you, when she pleases,
Go ride abroad, and stay a week or two?
You shall have men and horses to attend ye,
And money in your purse.
Leon. Yes, I love riding;
And, when I am from home, I am so merry!
Marg. Be as merry as you will. Can you as handsomely,
When you are sent for back, come with obedience,
And do your duty to the lady loves you?
Leon. Yes, sure, I shall.
Marg. And when you see her friends here,
Or noble kinsmen, can you entertain
Their servants in the cellar, and be busied,
And hold your peace, whate'er you see or hear of?
Leon. 'Twere fit I were hang'd else.
Marg. Let me try your kisses.—
How the fool shakes!—I will not eat ye, sir.— [*Kisses him.*
Beshrew my heart, he kisses wondrous manly!—
Can ye do any thing else?
Leon. Indeed, I know not;
But, if your ladyship will please to instruct me,
Sure I shall learn.
Marg. You shall, then, be instructed.
If I should be this lady that affects ye,
Nay, say I marry ye——
Altea. Hark to the lady.
Marg. What money have ye?
Leon. None, madam, nor friends.
I would do any thing to serve your ladyship.
Marg. You must not look to be my master, sir,
Nor talk i' th' house as though you wore the breeches;
No, nor command in any thing.
Leon. I will not;
Alas, I am not able! I have no wit, madam.

28 s.d. Kisses him] Added Weber.

Marg. Nor do not labour to arrive at any ;
'Twill spoil your head. I take ye upon charity,
And like a servant ye must be unto me :
As I behold your duty, I shall love ye,
And, as you observe me, I may chance lie with ye.
Can you mark these ?
Leon. Yes, indeed, forsooth.
Marg. There is one thing
That if I take ye in, I put ye from me,
Utterly from me ; you must not be saucy,
No, nor at any time familiar with me ;
Scarce know me when I call ye not.
Leon. I will not :
Alas, I never knew myself sufficiently !
Marg. Nor must not now.
Leon. I 'll be a dog to please ye.
Marg. Indeed, you must fetch and carry as I appoint ye.
Leon. I were to blame else.
Marg. Kiss me again.—A strong fellow !
There is a vigour in his lips.—If you see me
Kiss any other, twenty in an hour, sir,
You must not start, nor be offended.
Leon. No,
If you kiss a thousand I shall be contented ;
It will the better teach me how to please ye.
Altea. I told ye, madam.
Marg. 'Tis the man I wish'd for.—
The less you speak——
Leon. I 'll never speak again, madam,
But when you charge me ; then I'll speak softly too.
Marg. Get me a priest ; I 'll wed him instantly.—
But, when you are married, sir, you must wait upon me,
And see you observe my laws.
Leon. Else you shall hang me.
Marg. I 'll give ye better clothes when you deserve 'em.—
Come in, and serve for witnesses.

47 *That if I take ye in*] If I find you given to which.
64 *upon me*] With l. 65 Q, F ; corrected Seward.

Altea and Ladies. We shall, madam.
Marg. And then away to th' city presently;
I 'll to my new house and new company.
[*Exit with* Ladies.
Leon. A thousand crowns are thine, and I am a made man.
Altea. Do not break out too soon.
Leon. I know my time, wench. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Seville. A hall in the house of MARGARITA.

Enter CLARA *and* ESTEFANIA *with a paper.*

Clara. What, have you caught him?
Estef. Yes.
Clara. And do you find him
A man of those hopes that you aim'd at?
Estef. Yes, too;
And the most kind man, and the ablest also
To give a wife content: he is sound as old wine,
And, to his soundness, rises on the palate;
And there 's the man! I find him rich too, Clara.
Clara. Hast thou married him?
Estef. What, dost thou think I fish without a bait, wench?
I bob for fools: he is mine own, I have him:
I told thee what would tickle him like a trout;
And as I cast it, so I caught him daintily,

67 Altea and Ladies] Dyce. Q, F 'Omnes.'
69 s.d. Exit with Ladies] Supplied Weber.
70 *and*] F. Q &c. We see no need to read *an* ('if') with Dyce.
Sc. IV. hall] Dyce. 'room' Weber.
s.d. with a paper] So Q, F. It is no doubt that produced at l. 106, mentioned here as a reminder to the actor, for at present Estefania has no need of it, not expecting Margarita for a week, l. 68.
5 *rises*] increases in flavour.
6 *I*] Om. F.
9 *bob*] Properly to fish for eels with a 'bob' or bunch of lobworms. —*N.E.D.*
11 *cast*] Perhaps 'devised'; more probably of fly-fishing, by a second change of the metaphor.

And all he has I have 'stow'd at my devotion.
Clara. Does thy lady know this? she is coming now to town,
Now to live here in this house.
Estef. Let her come;
She shall be welcome, I am prepared for her;
She is mad, sure, if she be angry at my fortune,
For what I have made bold.
Clara. Dost thou not love him?
Estef. Yes, entirely well,
As long as there he stays, and looks no farther
Into my ends; but, when he doubts, I hate him,
And that wise hate will teach me how to cozen him.
[A lady-tamer he, and reads men warnings]
How to decline their wives, and curb their manners,
To put a stern and strong rein to their natures;
And holds he is an ass not worth acquaintance,
That cannot mould a devil to obedience.
I owe him a good turn for these opinions,
And, as I find his temper, I may pay him.
Oh, here he is; now you shall see a kind man.

Enter PEREZ.

Perez. My Estefania! shall we to dinner, lamb?
I know thou stay'st for me.
Estef. I cannot eat else.
Perez. I never enter, but methinks a paradise
Appears about me.
Estef. You are welcome to it, sir.
Perez. I think I have the sweetest seat in Spain, wench;
Methinks the richest too. We 'll eat i' th' garden,
In one o' th' arbours, (there 'tis cool and pleasant,)

12 *'stow'd*] Q, F, Seward, i. e. bestowed. *stow'd* Col., Web., Dyce; but the sense is the same—'lodged,' 'stowed away.'

12 *devotion*] disposal, command, as often.

22 [*A lady-tamer he, and reads men warnings*]] Added by Seward—something being evidently wanting here.—Dyce. Cf. III. iv. 67–70. Coleridge inserted in MS. in Lamb's copy of F *The best on't tis, he professes to teach husbands.*

23 *decline*] i. e. lower, or subdue—Mason, quoting *The False One*, II. i., 'a conqueror | That you cannot decline with all your flatteries'; and *Valentinian*, III. i., 'I would not stain your honour for the empire, | Nor any way decline you to discredit.'

And have our wine cold in the running fountain.—
Who 's that?
Estef. A friend of mine, sir.
Perez. Of what breeding?
Estef. A gentlewoman, sir.
Perez. What business has she?
Is she a learned woman i' th' mathematics?
Can she tell fortunes?
Estef. More than I know, sir.
Perez. Or has she e'er a letter from a kinswoman,
That must be deliver'd in my absence, wife?
Or comes she from the doctor to salute ye,
And learn your health? She looks not like a confessor.
Estef. What need all this? why are you troubled, sir?
What do you suspect? she cannot cuckold ye;
She is a woman, sir, a very woman.
Perez. Your very woman may do very well, sir,
Toward the matter; for, though she cannot perform it
In her own person, she may do it by proxy:
Your rarest jugglers work still by conspiracy.
Estef. Cry ye mercy, husband! you are jealous, then,
And happily suspect me?
Perez. No, indeed, wife.
Estef. Methinks you should not till you have more cause,
And clearer too. I am sure you have heard say, husband,
A woman forced will free herself through iron;
A happy, calm, and good wife, discontented,
May be taught tricks.
Perez. No, no; I do but jest with ye.
Estef. To-morrow, friend, I 'll see you.

37 *cold*] So Q, F. No need to read *cool'd* with Seward and all editors, and *cool*, l. 36, is against it.

38 *Who 's that?*] Perez has seen her for a moment, I. i. 60; but, even if he remembered her, it need not affect his attitude of controlling his wife's acquaintance.

49 *sir*] Though Perez is here echoing his wife, yet the word *sir* (as various passages in these plays have already shown) was frequently employed in addressing females.—Dyce. Again, III. iv. 12, IV. i. 148. *Loyal Subject*, II. ii. 38, 'Sirrah Petesca.'

Clara. I shall leave ye
Till then, and pray all may go sweetly with ye.
[*Exit. Knock.*
Estef. Why, where 's this girl? Who 's at the door?
Perez. Who knocks there?
Is 't for the king ye come, you knock so boisterously?
Look to the door.

Enter Maid.

Maid. [*Aside to* ESTEF.] My lady, as I live, mistress! my lady 's come!
She 's at the door; I peep'd through, and I saw her,
And a stately company of ladies with her. [*Exit.*
Estef. [*Aside.*] This was a week too soon; but I must meet with her,
And set a new wheel going, and a subtle one,
Must blind this mighty Mars, or I am ruin'd.
Perez. What are they at door?
Estef. Such, my Michael,
As you may bless the day they enter'd here;
Such for our good.
Perez. 'Tis well.
Estef. Nay, 'twill be better,
If you will let me but dispose the business,
And be a stranger to it, and not disturb me:
What have I now to do but to advance your fortune?
Perez. Do; I dare trust thee. I am ashamed I am angry;
I find thee a wise young wife.
Estef. [*Aside.*] I 'll wise your worship
Before I leave ye.—Pray ye, walk by, and say nothing,
Only salute them, and leave the rest to me, sir:

61 s.d. Knock] So Q, F.
65 s.d. Aside to Estef.] Supplied Weber.
66 *I* (the second)] Silently omitted by Weber. Dyce.
67, 68 s.d. Exit] Aside] Added Dyce.
68 *meet with her*] 'To meet with' is often used for 'get even with,' 'be a match for' (e.g. *King, and No King*, II. ii. 75; *Night-Walker*, I. i.), and possibly bears here the sense not only of 'facing' her, but of 'being equal to' the occasion. Cf. IV. i. 169.
72 *here*] Q. F *there.*
77 *am* (the second)] Q, F and Weber. Seward changed to *was*, followed by Colman and Dyce. Perez refers to his tone, ll. 71, 73.
80 *them*] F and all editors. Q *him.*

I was born to make ye a man. [*Exit.*
Perez. The rogue speaks heartily;
Her good-will colours in her cheeks; I am born to love her.
I must be gentler to these tender natures;
A soldier's rude harsh words befit not ladies,
Nor must we talk to them as we talk to our officers.
I 'll give her way, for 'tis for me she works now;
I am husband, heir, and all she has.

Enter MARGARITA, ESTEFANIA, LEON, ALTEA, *and* Ladies.

Who are these?
What flaunting things? A woman of rare presence!
Excellent fair! This is too big for a bawdy-house,
Too open-seated too.
Estef. My husband, lady.
Marg. You have gain'd a proper man.
Perez. Whate'er I am, I am your servant, lady
[*Kisses her.*
Estef. [*Aside to* PEREZ.] Sir, be ruled now, and I shall make ye rich:
This is my cousin; that gentleman dotes on her,
Even to death; see, how he observes her!
Perez. She is a goodly woman.
Estef. She is a mirror;
But she is poor; she were for a prince's side else.
This house she has brought him to, as to her own,
And presuming upon me and upon my courtesy,—
Conceive me short,—he knows not but she is wealthy;
Or, if he did know otherwise, 'twere all one,
He is so far gone.

81 s.d. Exit] Supplied Colman. Her entry at l. 87 is marked in Q, F.

85–90] Arranged as Dyce. Q, F *Nor . . . talk to Our . . . she Works . . . has. Who . . . woman Of . . . big For . . . too.* Colman and Weber anticipated Dyce down to *all she has*, but the rest as Q, F. Seward erred, as often, in pursuit of a regularity to which Fletcher was a stranger.

88 *What flaunting things?*] Sympson (and Seward at first) would have read *that flaunting thing's*, etc.

92 s.d. Kisses her] Weber; for 'kisses' of Q, F.

93–95] Arranged as Colman, Weber and Dyce. Q, F *Sir . . . now, And . . . cozen, That . . . observes her.* Seward arranges 90–96 *Too . . . lady. You've . . . I am, I am . . . rul'd now, And . . . cousin, That . . . Death, See . . . woman, She . . . mirrour*—perhaps equally well.

95 *observes*] i. e. treats with obsequious attention.—Dyce. Again, III. ii. 65.

Perez. Forward. She has a rare face.
Estef. This we must carry with discretion, husband,
And yield unto her for four days.
Perez. Yield our house up,
Our goods, and wealth!
Estef. All this is but in seeming,
To milk the lover on. Do you see this writing?
[*Shews a paper.*
Two hundred pound a-year, when they are married,
Has she seal'd to for our good. The time 's unfit now;
I 'll shew it you to-morrow.
Perez. All the house?
Estef. All, all; and we 'll remove too, to confirm him:
They 'll into th' country suddenly again
After they are match'd, and then she 'll open to him.
Perez. The whole possession, wife? Look what you do.
A part o' th' house——
Estef. No, no, they shall have all,
And take their pleasure too; 'tis for our 'vantage.
Why, what 's four days? had you a sister, sir,
A niece or mistress, that required this courtesy,
And should I make a scruple to do you good?
Perez. If easily it would come back——
Estef. I swear, sir,
As easily as it came on. Is it not pity
To let such a gentlewoman for a little help?
You give away no house.
Perez. Clear but that question.
Estef. I'll put the writings into your hand.
Perez. Well, then.
Estef. And you shall keep them safe.
Perez. I am satisfied.
Would I had the wench so too!
Estef. When she has married him,

106 *milk . . . on*] cajole with false baits, an extension of *milk* for 'swindle.'
106 s.d. Shews a paper] Added Dyce. She must be supposed to have devised the pretence in her brief absence, ll. 81–7. See note on s.d. l. 1.
112 *open to him*] undeceive him.
121 *To let such a gentlewoman for a little help*] i. e. to *obstruct* or hinder the advancement of such a lady, for want of some little assistance.—Colman.
125 *Would I had the wench so too*] Would the trick was successfully *over*; but perhaps this, and his admiration, ll. 96, 102, is intended to reproduce the

So infinite his love is link'd unto her,
You, I, or any one that helps at this pinch,
May have Heaven knows what.
Perez. I 'll remove the goods straight,
And take some poor house by; 'tis but for four days.
Estef. I have a poor old friend; there we 'll be.
Perez. 'Tis well, then.
Estef. Go handsome off, and leave the house clear.
Perez. Well.
Estef. That little stuff we 'll use shall follow after,
And a boy to guide ye. Peace, and we are made both.
[*Exit* PEREZ.
Marg. Come, let's go in. Are all the rooms kept sweet, wench?
Estef. They are sweet and neat.
Marg. Why, where's your husband?
Estef. Gone, madam.
When you come to your own, he must give place, lady.
Marg. Well, send you joy! You would not let me know 't;
Yet I shall not forget ye.
Estef. Thank your ladyship! [*Exeunt.*

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light-o'-love spirit in which Campuzano in Cervantes' tale enters on the connexion with Estefania.

128 *the goods*] i. e. his own trunks.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Seville. A hall in the house of MARGARITA.

Enter MARGARITA, ALTEA, *and* Boy.

Altea. Are you at ease now? is your heart at rest,
Now you have got a shadow, an umbrella,
To keep the scorching world's opinion
From your fair credit?
Marg. I am at peace, Altea:
If he continue but the same he shews,
And be a master of that ignorance
He outwardly professes, I am happy:
The pleasure I shall live in, and the freedom,
Without the squint-eye of the law upon me,
Or prating liberty of tongues that envy!
Altea. You are a made woman.
Marg. But, if he should prove now
A crafty and dissembling kind of husband,
One read in knavery, and brought up in the art
Of villany conceal'd?
Altea. My life, an innocent.
Marg. That 's it I aim at,
That 's it I hope too; then I am sure I rule him;
For innocents are like obedient children
Brought up under a hard mother-in-law, a cruel,
Who, being not used to breakfasts and collations,
When they have coarse bread offer'd 'em, are thankful,
And take it for a favour too. Are the rooms made
ready

III. i. hall] 'Apartment' Weber.
9 *the law*] Cf. II. i. 7–8, and below, l. 59.
11 Altea] F. Q, having printed 'Altea' in s.d. for entry and in first prefix, gives here and throughout rest of scene '4.' as above, II. i. iii.
15 *an innocent*] i. e. a natural fool, an idiot.—Weber.
21 *made ready*] With l. 22 Q, F and all editors.

To entertain my friends? I long to dance now,
And to be wanton. Let me have a song.
[*Song by the* Boy.
Is the great couch up the Duke of Medina sent?
Altea. 'Tis up and ready.
Marg. And day-beds in all chambers?
Altea. In all, lady;
Your house is nothing now but various pleasures;
The gallants begin to gaze too.
Marg. Let 'em gaze on;
I was brought up a courtier, high and happy,
And company is my delight, and courtship,
And handsome servants at my will. Where's my good husband?
Where does he wait?
Altea. He knows his distance, madam;
I warrant ye, he is busy in the cellar
Amongst his fellow-servants, or asleep,
Till your command awake him.
Marg. 'Tis well, Altea.
It should be so; my ward I must preserve him.

Enter LEON *and* Servant.

Who sent for him? how dare he come uncall'd for?
His bonnet on too!
Altea. Sure, he sees you not.
Marg. How scornfully he looks!
Leon. Are all the chambers
Deck'd and adorn'd thus for my lady's pleasure?

23 s.d. Song by the Boy] The old editions have no stage direction here; nor do the modern editors add any. But nothing can be plainer than that the Boy is introduced in this scene merely for the purpose of singing a song.—Dyce.

23-6] Arranged as Dyce. Q, F, Seward divide *And . . . couch up, The . . . readr. And . . . Lady.* Colman and Weber give ll. 22-6 *Made ready . . . friends? I long . . . wanton; Let . . . up The . . . ready. And . . . lady.*

25 *day-beds*] See note on I. vi. 32.

31 *servants*] i. e. lovers.—Weber.

36 *my ward I must preserve him*] i. e. under my authority, with allusion to *innocent* of l. 15. Weber quotes Blackstone's *Commentaries*, I. 303, to the effect that if a man be found *furiosus idiota* 'the profits of his lands, and the custody of his person, may be granted by the king to some subject who has interest enough to obtain them.' Dyce alludes to the common expression 'to beg any one for a fool' found in *Wit at Sev. Weapons*, V. ii. end.

36 s.d. and Servant] Added Colman.

New hangings every hour for entertainment,
And new plate bought, new jewels to give lustre?
Serv. They are, and yet there must be more and richer;
It is her will.
Leon. Hum—is it so? 'tis excellent.
It is her will too, to have feasts and banquets,
Revels and masques.
Serv. She ever loved 'em dearly,
And we shall have the bravest house kept now, sir!
I must not call ye master (she has warn'd me),
Nor must not put my hat off to ye.
Leon. 'Tis no fashion;
What though I be her husband, I am your fellow.
I may cut first.
Serv. That 's as you shall deserve, sir.
Leon. And, when I lie with her——
Serv. May be I 'll light ye;
On the same point you may do me that service. [*Exit.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the Duke Medina, with some captains,
Will come to dinner, and have sent rare wine,
And their best services.
Marg. They shall be welcome.
See all be ready in the noblest fashion,
The house perfumed. [*Exit* Lady.] Now I shall take my pleasure,
And not my neighbour Justice maunder at me.—
Go, get your best clothes on; but, till I call ye,
Be sure you be not seen: dine with the gentlewomen,

46 *masques.*] Q, F, Seward. Colman, Weber, Dyce *masques?*
49 *'Tis no fashion*] Like 'Tis no fair fashion,' *Mad Lover*, I. i. 128.
51 *I may cut first*] i. e. I may be allowed to carve first at the servants' table.—Weber.
53 s.d. Exit] Added Dyce.
53 s.d. a Lady] Seward and all editors, for '1. Lady' of Q, F.
58 s.d. Exit Lady] Added Dyce.
59 *maunder*] i. e. mutter, grumble (properly applied to beggars who mutter or whine out supplications for charity; perhaps originally from begging with a *maund*, a basket to receive the dole). Cf. *Thierry and Theod.*, V. i.: 'Beg, beg, . . . maunder for buttermilk'; and *Beggars' Bush*, II. i.: 'maund on your own pads' (beg on your own roads).—Dyce.

And behave yourself cleanly, sir; 'tis for my credit.

Enter a Second Lady.

Sec. Lady. Madam, the Lady Julia——
Leon. [*Aside.*] That 's a bawd,
A three-piled bawd, bawd-major to the army.
Sec. Lady. Has brought her coach to wait upon your ladyship,
And to be inform'd if you will take the air this morning.
Leon. [*Aside.*] The neat air of her nunnery.
Marg. Tell her, no;
I' th' afternoon I 'll call on her.
Sec. Lady. I will, madam. [*Exit.*
Marg. Why are not you gone to prepare yourself?
May be you shall be sewer to the first course,—
A portly presence!—Altea, he looks lean;
'Tis a wash knave, he will not keep his flesh well.
Altea. A willing, madam, one that needs no spurring.
Leon. Faith, madam, in my little understanding,
You had better entertain your honest neighbours,
Your friends about ye, that may speak well of ye,
And give a worthy mention of your bounty.
Marg. How now! what's this?
Leon. 'Tis only to persuade ye,
Courtiers are but tickle things to deal withal,
A kind of marchpane men, that will not last, madam;
An egg and pepper goes farther than their potions,
And in a well-built body a poor parsnip
Will play his prize above their strong potabiles.

62 s.d. a Second] Seward and all for '2.' of Q, F. These Ladies are the attendants of II. iii. 4–5, iv. 87.

63 s.d. Aside] Added Weber.

64 *three-piled*] Of the best quality of velvet, so 'excellent' in her trade of bawd (Weber); but there may also be a reference to her wear of velvet or other sumptuous material, as in 'three-piled people,' *Scornful Lady*, III. i. 92, and 'Good three-piled predication,' *Woman's Prize*, II. vi. 80 (where the preaching-woman addressed wears a velvet hood), and *Philaster*, V. iv. 16: 'your three-piled spirits, your wrought valours' (addressed to tradesmen).

67 s.d. Aside] Added Dyce.

67 *neat*] Pure, in metaphorical sense.

70 *sewer*] One who sets the table, from Fr. *asseoir* (*Cent. Dict.*).

72 *wash*] i. e. washy; as *Bonduca*, IV. i. 34: 'bodies of so weak and wash a temper.'—Dyce.

80 *marchpane men*] See p. 130 above, note on *Mad Lover*, I. i. 234.

83 *play his prize*] Show its strength, do its work—a phrase used in the

Marg. The fellow 's mad!
Leon. [*Aside.*] He that shall counsel ladies
That have both liquorish and ambitious eyes,
Is either mad or drunk, let him speak gospel.
Altea. [*Aside.*] He breaks out modestly.
Leon. Pray ye; be not angry;
My indiscretion has made bold to tell ye
What you 'll find true.
Marg. Thou dar'st not talk?
Leon. Not much, madam:
You have a tie upon your servant's tongue;
He dares not be so bold as reason bids him:
'Twere fit there were a stronger on your temper.
Ne'er look so stern upon me; I am your husband:
But what are husbands? read the New World's wonders,
And you will scarce find such deformities,
Such husbands as this monstrous world produces;
They are shadows to conceal your venial virtues,
Sails to your mills, that grind with all occasions,
Balls that lie by you, to wash out your stains,
And bills nail'd up with horn before your stories,

fencing-school of exercises gone through to win the degree of 'master,' 'provost,' or 'scholar.' Again, *Hum. Lieut.*, V. ii. 31 (where see note), and below, V. v. 8. The reader will understand that in ll. 80–83 Leon is speaking, with coarse irony, of an exercise that must be nameless, and of aphrodisiacs.

84 s.d. Aside] Here first. The speech is too direct to be spoken aloud at this point, and would contradict Altea's, l. 87.

85 *liquorish*] Or 'lickerish,' i. e. lecherous.

87 s.d. Aside] Added Weber.

89 *Thou dar'st not talk?*] Dr. Koeppel, under this play (*Münchener Beiträge*, 1895), compares Morose's astonishment at the first flow of talk from Epicœne, whom he has married for her silence: 'You can speak, then?'—*The Silent Woman*, III. ii., a play which he thinks may be Fletcher's chief original for the main plot, and to which he refers again under *The Woman's Prize*, I. iii.

95, 96] In Q, F and the first three editions these two lines were transposed. As here first by Dyce, on Mason's suggestion, which Weber had contented himself with reporting.

97 *venial virtues*] little lapses to which your virtue is subject; and so Seward, 'virtues that want pardon,' i. e. vices, rejecting Sympson's amendment *venal virtues*.

98 *grind with all occasions*] A favourite metaphor, used by Chilax in *The Mad Lover*, I. i. 262: 'you grind with all gusts, gallants.'

99 *Balls*] Of soap. Cf. Motto the barber in Lyly's *Midas*, V. ii. 165: 'bason, ball and apron.'

100 *bills . . . stories*] i. e. notices . . . upper floors; *horn* allegorical.

100 *horn*] Q, F. Seward and all editors *horns*.

To rent out lust.
Marg. Do you hear him talk?
Leon. I have done, madam:
An ox once spoke, as learned men deliver;
Shortly I shall be such; then I 'll speak wonders:
Till when, I tie myself to my obedience. [*Exit.*
Marg. First, I 'll untie myself! Did you mark the gentleman,
How boldly and how saucily he talk'd,
And how unlike the lump I took him for,
The piece of ignorant dough? he stood up to me,
And mated my commands! This was your providence,
Your wisdom, to elect this gentleman,
Your excellent forecast in the man, your knowledge!
What think ye now?
Altea. I think him an ass still:
This boldness some of your people have blown into him,
This wisdom too, with strong wine; 'tis a tyrant,
And a philosopher also, and finds out reasons.
Marg. I 'll have my cellar lock'd, no school kept there,
Nor no discovery: I 'll turn my drunkards,
Such as are understanding in their draughts,
And dispute learnedly the *whys* and *wherefores*,
To grass immediately: I 'll keep all fools,
Sober or drunk, still fools, that shall know nothing,
Nothing belongs to mankind, but obedience;
And such a hand I 'll keep over this husband!
Altea. He will fall again; my life, he cries by this time:
Keep him from drink; he has a high constitution.

[*Re-*]*enter* LEON.

Leon. Shall I wear my new suit, madam?

101 *lust*] Seward's emendation, adopted by all, of *last* of Q, F.

102 *An ox once spoke . . . deliver*] Perhaps that of the fable 'Bos et Juvencus' (*Fabvlæ Æsopicæ plvres qvingentis* . . . Lipsiæ [1564], p. 232), wherein a toilworn ox, whose discreditable appearance has been jeered at by a sleek young bullock, addresses suitable reflexions to him a few days later when he sees him being led to sacrifice.

109 *mated*] i. e. opposed [as my match, or equal] (Colman); but we prefer the commoner sense, 'daunt,' 'overawe.'

113–5] As Seward and all editors. Q, F arrange *This . . . blowne Into . . . wine, 'Tis . . . findes* and *Out reasons* as separate line.

117 *discovery*] investigation, spying on my actions.

122 *mankind*] i. e. males, as *Wint. Tale*, II. iii. 17: 'A mankind witch!' and *Coriol.*, IV. i. 16, Sicinius to Volumnia and Virgilia: 'Are you mankind?'

Marg. No, your old clothes ;
And get you into the country presently,
And see my hawks well train'd : you shall have victuals,
Such as are fit for saucy palates, sir,
And lodgings with the hinds ; it is too good too.
Altea. Good madam, be not so rough with repentance:
You see now he 's come round again.
Marg. I see not
What I expect to see.
Leon. You shall see, madam,
If it shall please your ladyship.
Altea. He 's humbled ;
Forgive, good lady.
Marg. Well, go get you handsome,
And let me hear no more.
Leon. [*Aside.*] Have ye yet no feeling?
I 'll pinch ye to the bones, then, my proud lady ! [*Exit.*
Marg. See you preserve him thus, upon my favour ;
You know his temper, tie him to the grindstone.
The next rebellion I 'll be rid of him :
I 'll have no needy rascals I tie to me
Dispute my life. Come in, and see all handsome.
Altea. [*Aside.*] I hope to see you so too ; I have wrought ill else. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A room in a mean house.

Enter PEREZ.

Perez. Shall I never return to mine own house again?
We are lodged here in the miserablest dog-hole !
A conjuror's circle gives content above it ;
A hawk's mew is a princely palace to it :
We have a bed no bigger than a basket,
And there we lie like butter clapt together,

131] Punctuated in Q, F *rough, with repentance,*. Seward, unfollowed, gave the line to Leon.
136 s.d. Aside] Added Colman.
143 s.d. Aside] Added Weber. 143 s.d. Exeunt] F. Q 'Exit.'

And sweat ourselves to sauce immediately.
The fumes are infinite inhabit here too,
And to that so thick, they cut like marmalet;
So various too, they 'll pose a gold-finder.
Never return to mine own paradise?—
Why, wife, I say? why, Estefania!
Estef. [*Within.*] I am going presently.
Perez. Make haste, good jewel!
I am like the people that live in the Sweet Islands:
I die, I die, if I stay but one day more here;
My lungs are rotten with the damps that rise,
And I cough nothing now but stinks of all sorts.
The inhabitants we have are two starved rats
(For they are not able to maintain a cat here),
And those appear as fearful as two devils;
They have eat a map of the whole world up already,
And, if we stay a night, we are gone for company.
There 's an old woman that 's now grown to marble,
Dried in this brick hill, and she sits i' th' chimney
(Which is but three tiles, raised like a house of cards)
The true proportion of an old smoked sibyl;
There is a young thing too, that nature meant
For a maid-servant, but 'tis now a monster;
She has a husk about her like a chesnut
With laziness, and living under the line here;
And these two make a hollow sound together,
Like frogs, or winds between two doors that murmur.
Mercy deliver me!

Sc. II. 9 *to that*] Withal.

9 *marmalet*] F and all editors. *marmalette* Q.

10 *gold-finder*] i. e. alchemist, trying to detect the presence of gold in substances by their gases. [*Gold-finder* was a common term for a nightman, a rake-kennel.—A. H. B.]

13 s.d. Within] So Q, F.

14 *the Sweet Islands*] i. e. the Sugar-islands, Barbadoes, St. Kitts, etc., the heat and unwholesomeness of which, at particular seasons, is well known. Mr. Theobald, not seeing this, reads 'sweat *islands*.'—Seward. Cf. 'living under the line,' l. 30.

20 *fearful*] i. e. dreadful, terrible.

24 *brick hill*] So Q, F; and this obsolete variant is recognized in the *New Eng. Dict.* (*brickhil* or *brickill*), and an instance (*brickill*) quoted as late as 1701. Seward and all editors *brick-kiln*.

30 *laziness*] Kirkman's droll, Seward and all editors for *basinesse* Q, *basiness* F.

30 *living under the line*] i. e. the equator. See l. 14 note.

Enter ESTEFANIA.

Oh, are you come, wife?
Shall we be free again?
Estef. I am now going,
And you shall presently to your own house, sir:
The remembrance of this small vexation
Will be argument of mirth for ever.
By that time you have said your orisons,
And broke your fast, I shall be back, and ready
To usher you to your old content, your freedom.
Perez. Break my neck rather: is there any thing here to eat
But one another, like a race of cannibals?
A piece of butter'd wall you think is excellent.
Let 's have our house again immediately;
And, pray ye, take heed unto the furniture,
None be embezzled.
Estef. Not a pin, I warrant ye.
Perez. And let 'em instantly depart.
Estef. They shall both,
(There 's reason in all courtesies), they must both;
For by this time I know she has acquainted him,
And has provided too; she sent me word, sir,
And will give over gratefully unto you.
Perez. I 'll walk i' th' church-yard;
The dead cannot offend more than these living.
An hour hence I 'll expect ye.
Estef. I 'll not fail, sir.
Perez. And, do you hear, let 's have a handsome dinner;
And see all things be decent as they have been;
And let me have a strong bath to restore me,
I stink like a stall-fish shambles, or an oil-shop.

37 *be argument*] Seward silently printed *be* an *argument*. Query *our* lost.
58 *stall-fish shambles*] So, and so punctuated, Q, F (F *stal-fish*). Seward read *stale-fish shambles* in text and *stale fish-shambles* in his note, adding: "A stall for fish and a fish-shambles seems to differ but as a part from the whole." Colman *stall-fish, shambles*, inserting comma and explaining as two objects, 'fish-stall' and 'butcher's shambles.' Weber kept his comma, but explained *stall-fish* (more reasonably) as a fish that has lain long on the stall and not in fresh water. Dyce read *stale fish-shambles* without further comment. We retain the Q, F reading, believing that one object is meant: 'A place where stall-fish (in Weber's sense) are destroyed.'

Estef. You shall have all—[*Aside*] which some interpret nothing.
I 'll send ye people for the trunks aforehand,
And for the stuff.
Perez. Let 'em be known and honest;
And do my service to your niece.
Estef. I shall, sir:
But, if I come not at my hour, come thither,
That they may give you thanks for your fair courtesy.
And, pray ye, be brave, for my sake.
Perez. I observe ye.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.

A street.

Enter JUAN DE CASTRO, SANCHIO, *and* CACAFOGO.

Sanc. Thou art very brave.
Cac. I have reason; I have money.
Sanc. Is money reason?
Cac. Yes, and rhyme too, captain:
If ye have no money, y' are an ass.
Sanc. I thank ye.
Cac. Ye have manners; ever thank him that has money.
Sanc. Wilt thou lend me any?
Cac. Not a farthing, captain;
Captains are casual things.
Sanc. Why, so are all men:
Thou shalt have my bond.
Cac. Nor bonds nor fetters, captain:

59 s.d. Aside] Added Weber. Colman put the words in a parenthesis.
62 *niece*] relative; 'cousin' II. iv. 94. Cf. 'niece allied,' *Two Gent.*, IV. i. 49.
65 *brave*] i. e. *well-dressed*; a request peculiarly humorous; Estefania having pillaged Perez's trunks, and left him but that 'one civil suit' which was upon his back. *J. N.*—Colman. Again, next scene, l. 1.
65 *observe*] pay careful attention to. Cf. II. iv. 95.
65 s.d. severally] Added Dyce.
Sc. III. s.d. Sanchio] Sancho Q, F.
4 *manners*] F and all editors. Q *meaner*, which may possibly be an error for *reason*, or *meaning* in the same sense.

My money is mine own; I make no doubt on 't.
Juan. What dost thou do with it?
Cac. Put it to pious uses,
Buy wine and wenches, and undo young coxcombs
That would undo me.
Juan. Are those hospitals?
Cac. I first provide to fill my hospitals
With creatures of mine own, that I know wretched,
And then I build; those are more bound to pray for me:
Besides, I keep th' inheritance in my name still.
Juan. A provident charity! Are you for the wars, sir?
Cac. I am not poor enough to be a soldier,
Nor have I faith enough to ward a bullet:
This is no lining for a trench, I take it.
Juan. Ye have said wisely.
Cac. Had you but my money,
You would swear it, colonel: I had rather drill at home
A hundred thousand crowns, and with more honour,
Than exercise ten thousand fools with nothing:
A wise man safely feeds, fools cut their fingers.
Sanc. A right state-usurer! Why dost thou not marry,
And live a reverend justice?
Cac. Is 't not nobler
To command a reverend justice, than to be one?
And for a wife, what need I marry, captain,
When every courteous fool that owes me money,
Owes me his wife too, to appease my fury?
Juan. Wilt thou go to dinner with us?
Cac. I will go,
And view the pearl of Spain, the orient fair one,
The rich one too; and I will be respected;
I bear my patent here: I will talk to her;

18 *ward*] i.e. ward off.—Weber.
19 *This is no lining etc.*] Probably of his fat body; but possibly he is again flaunting his fat purse, as in I. v. 37.
23 *with nothing*] who have got nothing.
27 *To command etc.*] By bribing him. Cacafogo estimates the whole world basely.
32 *pearl . . . orient*] As above, I. ii. 21–2. *fair one* with l. 33 Q, F; corrected Seward.

And, when your captainships shall stand aloof
And pick your noses, I will pick the purse
Of her affection.
Juan. The Duke dines there to-day too,
The Duke of Medina.
Cac. Let the king dine there;
He owes me money, and so far's my creature;
And certainly I may make bold with mine own, captain.
Sanc. Thou wilt eat monstrously.
Cac. Like a true-born Spaniard;
Eat as I were in England, where the beef grows:
And I will drink abundantly, and then
Talk ye as wantonly as Ovid did,
To stir the intellectuals of the ladies;
I learnt it of my father's amorous scrivener.
Juan. If we should play now, you must supply me.
Cac. You must pawn a horse-troop,
And then have at ye, colonel!
Sanc. Come, let's go.—
This rascal will make rare sport: how the ladies
Will laugh him lean again!
Juan. If I light on him,
I 'll make his purse sweat too.
Cac. Will ye lead, gentlemen?
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another street; before a mean house.

Enter PEREZ, *an* Old Woman, *and* Maid.

Perez. Nay, pray ye, come out, and let me understand ye;

35 *captainships*] Seward and all editors, correcting *Captaines ships* Q. *Captain's Ships* F.

51 *Will laugh him lean again!*] Q reads *Will laugh him, leave ager.* F *Will laugh at him?* (omitting *leave ager.*), and so Seward and Colman. Weber *Will laugh at him! Leave anger!* while owning 'their application is not very obvious'; and Dyce followed him without comment. We believe the reader who considers Cacafogo's corpulence (e. g. I. v. 30–1, 42; III. iii. 41, v. 31, 51; V. i. 6), and the appropriateness to Juan's response, 'make his purse *sweat too*,' will agree that *leave ager* of Q represents an original *leane agen* in the MS. Cf. 'Angels . . . Would all themselves laugh mortal,' *Meas. for Meas.*, II. ii. 123.

And tune your pipe a little higher, lady:
I 'll hold ye fast. Rub! how came my trunks
open?
And my goods gone? what pick-lock spirit——
Old Wom. Ha! what would ye have?
Perez. My goods again! how came my trunks all
open?
Old Wom. Are your trunks open?
Perez. Yes, and [my] clothes gone,
And chains, and jewels.—How she smells, like hung
beef!—
The palsy and pick locks! fie, how she belches!
The spirit of garlic!
Old Wom. Where 's your gentlewoman?
The young fair woman?
Perez. What 's that to my question?
She is my wife, and gone about my business.
Maid. Is she your wife, sir?
Perez. Yes, sir; is that wonder?
Is the name of wife unknown here?
Old Wom. Is she truly,
Truly your wife?
Perez. I think so, for I married her;
It was no vision, sure.
Maid. She has the keys, sir.
Perez. I know she has; but who has all my goods,
spirit?
Old Wom. If you be married to that gentle-
woman,
You are a wretched man; she has twenty husbands.
Maid. She tells you true.
Old Wom. And she has cozen'd all, sir.
Perez. The devil she has!—I had a fair house with
her,
That stands hard by, and furnish'd royally.

6 [*my*]] Inserted by Colman, Weber and Dyce.
7 *hung beef*] salted beef.
8 *The palsy and pick locks!*] Seward emended the punctuation of Q, F, which (after comma at *beef*) printed *picklocks* (one word, followed by comma), F adding comma at *palsy*. Weber, after misreporting Seward, explained as no doubt Seward intended: 'Can palsied hands pick locks?' Kirkman's droll (1672) gave *the palsy and picklocks fit*, omitting *fie*.
12 *sir* (the second)] See note, II. iv. 49, and IV. i. 148.

Old Wom. You are cozen'd too; 'tis none of hers,
good gentleman;
It is a lady's.—What 's the lady's name, wench?
Maid. The Lady Margarita: she was her servant,
And kept the house, but going from her, sir,
For some lewd tricks she play'd——
Perez. Plague o' the devil!
Am I, i' th' full meridian of my wisdom,
Cheated by a stale quean?—What kind of lady
Is that that owes the house?
Old Wom. A young sweet lady.
Perez. Of a low stature?
Old Wom. She is indeed but little,
But she is wondrous fair.
Perez. I feel I am cozen'd;
Now I am sensible I am undone!
This is the very woman, sure, that cousin,
She told me would entreat but for four days
To make the house hers: I am entreated sweetly!
Maid. When she went out this morning, (that I saw,
sir,)
She had two women at the door attending,
And there she gave 'em things, and loaded 'em;
But what they were——I heard your trunks to
open,
If they be yours.
Perez. They were mine while they were laden,
But now they have cast their calves, they are not
worth owning.
Was she her mistress, say you?
Old Wom. Her own mistress,
Her very mistress, sir, and all you saw
About and in that house was hers.
Perez. No plate,

22 *gentleman*] Q, F. Seward needlessly alters to *gentlewoman*, which is found at ll. 9, 17, 50.
23 *It . . . wench*] Wholly omitted in F.
26 *play'd——*] Weber supplied the break. Q, F a full-stop.
29 *owes*] i. e. owns.
35 *entreated*] i. e. treated, used.—Weber.
39 *were——*] The break first found in F.
39 *to*] Q, F. Seward and all editors *too*, perhaps rightly.
40 *were laden*] F. Q *are laden*.
41 *owning*] With l. 42 Q, F; corrected Seward.

No jewels, nor no hangings?
Maid. Not a farthing;
She is poor, sir, a poor shifting thing.
Perez. No money?
Old Wom. Abominable poor, as poor as we are,
Money as rare to her, unless she steal it:
But for one civil gown her lady gave her,
She may go bare, good gentlewoman.
Perez. [*Aside.*] I am mad now!
I think I am as poor as she; I am wide else:
One civil suit I have left too, and that 's all,
And, if she steal that, she must flay me for it.—
Where does she use?
Old Wom. You may find truth as soon:
Alas, a thousand conceal'd corners, sir, she lurks in!
And here she gets a fleece, and there another,
And lives in mists and smokes where none can find her.
Perez. Is she a whore too?
Old Wom. Little better, gentleman;
I dare not say she is so, sir, because she is yours, sir;
But these five years she has firk'd a pretty living,
Until she came to serve.——[*Aside.*] I fear he will knock
My brains out for lying.
Perez. [*Aside.*] She has served me faithfully;
A whore and thief! two excellent moral learnings
In one she-saint! I hope to see her legend.

49 *civil*] i. e. sober, not shewy.—Dyce.
50 s.d. Aside] Added Dyce.
51 *wide*] i. e. wide of the mark.—Weber. Kirkman's droll, and the 1717 4°, 1720 12°, corrupted it to *wild*.
54 *use*] i. e. frequent, lodge.—Weber.
60 *firk'd a pretty living*] Weber reports Steevens as explaining this phrase, here, as 'collected by low and dishonest industry' (and so Dyce, 'by all sorts of roguish tricks'); but Weber himself suspects an obscene sense, as in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist* and Middleton's *Game of Chesse*.
61 s.d. Aside] First in Weber. Colman marked it with a dash.
62 *for lying*] Omitted by Seward on the ground that most of the things that the old woman said were true. Mason urged that there *was* lying, e. g. 'twenty husbands,' l. 18 [how did Mason know?]. Coleridge (*Lectures*, p. 438) says: "The humour lies in Estefania's having ordered the Old Woman to tell these tales of her; for though an intriguer, she is not represented as other than chaste." He is thinking, no doubt, of IV. i. 110, which is merely Estefania's ready invention. But all this is beside the point. True or false, the old woman fears the husband won't believe it.
62 s.d. Aside] First in Dyce; Weber having put dash at *noose*, l. 71.

Have I been fear'd for my discoveries,
And courted by all women to conceal 'em?
Have I so long studied the art of this sex,
And read the warnings to young gentlemen?
Have I profess'd to tame the pride of ladies,
And make 'em bear all tests, and am I trick'd now?
Caught in mine own noose? Here 's a royal left yet.—
There 's for your lodging and your meat for this week:
A silk-worm lives at a more plentiful ordinary,
And sleeps in a sweeter box. Farewell, great-grand-mother:
If I do find you were an accessary,
('Tis but the cutting off two smoky minutes)
I 'll hang ye presently.
Old Wom. And I 'd deserve it.
I tell but truth.
Perez. Nor I,—I am an ass, mother.
[*Exit* PEREZ. *Exeunt* Old Woman *and* Maid *into the house.*

SCENE V.

A hall in the house of MARGARITA.

Enter the DUKE OF MEDINA, JUAN DE CASTRO, ALONZO, SANCHIO, CACAFOGO, Attendants.

Duke. A goodly house!
Juan. And richly furnish'd too, sir.
Alon. Hung wantonly: I like that preparation;
It stirs the blood unto a hopeful banquet,
And intimates the mistress free and jovial:

65-71] Compare the lament of Petruchio in *Woman's Prize*, III. iv. 103-5.
71 *royal*] The English gold coin first issued by Edward IV., and then worth ten shillings.
76 *two*] Seward and rest. Q, F *too*.
77 *And I 'd deserve*] So Weber, on Mason's suggestion. Q, F *And I deserve it*, which might be correct as a humorous aside. Dyce reads *And* as meaning *An* (if), not very naturally here.
78 *Nor I*] So Q, rightly explained by Seward as referring to the next words—'he speaks but truth in owning himself an ass.' F *Not I*.
78 s.d. Exit . . . house] Dyce. Q, F 'Exeunt.'
Sc. V. s.d. of Medina] 'of' added F.

I love a house where pleasure prepares welcome.
Duke. Now, Cacafogo, how like you this mansion?
'Twere a brave pawn.
Cac. I shall be master of it;
'Twas built for my bulk, the rooms are wide and spacious,
Airy and full of ease, and that I love well.
I 'll tell you when I taste the wine, my lord,
And take the height of her table with my stomach,
How my affections stand to the young lady.

Enter MARGARITA, ALTEA, Ladies, *and* Servants.

Marg. All welcome to your grace, and to these soldiers!
You honour my poor house with your fair presence.
Those few slight pleasures that inhabit here, sir,
I do beseech your grace command; they are yours;
Your servant but preserves 'em to delight ye.
Duke. I thank ye, lady. I am bold to visit ye,
Once more to bless mine eyes with your sweet beauty:
'T has been a long night since you left the court,
For, till I saw you now, no day broke to me.
Marg. Bring in the duke's meat!
Sanc. She is most excellent.
Juan. Most admirable fair as e'er I look'd on;
I had rather command her than my regiment.
Cac. [*Aside.*] I 'll have a fling; 'tis but a thousand ducats,
Which I can cozen up again in ten days,
And some few jewels, to justify my knavery.
Say I should marry her, she 'll get more money
Than all my usury, put my knavery to it:
She appears the most infallible way of purchase.
I could wish her a size or two stronger for the encounter,
For I am like a lion where I lay hold;
But these lambs will endure a plaguy load,

11 *take the height of*] form an estimate of.
23 *on*] Q. F *upon*.
25 s.d. Aside] First in Dyce, though Weber seems to have intended only ll. 35–6, *I am . . . ass*, to be spoken aloud.
30 *infallible*] F. Q *unfallible*.
30 *way of purchase*] i. e. means of acquiring gain.—Dyce. Cf. *The Night-Walker*, I. i., 'Stealing 's thy only purchase.'

And never bleat neither; that, sir, time has taught us.
I am so virtuous now, I cannot speak to her;
The arrant'st shamefaced ass! I broil away too.

Enter LEON.

Marg. Why, where 's this dinner?
Leon. 'Tis not ready, madam,
Nor shall not be until I know the guests too;
Nor are they fairly welcome till I bid 'em.
Juan. Is not this my alferez? he looks another thing:
Are miracles afoot again?
Marg. Why, sirrah!
Why, sirrah, you!
Leon. I hear you, saucy woman;
And, as you are my wife, command your absence!
And know your duty; 'tis the crown of modesty.
Duke. Your wife!
Leon. Yes, good my lord, I am her husband;
And, pray, take notice that I claim that honour,
And will maintain it.
Cac. If thou be'st her husband,
I am determined thou shalt be my cuckold;
I 'll be thy faithful friend.
Leon. Peace, dirt and dunghill!
I will not lose my anger on a rascal;
Provoke me more, I will beat thy blown body
Till thou rebound'st again like a tennis-ball.
Alon. This is miraculous.
Sanc. Is this the fellow
That had the patience to become a fool,
A flurted fool, and on a sudden break
(As if he would shew a wonder to the world)

34 *sir, time*] Weber printed *Sir Time*, to avoid the inconsistency of the address *sir* in an aside. 'Of "sir" and similar improprieties, occurring *in soliloquies and speeches spoken aside*, I have collected examples from Shakespeare and other early dramatists in my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's editions of Shakespeare*, p. 102; and the following passage may be added to them from Fletcher's *Woman's Prize* (Act III. sc. ii., vol. vii. 162); it is spoken by Petruchio while *solus:*

"'Tis hard dealing,
Very hard dealing, *gentlemen*, strange dealing!"'—Dyce.

This address of audience in soliloquy found in Plautus and Italian 16th cent. comedy. 40 *alferez*] i. e. ensign, as I. i. 12.
50 *I will*] Colman, Web. and Dyce. Q *ile.* F *I'll.*

Both into bravery and fortune too?
I much admire the man; I am astonish'd.
Marg. I 'll be divorced immediately.
Leon. You shall not;
You shall not have so much will to be wicked:
I am more tender of your honour, lady,
And of your age. You took me for a shadow,
You took me to gloss over your discredit,
To be your fool; you had thought you had found a coxcomb:
I am innocent of any foul dishonour I mean to ye;
Only I will be known to be your lord now,
And be a fair one too, or I will fall for 't.
Marg. I do command ye from me, thou poor fellow,
Thou cozen'd fool!
Leon. Thou cozen'd fool! 'tis not so;
I will not be commanded; I am above ye:
You may divorce me from your favour, lady,
But from your state you never shall; I 'll hold that,
And hold it to my use; the law allows it:
And then maintain your wantonness; I 'll wink at it.
Marg. Am I braved thus in mine own house?
Leon. 'Tis mine, madam;
You are deceived; I am lord of it, I rule it
And all that 's in 't: you have nothing to do here, madam,
But as a servant to sweep clean the lodgings,
And at my farther will to do me service;
And so I 'll keep it.
Marg. As you love me, give way!
It shall be better.
Leon. I will give none, madam.

72 *state*] i. e. estate.—Weber.
73 *And . . . allows it*] This line om. F.
77 *And all that 's in 't*] At end of l. 76 Q, F. Corrected Seward.
81 *It shall be better.*] Q, F print this as the beginning of Leon's speech; but we think Seward was right in assigning it to Margarita, as 'promising that it should be better for him.' We explain as ''Tis your best course,' not 'Your status shall be raised.' Colman, giving it to Leon, explained, 'I shall do better by opposing you'; and Coleridge (*Lectures*, p. 438) explained, 'It shall be a better *way*, first.' But Mason 'had no doubt' of the correctness of Seward's emendation, which Weber, though he did not print it, supported by urging that the words *I will give none* begin [as do these] a new line in Q, and that the prefix had probably been placed by accident a line too high. The acting-version (Garrick's) of 1767 prints . . . *I 'll keep it.* Marg. *'Tis well.* Leon. *It shall be better.* Marg. *As you . . . way.* Leon. *I will give none, madam, etc.*

I stand upon the ground of mine own honour,
And will maintain it. You shall know me now
To be an understanding feeling man,
And sensible of what a woman aims at,
A young proud woman, that has will to sail with,
An itching woman, that her blood provokes too.
I cast my cloud off, and appear myself,
The master of this little piece of mischief:
And I will put a spell about your feet, lady;
They shall not wander but where I give way now.
Duke. Is this the fellow that the people pointed at
For the mere sign of man, the walking image?
He speaks wondrous highly.
Leon. As a husband ought, sir,
In his own house; and it becomes me well too.
I think your grace would grieve, if you were put to it,
To have a wife or servant of your own
(For wives are reckon'd in the rank of servants)
Under your own roof to command ye.
Juan. Brave!
A strange conversion! Thou shalt lead in chief now.
Duke. Is there no difference betwixt her and you, sir?
Leon. Not now, [my] lord; my fortune makes me even;
And, as I am an honest man, I am nobler.
Marg. Get me my coach!
Leon. Let me see who dare get it
Till I command; I 'll make him draw your coach too,
And eat your coach (which will be hard diet),
That executes your will. Or, take your coach, lady;
I give you liberty; and take your people,
Which I turn off, and take your will abroad with ye;
Take all these freely, but take me no more:
And so, farewell.
Duke. Nay, sir, you shall not carry it [*Draws.*

89 *this little . . . mischief*] i. e. his sword.
102 [*my*]] Inserted Colman, Weber and Dyce. 104 *dare*] Q. F *dares.*
105 *too*] Would seem to be misplaced by a mistake of the transcriber or printer; and Seward was probably right in giving the passage as follows—
"I 'll make him draw your coach,
And eat your coach *too* (which will be hard diet)," etc. (Dyce),
but like him and his two predecessors we leave the text.
111, 126 s.d. Draws] Both added Weber.

So bravely off; you shall not wrong a lady
In a high huffing strain, and think to bear it:
We stand not by as bawds to your brave fury,
To see a lady weep.
Leon. They are tears of anger,
I beseech ye note 'em not worth pity,
Wrung from her rage, because her will prevails not
(She would sownd now, if she could not cry);
Else they were excellent, and I should grieve too;
But falling thus, they shew nor sweet nor orient.
Put up, my lord; this is oppression,
And calls the sword of justice to relieve me,
The law to lend her hand, the king to right me;
All which shall understand how you provoke me.
In mine own house to brave me! is this princely?
Then to my guard! and, if I spare your grace,
[*Draws.*
And do not make this place your monument,
Too rich a tomb for such a rude behaviour,
(I have a cause will kill a thousand of ye!)
Mercy forsake me!
Juan. Hold, fair sir, I beseech ye!
The gentleman but pleads his own right nobly.
Leon. He that dares strike against the husband's freedom,
The husband's curse stick to him, a tamed cuckold!
His wife be fair and young, but most dishonest,
Most impudent, and have no feeling of it,
No conscience to reclaim her from a monster!
Let her lie by him like a flattering ruin,
And at one instant kill both name and honour!
Let him be lost, no eye to weep his end,
Nor find no earth that 's base enough to bury him!—

113 *bear it*] support, maintain, make it good.

116 *note 'em*] F (not Q) placed a comma after *'em*, followed by Seward, which led Colman, Weber and Dyce to print *I beseech . . . 'em* in a parenthesis. The Q reading, here followed, means 'put not the note or mark of pity upon them.' Seward inserted *do* before *beseech*.

118 *sownd*] Q. F *swound*, followed by Dyce, who cites *The Faithful Shepherdess*, III. i., where it rhymes to *ground*. The first three editors *swoon*, Seward inserting *e'en* before it.

120 *nor orient*] i. e. not like pearls.

129] Seward transposed this line with *Mercy forsake me!* Colman restored the order, rightly placing this line in a parenthesis.

Now, sir, fall on! I am ready to oppose ye.
Duke. I have better thought. I pray, sir, use your wife well.
Leon. Mine own humanity will teach me that, sir.—
And now you are all welcome, all, and we 'll to dinner:
This is my wedding-day.
Duke. [*Aside.*] I 'll cross your joy yet.
Juan. I have seen a miracle. Hold thine own, soldier!
Sure, they dare fight in fire that conquer women.
Sanc. H'as beaten all my loose thoughts out of me,
As if he had thresh'd 'em out o' th' husk.

Enter PEREZ.

Perez. Save ye!
Which is the lady of the house?
Leon. That 's she, sir,
That pretty lady, if you would speak with her.
Juan. Don Michael——
Leon. [*Aside.*] Another darer come.
Perez. Pray, do not know me; I am full of business:
When I have more time I 'll be merry with ye.—
[*Aside.*] It is the woman.—Good madam, tell me truly,
Had you a maid call'd Estefania?
Marg. Yes, truly, had I.
Perez. Was she a maid, do you think?
Marg. I dare not swear for her;
For she had but a scant fame.
Perez. Was she your kinswoman?
Marg. Not that I ever knew. Now I look better,
I think you married her: give you much joy, sir!
You may reclaim her; 'twas a wild young girl.
Perez. Give me a halter!—Is not this house mine, madam?
Was not she owner of it? pray, speak truly.

145 s.d. Aside] Added Colman.
152 *Don Michael*—Leon. etc.] The line is printed as one speech of Juan in Q, F, Seward, Colman and Weber; the comma at *Michael* first in F: both Q, F give one at *Leon*. Dyce, following Heath's MS. suggestion, printed *Leon* as a prefix: we follow, adding 'Aside': but a word seems lost.
155 s.d. Aside] Dyce; Weber having marked dash.
160 *much*] Omitted F.

Marg. No, certainly; I am sure my money paid for it;
And I ne'er remember yet I gave it you, sir.
Perez. The hangings and the plate too?
Marg. All are mine, sir,
And every thing you see about the building:
She only kept my house when I was absent,
And so ill kept it, I was weary of her.
Sanc. What a devil ails he?
Juan. Is possess'd, I 'll assure you.
Perez. Where is your maid?
Marg. Do not you know that have her?
She is yours now; why should I look after her?
Since that first hour I came, I never saw her.
Perez. I saw her later.—[*Aside.*] Would the devil had had her!
It is all true, I find; a wild-fire take her!
Juan. Is thy wife with child, Don Michael? thy excellent wife?
Art thou a man yet?
Alon. When shall we come and visit thee?
Sanc. And eat some rare fruit? thou hast admirable orchards.
You are so jealous now! pox o' your jealousy,
How scurvily you look!
Perez. Prithee, leave fooling;
I am in no humour now to fool and prattle.—
Did she ne'er play the wag with you?
Marg. Yes, many times,
So often that I was ashamed to keep her;
But I forgave her, sir, in hope she would mend still;
And, had not you o' th' instant married her,
I had put her off.
Perez. I thank ye.—[*Aside.*] I am blest still!
Which way soe'er I turn, I am a made man!
Miserably gull'd beyond recovery!
Juan. You 'll stay and dine?
Perez. Certain I cannot, captain.
Hark in thine ear; I am the arrant'st puppy,
The miserablest ass! but I must leave ye;

170 *Is*] Q. *He 's* F.
174, 186] Asides added by Dyce, and justified by l. 190.

I am in haste, in haste!—Bless ye, good madam,
An you prove as good as my wife! [*Exit.*
Leon. Will you come near, sir? will your grace but honour me,
And taste our dinner? you are nobly welcome:
All anger's past, I hope, and I shall serve ye.
Juan. Thou art the stock of men, and I admire thee. [*Exeunt.*

193 *An you*] So Dyce, for *And you* of Q, F. Seward, Colman and Weber, misunderstanding, inserted *may* before *you*.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Seville. A street.

Enter PEREZ.

Perez. I 'll go to a conjuror but I 'll find this polecat,
This pilfering whore. A plague of veils, I cry,
And covers for the impudence of women!
Their sanctity in show will deceive devils.

Enter ESTEFANIA, *with a casket.*

[*Aside.*] It is my evil angel; let me bless me!
Estef. [*Aside.*] 'Tis he; I am caught; I must stand to it stoutly,
And shew no shake of fear; I see he is angry,
Vex'd at the uttermost.
Perez. My worthy wife,
I have been looking of your modesty
All the town over.
Estef. My most noble husband,
I am glad I have found ye; for, in truth, I am weary,
Weary and lame, with looking out your lordship.
Perez. I have been in bawdy-houses.
Estef. I believe ye,—
And very lately too.
Perez. Pray ye, pardon me;—
To seek your ladyship. I have been in cellars,
In private cellars, where the thirsty bawds
Hear your confessions: I have been at plays,
To look you out amongst the youthful actors:
At puppet-shows (you are mistress of the motions):

IV. i. 5, 6] Asides first in Dyce.
5 *bless me*] cross myself.—Weber.
7 *shake*] Q, F and all editors.
15 *ladyship.*] Q, F, Seward read comma.
19 *motions*] i. e. puppets (used with a quibble).—Weber.

At gossipings I hearken'd after ye,
But amongst those confusions of lewd tongues
There 's no distinguishing beyond a Babel:
I was amongst the nuns, because you sing well;
But they say yours are bawdy songs, they mourn for ye:
And last I went to church to seek you out;
'Tis so long since you were there, they have forgot ye.
Estef. You have had a pretty progress: I 'll tell mine now.
To look you out, I went to twenty taverns——
Perez. And are you sober?
Estef. Yes, I reel not yet, sir;——
Where I saw twenty drunk, most of 'em soldiers;
There I had great hope to find you disguised too:
From hence to th' dicing-house; there I found quarrels
Needless and senseless, swords, and pots, and candlesticks,
Tables, and stools, and all in one confusion,
And no man knew his friend: I left this chaos,
And to the chirurgeon's went; he will'd me stay,
"For," says he learnedly, "if he be tippled,
Twenty to one he whores, and then I hear of him;
If he be mad, he quarrels, then he comes too":
I sought ye where no safe thing would have ventured,
Amongst diseases base and vild, vild women,
For I remember'd your old Roman axiom,—
The more the danger, still the more the honour:
Last, to your confessor I came, who told me,
You were too proud to pray: and here I have found ye.
Perez. [*Aside.*] She bears up bravely, and the rogue is witty;

20 *gossipings*] christenings.
31 *disguised*] of being drunk. Cf. *Scornful Lady*, V. i. 27, 'I was disguised indeed, sir, if I wrong'd you.'
32 *quarrels*] With l. 33 Q, F; corrected Seward.
37–9 "*For*," *etc.*] Inverted commas first in Weber.
41 *vild, vild*] Q. F *vile, vile.*
42–3 *your old Roman axiom, etc.*] Possibly Ter., *Heaut.*, II. iii. 73, 'Non fit sine periclo facinus magnum et memorabile.' In *The Mad Lover*, I. i. 273, Picus, chaffing Chilax on the soldier's life, says, 'Tanto melior: For so much the more danger, the more honour.'
46 s.d. Aside] Added Weber.

But I shall dash it instantly to nothing.—
Here leave we off our wanton languages,
And now conclude we in a sharper tongue.
Why am I cozen'd?
Estef. Why am I abused?
Perez. Thou most vild, base, abominable——
Estef. Captain!
Perez. Thou stinking, over-stew'd, poor, pocky——
Estef. Captain!
Perez. Do you echo me?
Estef. Yes, sir, and go before ye,
And round about ye! Why do you rail at me
For that that was your own sin, your own knavery?
Perez. And brave me too?
Estef. You had best now draw your sword, captain!
Draw it upon a woman, do, brave captain!
Upon your wife, oh, most renowned captain!
Perez. A plague upon thee! answer me directly;
Why didst thou marry me?
Estef. To be my husband;
I had thought you had had infinite, but I 'm cozen'd.
Perez. Why didst thou flatter me, and shew me wonders,
A house and riches, when they are but shadows,
Shadows to me?
Estef. Why did you work on me
(It was but my part to requite you, sir)
With your strong soldier's wit, and swore you would bring me
So much in chains, so much in jewels, husband,
So much in right rich clothes?
Perez. Thou hast 'em, rascal;
I gave 'em to thy hands, my trunks and all,
And thou hast open'd 'em, and sold my treasure.
Estef. Sir, there 's your treasure; sell it to a tinker
To mend old kettles: is this noble usage?
Let all the world view here the captain's treasure!
A man would think now, these were worthy matters:
[*Opens the casket.*

50 *Why am I cozen'd?*] Q, F and Seward give this, as well as *Why am I abused?* to Estefania. Colman was probably right in correcting as here (followed by all succeeding editors), since Q, F make two lines of the speech.
74 s.d. Opens, etc.] Added Weber.

Here 's a shoeing-horn-chain gilt over,—how it scenteth!
Worse than the mouldy dirty heel it served for;
And here 's another of a lesser value,
So little I would shame to tie my dog in 't:
These are my jointure! Blush, and save a labour,
Or these else will blush for ye.
Perez. A fire subtle ye!
Are ye so crafty?
Estef. Here 's a goodly jewel;
Did not you win this at Goletta, captain?
Or took it in the field from some brave bashaw?
How it sparkles—like an old lady's eyes!
And fills each room with light—like a close lanthorn!
This would do rarely in an abbey window,
To cozen pilgrims.
Perez. Prithee, leave prating.
Estef. And here 's a chain of whitings' eyes for pearls;
A muscle-monger would have made a better.
Perez. Nay, prithee, wife, my clothes, my clothes!
Estef. I 'll tell yee;
Your clothes are parallels to these,—all counterfeit:
Put these and them on, you are a man of copper,
A kind of candlestick: these you thought, my husband,
To have cozen'd me withal, but I am quit with you.
Perez. Is there no house, then, nor no grounds about it?

80 *subtle*] No doubt for 'subtilize,' refine. No instance quoted.

82 *Goletta*] "The memorable siege of Goletta, on the coast of Barbary, is well known from the immortal work of Cervantes, where the captive gives a very animated account of it. See *Don Quixote*, Ed. Madrid, 1788, 8vo, vol. iii., p. 234."—Weber. It is found in Pt. I. Bk. iv. ch. 12. Don John of Austria, having conquered Tunis in 1573, and fortified Goletta between the sea and the lake of Tunis, the Turks besieged and captured the fort in the following year, bringing, says Cervantes, 75,000 men, besides 400,000 Moors and Arabs, against the garrison of only 7000. Charles V. had taken it by storm in 1535.

83 *bashaw*] Like *basso, bassa*, an early English form of the Turkish title *pasha*.

86–7 *in an abbey window, To cozen pilgrims*] On whom a bit of glass in the window might be palmed off as a jewel from some shrine that had held the relics of a saint, such as that of St. Engelbert in the Treasury at Cologne.

87 *Prithee*] Misprinted *Ptithee* F.

88 *whitings' eyes*] i. e. any frail rubbish. In Wycherley's *Gent. Dancing-Master*, IV. i. the term is said to equal the older 'sheep's-eyes' (*Cent. Dict.*).

91 *parallels*] e. g. sham cloth of gold or gold lace.

No plate nor hangings?
Estef. There are none, sweet husband;
Shadow for shadow is an equal justice.
Can you rail now? pray, put your fury up, sir,
And speak great words; you are a soldier; thunder!
Perez. I will speak little; I have play'd the fool,
And so I am rewarded.
Estef. You have spoke well, sir;
And, now I see you are so conformable,
I 'll heighten you again: go to your house,
They are packing to be gone; you must sup there;
I 'll meet ye, and bring clothes and clean shirts after,
And all things shall be well.—[*Aside.*] I 'll colt ye once more,
And teach you to bring copper!
Perez. Tell me one thing,
I do beseech thee tell me, tell me truth, wife,
(However, I forgive thee,) art thou honest?
The beldame swore——
Estef. I bid her tell you so, sir;
It was my plot. Alas, my credulous husband!
The lady told you too——
Perez. Most strange things of thee.
Estef. Still 'twas my way, and all to try your sufferance:
And she denied the house?
Perez. She knew me not,
No, nor no title that I had.
Estef. 'Twas well carried.
No more; I am right and straight.
Perez. I would believe thee,
But Heaven knows how my heart is. Will ye follow me?
Estef. I 'll be there straight.

98 *put your fury up*] Q and Kirkman. F *put up your fury*, altering the sense, which, as Seward saw, is 'put forth your fury.'

103–4 *your house, etc.*] i. e. she retracts her admission of l. 96, and 'colts him once more with the hope of great possessions.

106 s.d. Aside] Supplied Seward.

106 *colt*] i. e. fool, trick.—Reed, quoting 1 *Henry IV.*, II. ii., 'What a plague mean you to colt me thus?'

109 *However*] In any case.

110 *I bid her tell you so*] Of course this is her invention. Cf. III. iv. 62 note.

[illegible] (Aside.) I am [illegible] he dare not know it.

Exit Perez.

Estif. [illegible] thou must be a great [illegible]

[illegible] but for our private service

Thou art an ass [illegible] take thee so, or [illegible]

Enter Cacafogo.

Here comes another trout that I must tickle,
And tickle daintily, I have lost my end else.
May I crave your leave, sir?

Cac. Prithee, be answer'd, thou shalt crave no leave:
I am in my meditations; do not vex me.—
(*Aside.*) A beaten thing, but this hour a most bruised thing,
That people had compassion on, it look'd so:
The next, Sir Palmerin: here's fine proportion!
An ass, and then an elephant: sweet justice!
There's no way left to come at her now, no craving:
If money could come near, yet I would pay him:
I have a mind to make him a huge cuckold,
And money may do much: a thousand ducats?
'Tis but the letting blood of a rank heir.

Estif. Pray ye, hear me.

Cac. I know thou hast some wedding-ring to pawn now,
Of silver and gilt, with a blind posy in't,
Love and a mill-horse should go round together,
Or thy child's whistle, or thy squirrel's chain:

118 (*Aside*)] Added Dyce. The Copper Captain's distrust, however, does not extend to his ownership of the house. Cf. IV. iii. 128 *sqq.*

127 (*Aside*)] Added Dyce; Weber having marked a dash.

128 *on, it*] Q. F *on it*.

129 *Sir Palmerin*] "Rather Palmerin of England, or Palmerin de Oliva," etc. Weber. The English translations of both romances were by Anthony Munday. Cf. *Knight of Burning Pestle*, I. iii.—Dyce.

132 *pay him*, i.e. pay him out.

134 *a thousand ducats*:] The sum, which has occurred to Cacafogo before (III. v. 75), suggests to Estefania the amount of her demand below (l. 155), and is appropriate as enabling her to secure for herself the full value set by Perez on his worthless trinkets (I. vi. 61).

140 *thy squirrel's chain*] Cf. Lyly's *Endimion* (1585), II. ii. 138, '*Top*. . . . What is that the gentlewoman carrieth in a chaine? *Epi*. Why it is a Squirrill'—on which Fairholt notes that the Tapestry of Nancy, found in Charles the Bold's tent after the siege in 1476, shows a lady of rank seated with a favourite squirrel secured to her wrist by a chain.

I 'll none of 'em.—[*Aside.*] I would she did but know me,
Or would this fellow had but use of money,
That I might come in any way!
Estef. I am gone, sir;
And I shall tell the beauty sent me to ye,
The Lady Margarita——
Cac. Stay, I prithee;
What is thy will? I turn me wholly to ye;
And talk now till thy tongue ache; I will hear ye.
Estef. She would entreat ye, sir——
Cac. She shall command, sir:
Let it be so, I beseech thee, my sweet gentlewoman;
Do not forget thyself.
Estef. She does command, then,
This courtesy, because she knows you are noble——
Cac. Your mistress by the way?
Estef. My natural mistress——
Upon these jewels, sir——they are fair and rich,
And, view 'em, right——
Cac. To doubt 'em is an heresy.
Estef. A thousand ducats; 'tis upon necessity
Of present use; her husband, sir, is stubborn.
Cac. Long may he be so!
Estef. She desires withal
A better knowledge of your parts and person;
And, when you please to do her so much honour——
Cac. Come, let 's despatch.
Estef. In troth, I have heard her say, sir,
Of a fat man, she has not seen a sweeter.
But in this business, sir——
Cac. Let 's do it first,
And then dispute; the lady's use may long for 't.
Estef. All secrecy she would desire: she told me

141 s.d. Aside] Added Dyce; a dash in Weber.
148 *sir* (the second)] As above, II. iv. 49, III. iv. 12.
152 *way?*] F. Q *way*. The meaning is, 'This is merely a casual mission? You are not in her regular service?' Colman and his successors, by inserting a comma at mistress, change the sense.
153 *Upon*] 'On the security of.' Continues the construction of *entreat*, l. 148.
154 *right*] i. e. not counterfeit, real; compare *Love's Cure*, III. ii., where Piorato asks the steward Bobadilla, 'Is your chain [a new *gold* one] right?'—Dyce.

How wise you are.
Cac. We are not wise to talk thus; 165
Carry her the gold; I'll look her out a jewel
Shall sparkle like her eyes, and thee another.
Come, prithee come: I long to serve thy lady,
Long monstrously.—[*Aside.*] Now, valour, I shall meet ye,
You that dare dukes!
Estef. [*Aside.*] Green goose, you are now in sippets. 170
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another street.

Enter the DUKE, SANCHIO, JUAN, ALONZO.

Duke. He shall not have his will, I shall prevent him;
I have a toy here that will turn the tide,
And suddenly, and strangely. Here, Don Juan,
Do you present it to him. [*Gives him a paper.*
Juan. I am commanded. [*Exit.*
Duke. A fellow founded out of charity, 5
And moulded to the height, contemn his maker,
Curb the free hand that framed him! this must not be.
Sanc. That such an oyster-shell should hold a pearl,
And of so rare a price, in prison! Was she made
To be the matter of her own undoing, 10

169, 170 s.d. Aside] Dyce and Weber.

169 *meet ye*] i. e. be a match for you, the same as 'meet with'; cf. note on II. iv. 68.

170 *in sippets*] The small pieces of toast or fried bread served with certain dishes, e. g. minced meat (*Cent. Dict.*). Equivalent to the modern slang, 'on toast.'

Sc. II. 3 *Here*] *Heere* Q. F *Hear.*

4 s.d. Gives, etc.] Added Weber.

5 *founded*] i. e. living upon a charitable foundation.—Weber. Here the word is equivalent to—raised, supported.—Dyce. Cacurgus, the domestic Fool in *Misogonus*, addresses his patron as 'Vounder!'

9 *Was she made*] With l. 10 Q, F. Corrected Weber; Seward and Colman keeping *made* with l. 10.

10 *the matter of her own undoing*] So Q, F. *Matter* for 'cause' is an odd use, as Seward felt. He suggested *maker of her own undoing*, i. e. maker of *Leon*, as l. 6.

To let a slovenly unwieldy fellow,
Unruly and self-will'd, dispose her beauties?
We suffer all, sir, in this sad eclipse;
She should shine where she might shew like herself,
An absolute sweetness, to comfort those admire her,
And shed her beams upon her friends. We are gull'd all,
And all the world will grumble at your patience,
If she be ravish'd thus.
Duke. Ne'er fear it, Sanchio;
We 'll have her free again, and move at court
In her clear orb. But one sweet handsomeness
To bless this part of Spain, and have that slubber'd!
Alon. 'Tis every good man's cause, and we must stir in it.
Duke. I 'll warrant he shall be glad to please us,
And glad to share too: we shall hear anon
A new song from him; let 's attend a little. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An apartment in the house of MARGARITA.

Enter LEON *with a paper, and* JUAN.

Leon. Colonel, I am bound to you for this nobleness.
I should have been your officer, 'tis true, sir;
And a proud man I should have been to have served you;
'T has pleased the king, out of his boundless favours,
To make me your companion; this commission
Gives me a troop of horse.
Juan. I rejoice at it,
And am a glad man we shall gain your company:
I am sure the king knows you are newly married,
And out of that respect gives you more time, sir.
Leon. Within four days I am gone, so he commands me,

23 *I'll warrant he*] Seward silently printed "*I 'll warrant* ye *he.*"
Sc. III. s.d. Enter . . . Juan] Dyce. Q 'Ent. Leon, and Juan with a Commission,' and so F, adding comma at 'Juan.'
6 *I rejoice*] Q. F *I do rejoice*, followed by Seward only.

And 'tis not mannerly for me to argue it;
The time grows shorter still. Are your goods ready?
Juan. They are aboard.
Leon. Who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir?
Leon. Do you hear, ho!
Go, carry this unto your mistress, sir,
And let her see how much the king has honour'd me;
Bid her be lusty, she must make a soldier.
[*Exit* Servant *with paper.*
[Lorenzo!]

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Sir?
Leon. Go, take down all the hangings,
And pack up all my clothes, my plate and jewels,
And all the furniture that 's portable.—
Sir, when we lie in garrison, 'tis necessary
We keep a handsome port, for the king's honour.—
And, do you hear, let all your lady's wardrobe
Be safely placed in trunks; they must along too.
Lor. Whither must they go, sir?
Leon. To the wars, Lorenzo,
And you and all; I will not leave a turn-spit,
That has one dram of spleen against a Dutchman.
Lor. Why, then, St. Jaques, hey! you have made us all; sir;
And, if we leave ye——Does my lady go too?
Leon. The stuff must go to-morrow towards the sea, sir;
All, all must go.
Lor. Why, Pedro, Vasco, Diego!
Come, help me; come, come, boys; soldadoes, comrades!

16 s.d. Exit . . . paper] Dyce. Q, F 'Exit.'
17 [*Lorenzo!*]] Inserted Sympson, Seward, Weber and Dyce.
17 Leon.] The prefix, omitted Q, F and Seward, was supplied by Colman.
20, 21] Weber and Dyce placed these two lines between dashes, as addressed to Juan.
28 *ye*——] F substitutes break for comma of Q
30 *Diego*] Colman, for *Dego* of Q, F.

We'll flay these beer-bellied rogues: come away quickly! [*Exit.*

Juan. [*Aside.*] H'as taken a brave way to save his honour,
And cross the duke; now I shall love him dearly:
By the life of credit, thou art a noble gentleman!

Enter MARGARITA, *led by two* Ladies.

Leon. Why, how now, wife! what, sick at my preferment?
This is not kindly done.
Marg. No sooner love ye,
Love ye entirely, sir, brought to consider
The goodness of your mind and mine own duty,
But lose you instantly, be divorced from ye?
This is a cruelty: I'll to the king,
And tell him 'tis unjust to part two souls,
Two minds so nearly mix'd.
Leon. By no means, sweetheart.
Marg. If he were married but four days, as I am——
Leon. [*Aside.*] He would hang himself the fifth, or fly his country.
Marg. He would make it treason for that tongue that durst
But talk of war, or any thing to vex him.
You shall not go.
Leon. Indeed, I must, sweet wife.
What, shall I lose the king for a few kisses?
We'll have enough.
Marg. I'll to the duke my cousin;
He shall to th' king.
Leon. He did me this great office,
I thank his grace for 't; should I pray him now
To undo 't again, fie, 'twere a base discredit!
Marg. Would I were able, sir, to bear you company;
How willing should I be then, and how merry!
I will not live alone.
Leon. Be in peace; you shall not. [*Knock within.*

33 s.d. Aside] Added Weber.
45 s.d. Aside] Added Seward and all editors.
56 s.d. Knock within] Q, F.

Marg. What knocking's this? Oh, Heaven, my head!—Why, rascals!—
I think the war's begun i' th' house already.
Leon. The preparation is; they are taking down
And packing up the hangings, plate, and jewels,
And all those furnitures that shall befit me
When I lie in garrison.

Enter Coachman.

Coachman. Must the coach go too, sir?
Leon. How will your lady pass to th' sea else easily?
We shall find shipping for 't there to transport it.
Marg. I go? alas!
Leon. I 'll have a main care of ye;
I know ye are sickly; he shall drive the easier,
And all accommodation shall attend ye.
Marg. Would I were able!
Leon. Come, I warrant ye;
Am not I with ye, sweet?—Are her clothes pack'd up,
And all her linens?—Give your maids direction;
You know my time 's but short, and I am commanded.
Marg. Let me have a nurse,
And all such necessary people with me,
And an easy bark.
Leon. It shall not trot, I warrant ye;
Curvet it may sometimes.
Marg. I am with child, sir.
Leon. At four days' warning? this is something speedy.
Do you conceive, as our jennets do, with a west wind?
My heir will be an arrant fleet one, lady:
I 'll swear you were a maid when I first lay with ye.
Marg. Pray, do not swear; I thought I was a maid too;

70 *linens*] *linnens* Q. F *linnen*.

77 *conceive, as our jennets do, with a west wind?*] Dyce quotes *Valentinian*, IV. i., 'your wanton jennets | That are so proud the wind gets 'em with fillies,' and *Woman's Prize*, II. iv. 46–7 (of women), 'a genealogy of jennets, gotten | And born thus by the boisterous breath of husbands.' Cf. Arist., *De Animal. Hist.*, vi. 18, Λέγονται δὲ [αἱ ἵπποι] καὶ ἐξανεμοῦσθαι, περὶ τὸν καιρὸν κ.τ.λ., whence Virg., *Georg.*, iii. 273 *sqq.*, 'sine ullis | Conjugiis vento gravidæ,' etc. Conington's note on the latter says Varro 2. 1, assigns the phenomenon to the neighbourhood of Lisbon, confirmed by Columella, l. c., himself a Spaniard. Weber says Frontino, Ruggiero's horse in Ariosto, has this origin; but we do not find the passage. [On the subject of "hippogony" see vol. v. of Southey's delightful *Doctor*.—A. H. B.]

But we may both be cozen'd in that point, sir.
Leon. In such a strait point, sure, I could not err, madam.
Juan. [*Aside.*] This is another tenderness to try him ;
Fetch her up now.
Marg. You must provide a cradle ;
And what a trouble 's that !
Leon. The sea shall rock it,
'Tis the best nurse ; 'twill roar and rock together ;
A swinging storm will sing you such a lullaby !
Marg. Faith, let me stay ; I shall but shame ye, sir.
Leon. An you were a thousand shames, you shall along with me ;
At home I am sure you 'll prove a million :
Every man carries the bundle of his sins
Upon his own back ; you are mine ; I 'll sweat for ye.

Enter DUKE, ALONZO, SANCHIO.

Duke. What, sir, preparing for your noble journey ?
'Tis well, and full of care,
I saw your mind was wedded to the war,
And knew you would prove some good man for your country ;
Therefore, fair cousin, with your gentle pardon,
I got this place. What, mourn at his advancement ?
You are to blame ; he will come again, sweet cousin ;
Mean time, like sad Penelope and sage,
Amongst your maids at home, and huswifely——
Leon. No, sir, I dare not leave her to that solitariness ;
She is young, and grief, or ill news from those quarters,
May daily cross her ; she shall go along, sir.
Duke. By no means, captain.
Leon. By all means, an 't please ye.
Duke. What, take a young and tender-bodied lady,
And expose her to those dangers, and those tumults ;
A sickly lady too ?
Leon. 'Twill make her well, sir ;
There 's no such friend to health as wholesome travel.
Sanc. Away ! it must not be.

83 s.d. Aside] Added Weber.
89 *An*] Colman, Weber, Dyce. Q, F *And*.
101 *huswifely*——] The break by Colman for full stop of Q, F.

Juan. It must not, sir:
[illegible]
Leon. I cannot blame her fears: fright her with [illegible]
[illegible]
I dare swear if she were able——
Leon. She is most able:
And pray ye swear not; she must go, there's no remedy;
Nor greatness nor the trick you had to part us,
Which I smelt too rank, too open, too evident,
(And I must tell you, sir, 'tis most unnoble)
Shall hinder me: had she but ten hours life,
Nay less, but two hours, I would have her with me;
I would not leave her fame to so much ruin,
To such a desolation and discredit
As her weakness and your hot will would work her to.

Enter PEREZ.

What masque is this now?
More tropes and figures to abuse my sufferance?
What cousin's this?

Juan. Michael Van Owl, how dost thou?
In what dark barn, or tod of aged ivy,
Hast thou lien hid?

Perez. Things must both ebb and flow, colonel,
And people must conceal, and shine again—
You are welcome hither, as your friend may say, gentlemen;
A pretty house, ye see, handsomely seated,
Sweet and convenient walks, the waters crystal.

Alon. He's certain mad.

Juan. As mad as a French tailor,
That has nothing in 's head but ends of fustians.

Perez. I see you are packing now, my gentle cousin,

114 *able——*] Break by Colman for full stop of Q. F.
127 *tod*, "i. e. bush. The text alludes to the following rhyme, popular to this day—

'How Cain in the land of Nod,
When the rascal was all alone,
Like *an owl in an ivy tod*,
Built a city as big as Roan.'"—Weber.

130 *gentlemen*] Seward and all editors for *Gentleman* of Q, F.
135 *cousin*] Cf. II. iv. 94.

And my wife told me I should find it so;
'Tis true I do. You were merry when I was last here,
But 'twas your will to try my patience, madam.
I am sorry that my swift occasions
Can let you take your pleasure here no longer;
Yet I would have you think, my honour'd cousin,
This house and all I have are all your servants.
Leon. What house, what pleasure, sir? what do you mean?
Perez. You hold the jest so stiff, 'twill prove discourteous:
This house I mean, the pleasures of this place.
Leon. And what of them?
Perez. They are mine, sir, and you know it;
My wife's, I mean, and so conferr'd upon me:
The hangings, sir, I must entreat your servants,
That are so busy in their offices,
Again to minister to their right uses;
I shall take view o' th' plate anon, and furnitures
That are of under place. You are merry still, cousin,
And of a pleasant constitution;
Men of great fortunes make their mirths *ad placitum.*
Leon. Prithee, good stubborn wife, tell me directly,
Good evil wife, leave fooling, and tell me honestly,
Is this my kinsman?
Marg. I can tell ye nothing.
Leon. I have many kinsmen; but so mad a one,
And so fantastic——All the house?
Perez. All mine,
And all within it: I will not bate ye an ace on 't.
Can you not receive a noble courtesy,
And quietly and handsomely, as ye ought, coz,
But you must ride o' th' top on 't?
Leon. Canst thou fight?
Perez. I 'll tell ye presently; I could have done, sir.
Leon. For ye must law and claw before ye get it.
Juan. Away; no quarrels!
Leon. Now I am more temperate,
I 'll have it proved if you were never yet in Bedlam,
Never in love (for that 's a lunacy),

136 *my wife told me*] Cf. IV. i. 104.
159 *fantastic——*] Break in F for comma of Q.

No great state left ye that you never look'd for
Nor cannot manage (that's a rank distemper),
That you were christen'd, and who answer'd for ye;
And then I yield.
Perez. H'as half persuaded me I was bred i' th' moon:
I have ne'er a bush at my breech. Are not we both mad?
And is not this a fantastic house we are in,
And all a dream we do? Will ye walk out, sir?
And, if I do not beat thee presently
Into a sound belief as sense can give thee,
Brick me into that wall there for a chimney-piece,
And say I was one o' th' Cæsars, done by a seal-cutter.
Leon. I 'll talk no more; come, we 'll away immediately.
Marg. Why, then, the house is his, and all that 's in it;—
[*Aside.*] I 'll give away my skin, but I 'll undo ye!—
I gave it to his wife: you must restore, sir,
And make a new provision.
Perez. Am I mad now,
Or am I christen'd? You, my pagan cousin,
My mighty Mahound kinsman, what quirk now?—
You shall be welcome all; I hope to see, sir,
Your grace here, and my coz; we are all soldiers,
And must do naturally for one another.
Duke. Are ye blank at this? then I must tell ye, sir,
Ye have no command: now ye may go at pleasure,
And ride your ass-troop: 'twas a trick I used
To try your jealousy, upon entreaty,
And saving of your wife.
Leon. All this not moves me,
Nor stirs my gall, nor alters my affections.

169 *state*] i. e. estate.

174 *a bush*] "An allusion to the bush, one of the attributes of the man in the moon," etc.—Weber.

183 s.d. Aside] Weber. First marked by a parenthesis in Colman.

187 *Mahound*] i. e. Mahomet. Here for 'swaggering'; cf. V. v. 135–8. Colman.

193 *used*] F *us'd*. Q *use*.

195 *saving*] So Q, F and all editors, Dyce rejecting Colman and Weber's proposal to read *craving*. We may perhaps interpret as 'regard for,' but no other instance is quoted.

You have more furniture, more houses, lady,
And rich ones too ; I will make bold with those ;
And you have land i' th' Indies, as I take it ;
Thither we 'll go, and view a while those climates,
Visit your factors there, that may betray ye :
'Tis done : we must go.
Marg. Now thou art a brave gentleman,
And, by this sacred light, I love thee dearly !—
[*To* PEREZ.] The house is none of yours, I did but jest, sir ;
Nor you are no coz of mine ; I beseech ye vanish ;
I tell you plain, you have no more right than he has :
Thou senseless thing ! your wife has once more fool'd ye :
Go ye, and consider !
Leon. Good morrow, my sweet cousin !
I should be glad, sir——
Perez. By this hand, she dies for 't,
Or any man that speaks for her ! [*Exit* PEREZ.
Juan. These are fine toys.
Marg. Let me request you stay but one poor month,
You shall have a commission, and I 'll go too ;
Give me but will so far.
Leon. Well, I will try ye.—
Good morrow to your grace ; we have private business.
Duke. [*Aside.*] If I miss thee again, I am an arrant bungler.

204 s.d. To Perez] Added Weber.

206–7 *than he has : / Thou senseless thing ! your wife etc.*] Q, F have *then he / Has, that senselesse thing, your wife etc.* Seward, omitting *he*, read *than has / That senseless thing. Your wife etc.*, holding *senseless thing* inapplicable to any of the characters save the absent Cacafogo, and that she points 'to a chair, table or anything near her.' But, metrically, *than he has* is much more like Fletcher. Colman, followed by Weber and Dyce, read *than he has ; That, senseless thing, your wife etc.*, applying *senseless thing* to Perez, and *than he has* to 'any indifferent person in the company,' and (we suppose) taking *That* as 'In that respect.' Mason, explaining *than he has* as Colman, proposed *Thou senseless thing.* We adopt this : Weber owned it plausible. After ll. 202–3 we can hardly refer *than he has* to Leon, though his conquest of her is not yet complete. The emphasis of l. 183 inclines us to suspect her *volte face* here merely as the abandonment of a ruse she sees is useless, and to refer *than he has* to the duke, as intended, like ll. 202–3, to lull Leon's suspicion. Her sincerity at ll. 211–12 is sufficiently negatived by V. iii. But query *than* she *has*, i. e. Estefania ?

215 s.d. Aside] Added Weber. The duke recognizes that her request of a month's delay has given him a new chance.

Juan. Thou shalt have my command, and I 'll march
under thee;
Nay, be thy boy, before thou shalt be baffled,
Thou art so brave a fellow.
Alon. I have seen visions. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Seville. A garden belonging to the house of MARGARITA.

Enter LEON *with a letter, and* MARGARITA.

Leon. Come hither, wife; do you know this hand?
Marg. I do, sir;
'Tis Estefania's, that was once my woman.
Leon. She writes to me here, that one Cacafogo,
An usuring jeweller's son (I know the rascal),
Is mortally fall'n in love with ye.
Marg. Is a monster:
Deliver me from mountains!
Leon. [*Aside.*] Do you go a-birding for all sorts of people?—
And this evening will come to ye and shew ye jewels,
And offers any thing to get access to ye:
If I can make or sport or profit on him
(For he is fit for both), she bids me use him;
And so I will, be you conformable,
And follow but my will.
Marg. I shall not fail, sir.
Leon. Will the duke come again, do you think?
Marg. No, sure, sir;
H'as now no policy to bring him hither.
Leon. [*Aside.*] Nor bring you to him, if my wit hold fair, wife—
Let 's in to dinner. [*Exeunt.*

I. i. A garden, etc.] Dyce. Weber 'The same,' i. e. an apartment in M.'s house.
2 *Estefania's*] *Estifanias* Q. F *Estifania.*
5 *Is*] Q, F. *He's* Seward.
7 s.d. Aside] Added Dyce; Colman and Weber having marked a dash.
15 *H'as*] F. Q *Has.*
15 *policy*] subterfuge, excuse.
16 *fair, wife*] So Dyce, rightly. Q, F have no comma anywhere, and the first three editors read *hold, fair wife!* We have marked the line as an aside.

SCENE II.

A street.

Enter PEREZ.

Perez. Had I but lungs enough to bawl sufficiently,
That all the queans in Christendom might hear me,
That men might run away from [the] contagion,
I had my wish: would it were most high treason,
Most infinite high, for any man to marry!
I mean, for any man that would live handsomely,
And like a gentleman, in his wits and credit.
What torments shall I put her to? Phalaris' bull now?
Pox, they love bulling too well, though they smoke for 't:
Cut her a-pieces? every piece will live still,
And every morsel of her will do mischief:
They have so many lives, there 's no hanging of 'em;
They are too light to drown, they are cork and feathers;
To burn too cold, they live like salamanders:
Under huge heaps of stones to bury her,
And so depress her as they did the giants?
She will move under more than built old Babel.
I must destroy her.

Enter CACAFOGO *with a casket.*

Cac. Be cozen'd by a thing of clouts, a she-moth,
That every silk-man's shop breeds! to be cheated,
And of a thousand ducats, by a whim-wham!
Perez. Who 's that is cheated? speak again, thou vision!
But art thou cheated? minister some comfort;
Tell me directly, art thou cheated bravely?

Sc. II. 3 [*the*]] Inserted all editors.
12 *there 's no hanging of 'em*] Weber silently printed "*there is no hanging 'em.*"

Come, prithee, come; art thou so pure a coxcomb
To be undone? do not dissemble with me;
Tell me, I conjure thee.
Cac. Then keep thy circle,
For I am a spirit wild that flies about thee,
And, whoe'er thou art, if thou be'st human,
I 'll let thee plainly know, I am cheated damnably.
Perez. Ha, ha, ha!
Cac. Dost thou laugh? Damnably, I say, most damnably.
Perez. By whom, good spirit? speak, speak! ha, ha, ha!
Cac. I will utter—laugh till thy lungs crack—by a rascal woman,
A lewd, abominable, and plain woman.
Dost thou laugh still?
Perez. I must laugh; prithee, pardon me;
I shall laugh terribly.
Cac. I shall be angry,
Terrible angry; I have cause.
Perez. That 's it,
And 'tis no reason but thou shouldst be angry,
Angry at heart; yet I must laugh still at thee.
By a woman cheated? art sure it was a woman?
Cac. I shall break thy head; my valour itches at thee.
Perez. It is no matter. By a woman cozen'd?
A real woman?
Cac. A real devil;
Plague of her jewels, and her copper chains,
How rank they smell!
Perez. Sweet cozen'd sir, let me see them;
I have been cheated too, (I would have you note that,)
And lewdly cheated, by a woman also,
A scurvy woman; I am undone, sweet sir,
Therefore I must have leave to laugh.
Cac. Pray ye, take it;
You are the merriest undone man in Europe:
What need we fiddles, bawdy songs, and sack,
When our own miseries can make us merry?

29 *whoe'er*] Seward alone *whosoe'er*.
35 *plain woman*] very woman, absolute woman.

Pere. Ha, ha, ha,
I have seen these jewels: what a notable pennyworth
Have you had next your heart! You will not take, sir,
Some twenty ducats——
Cac. You are deceived: I will take——
Pere. To clear your bargain now?
Cac. I 'll take some ten,
Some any thing, some half ten, half a ducat.
Pere. An excellent lapidary set these stones, sure:
Do you mark their waters?
Cac. Quick-sand choke their waters,
And hers that brought 'em too! but I shall find her.
Pere. And so shall I, I hope: but do not hurt her;
You cannot find in all this kingdom
If you had need of cozening as you may have,
For such gross natures will desire it often,
'Tis at some time too a fine variety,
A woman that can cozen ye so neatly.—
[*Aside.*] She has taken half mine anger off with this trick. [*Exit.*
Cac. If I were valiant now, I would kill this fellow;
I have money enough lies by me, at a pinch,
To pay for twenty rascals' lives that vex me.
I 'll to this lady: there I shall be satisfied. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An apartment in the house of MARGARITA.

Enter LEON *and* MARGARITA.

Leon. Come, we 'll away unto your country-house,
And there we 'll learn to live contentedly:

62 *brought*] Seward and all editors. Q, F *bought*.
65 *If*] Dyce alone prints it at end of l. 64.
67 *'Tis*] Q, F, Seward. Other editors *It is*.
67 *at some time*] Seward alone *sometimes*.
69 s.d. Aside] Dyce. A dash in Weber.
Sc. III. 2 *contentedly*] Seward, Colman, Weber. Q, F *contently*, followed by Dyce; but the *N.E.D.* cites no other instance.

This place is full of charge, and full of hurry ;
No part of sweetness dwells about these cities.
Marg. Whither you will, I wait upon your pleasure ;
Live in a hollow tree, sir, I 'll live with ye.
Leon. Ay, now you strike a harmony, a true one,
When your obedience waits upon your husband,
And your sick will aims at the care of honour.
Why, now I dote upon ye, love ye dearly,
And my rough nature falls, like roaring streams,
Clearly and sweetly into your embraces.
Oh, what a jewel is a woman excellent,
A wise, a virtuous, and a noble woman !
When we meet such, we bear our stamps on both sides,
And through the world we hold our current virtues ;
Alone, we are single medals, only faces,
And wear our fortunes out in useless shadows.
Command you now, and ease me of that trouble ;
I 'll be as humble to you as a servant :
Bid whom you please, invite your noble friends,
They shall be welcome all ; visit acquaintance,
Go at your pleasure, now experience
Has link'd you fast unto the chain of goodness !
[*Clashing swords.* *A cry within*, Down with their swords !]
What noise is this ? what dismal cry ?
Marg. 'Tis loud too :
Sure, there 's some mischief done i' th' street.—Look out there !
Leon. Look out, and help !

Enter Servant.

Serv. Oh, sir, the Duke Medina——
Leon. What of the Duke Medina ?
Serv. Oh, sweet gentleman,
Is almost slain !
Marg. Away, away, and help him !

3 *hurry*] gossip, alarming rumour. Again, *Woman's Prize*, II. vi. 32, III. i. 83. See note on the former passage, and cf. Defoe's *Journal of the Plague* (1722), ed. 1896, p. 305, 'Several little Hurries . . . contrived to fright and disorder the People.'
9 *care*] Altered, most unnecessarily, to *cure* by Seward. Dyce.
24 s.d. Clashing . . . their swords] So Q, F.

All the house help! [Exit one Servant.
Leon. How! slain.—Why, Margarita! 30
Why, wife! sure some new device they have about again.
Some trick upon my credit: I shall meet it.
I had rather guide a ship imperial
Alone, and in a storm, than rule one woman.

Enter DUKE, *led in by* MARGARITA, SANCHIO, ALONZO, Servant.

Marg. How came ye hurt, sir? 35
Duke. I fell out with my friend the noble colonel:
My cause was naught, for 'twas about your honour.
And he that wrongs the innocent never prospers:
And he has left me thus. For charity,
Lend me a bed to ease my tortured body. 40
That, ere I perish, I may shew my penitence:
I fear I am slain.
Leon. Help, gentlemen, to carry him.—
There shall be nothing in this house, my lord,
But as your own.
Duke. I thank ye, noble sir.
Leon. To bed with him; and, wife, give your attendance. 45

Enter JUAN.

Juan. Doctors and surgeons!
Duke. Do not disquiet me,
But let me take my leave in peace.
[*Exeunt* DUKE, SANCHIO, ALON., MARG., Servant.
Leon. Afore me,

30 s.d. Exit with Serv.] Dyce; Colman and Weber having printed 'Exeunt Marg. and Serv.' Q, F merely 'Exit Servant.'

30–1] We restore the arrangement of Q, F. Seward omitted *Why*, l. 31. Colman and Weber printed *Why, wife!* and Dyce *Why, wife! Sure* in one line with *How . . . Margarita!*

34 s.d. led in by] Added by Weber to s.d. of Q, F.

39 *thus. For charity,*] Colman, Weber, and Dyce. Q, F *thus for charity,*. Seward saw the error, but pointed *thus; for charity.* (full stop)

47 s.d. Servant] F. Q 'Servants,' having mentioned only one at l. 34.

47 *Afore me,*] The comma is in Q, not in F. We believe it an asseveration, 'God before me!' i. e. 'with God before mine eyes' or 'as God be my protection.' Cf. *Jack Juggler* (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, ii. 113), 'I will conjure the nowl, and God before!'

'Tis rarely counterfeited!
Juan. True, it is so, sir;
And take you heed this last blow do not spoil ye.
He is not hurt, only we made a scuffle,
As though we purposed anger; that same scratch on 's hand
He took, to colour all, and draw compassion,
That he might get into your house more cunningly.
I must not stay. Stand now, and y' are a brave fellow.
Leon. I thank you, noble colonel, and I honour ye.
[*Exit* JUAN.
Never be quiet?

Re-enter MARGARITA.

Marg. He 's most desperate ill, sir;
I do not think these ten months will recover him.
Leon. Does he hire my house to play the fool in,
Or does it stand on fairy ground, we are haunted?
Are all men and their wives troubled with dreams thus?
Marg. What ail you, sir?
Leon. Nay, what ail you, sweet wife,
To put these daily pastimes on my patience?
What dost thou see in me, that I should suffer thus?
Have not I done my part like a true husband,
And paid some desperate debts you never look'd for?
Marg. You have done handsomely, I must confess, sir.
Leon. Have I not kept thee waking like a hawk?
And watch'd thee with delights to satisfy thee,
The very tithes of which had won a widow?
Marg. Alas, I pity ye!
Leon. Thou wilt make me angry:
Thou never saw'st me mad yet.
Marg. You are always;
You carry a kind of Bedlam still about ye.

51 *on 's hand*] With l. 52 Q, F, Seward, Colman, Weber. Corrected Dyce.
59 *Or does it stand on fairy ground, we are haunted?*] The modern editors, not catching the meaning of the line (which is—Or does it stand on fairy ground, *that* we are haunted), point "*Or does it stand on fairy ground? We 're haunted.*" —Dyce.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] I shall be desperate.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And grieve for what you lose.
Marg. I have lost myself, sir,
And all that was my base self, disobedience; [*Kneels.*
My wantonness, my stubbornness, I have lost too.
And now by that pure faith good wives are crown'd with,
By your own nobleness——
Leon. [*Raising her*] I take ye up,
And wear ye next my heart: see ye be worth it.

Enter ALTEA.

Now what with you?
Altea. I come to tell my lady,
There is a fulsome fellow would fain speak with her.
Leon. 'Tis Cacafogo: go, and entertain him,
And draw him on with hopes.
Marg. I shall observe ye.
Leon. I have a rare design upon that gentleman;

82 *reach'd*] Dyce. Q, F *reach*. We substitute *Shall*, l. 83, for *And* of Ff. Mr. Bullen suggests dropping *And* as a compositor's repetition from l. 82, and reading *Go thorough*. Seward altered l. 82 to *And all the servile labours thou shalt reach at*, followed by Colman, who, however, suspected some lost words and suggested in a note *And all those servile labours that she quits, Thou shalt reach at, and etc.* Weber, deleting comma at *maid*, read *To all those servile labours that she reaches at*. We find no instance of *reach at* in the sense of 'be occupied in'; yet we must either explain as 'extended to,' 'aimed at,' or as another spelling (sometimes found) of *retch'd*, 'sickened at.'
87 s.d. Kneels] So Q, F.
90 s.d. Raising her] Added Dyce.

And you must work too.
Altea. I shall, sir, most willingly.
Leon. Away, then, both, and keep him close in some place
From the duke's sight ; and keep the duke in too ;
Make 'em believe both : I 'll find time to cure 'em.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A street.

Enter, severally, PEREZ *and* ESTEFANIA, *with a Pistol, and a Dagge.*

Perez. Why, how dar'st thou meet me again, thou rebel, [*Draws.*
And know'st how thou hast used me thrice, thou rascal?
Were there not ways enough to fly my vengeance,
No holes nor vaults to hide thee from my fury,
But thou must meet me face to face to kill thee?
I would not seek thee to destroy thee willingly,
But now thou comest to invite me, and comest upon me :
How like a sheep-biting rogue, taken i' th' manner,
And ready for the halter, dost thou look now!

Sc. IV. s.d. severally] Added Dyce.

s.d. with a Pistol, and a Dagge] This forms part of the s.d. in Q, F (F first inserts comma at 'Estefania'), but is omitted by all editors. 'Dagge' is 'a heavy pistol or hand-gun' (the *N.E.D.* denies the sense 'dagger'), as in *Love's Cure*, II. ii. : 'What d'ye call this gun? A dag?'; and we can only suppose Estefania to be armed with *two* such weapons.

1 s.d. Draws] Inserted Weber, followed by Dyce.

7 *and . . . me*] As separate line Q, F. With this by Seward (omitting *and*) and all editors.

8 *sheep-biting*] Of one that preys on the defenceless, properly of a dog that worries the sheep. The *Cent. Dict.* quotes 'your sheep-biting face' from *Measure for Measure*, V. i. 359.

8 *taken i' th' manner*] "*Taken in the manner*, or with the manner, means, in the language of the law, taken with the thing stolen about you."—Mason. Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, I. i. 205. Seward proposed altering *manner* to *matter*.

Thou hast a hanging look, thou scurvy thing! hast ne'er a knife,
Nor never a string, to lead thee to Elysium?
Be there no pitiful 'pothecaries in this town,
That have compassion upon wretched women,
And dare administer a dram of rats-bane,
But thou must fall to me?
Estef. I know you have mercy.
Perez. If I had tons of mercy, thou deserv'st none.
What new tricks is now afoot, and what new houses
Have you i' th' air? what orchards in apparition?
What canst thou say for thy life?
Estef. Little or nothing;
I know you 'll kill me, and I know 'tis useless
To beg for mercy. Pray, let me draw my book out,
And pray a little.
Perez. Do; a very little,
For I have farther business than thy killing;
I have money yet to borrow. Speak when you are ready.
Estef. Now, now, sir, now! [*Shews a pistol.*]—Come on! do you start off from me?
Do you sweat, great captain? have you seen a spirit?
Perez. Do you wear guns?
Estef. I am a soldier's wife, sir,
And by that privilege I may be arm'd.
Now, what's the news? and let's discourse more friendly,
And talk of our affairs in peace.
Perez. Let me see,
Prithee, let me see thy gun; 'tis a very pretty one.
Estef. No, no, sir; you shall feel.
Perez. Hold, ye villain!
What, thine own husband?

10 *hast . . . knife*] As here Q, F. All editors print as separate line. Scan—'Thou 'st a hàng|ing loòk, | thou scùr|vy thìng! | hast nè'er | a knife.'
15 *mercy*] Here Weber inserted s.d. 'Kneels.' Dyce did not follow, referring to her next speech. At l. 21 she turns aside, and faces him again l. 25.
17 *tricks*] Q. F *trick*.
18 *in apparition*] i. e. visions or ghosts of orchards.
25 s.d. Shews a pistol] So Q, F.
26 *sweat*] Seward and all editors, rightly we think, though Q, F have certainly *swear*.
32 *Hold, ye*] Q, F, Dyce. Seward, Colman and Weber *Hold, hold, ye*.

Estef. Let mine own husband, then,
Be in 's own wits.—There, there 's a thousand ducats—
[*Shews a purse.*
Who must provide for you?—and yet you 'll kill me.
Perez. I will not hurt thee for ten thousand millions.
Estef. When will you redeem your jewels? I have pawn'd 'em,
You see for what: we must keep touch.
Perez. I 'll kiss thee,
And, get as many more, I 'll make thee famous.
Had we the house now!
Estef. Come along with me;
If that be vanish'd, there be more to hire, sir.
Perez. I see I am an ass when thou art near me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Ante-room to a bed-chamber in the house of MARGARITA.

Enter LEON, MARGARITA, *and* ALTEA *with a taper.*

Leon. Is the fool come?
Altea. Yes, and i' th' cellar fast,
And there he stays his good hour till I call him;
He will make dainty music among the sack-butts:
I have put him just, sir, under the duke's chamber.
Leon. It is the better.
Altea. H'as given me royally,
And to my lady a whole load of portigues.

34 s.d. Shews a purse] Added Weber.
38 *keep touch*] Dyce refers to *Beggars' Bush*, V. i.: 'I have kept touch, sir,' where he quotes from Coles' *Dict.*, 'To keep touch, *Facere quod dixeris*'; but here the phrase bears the more general sense of keeping together, making common cause.
39 *And, get*] So punctuated Weber and Dyce, i.e. 'And, if you get.' Q, F *And get* but no doubt with the same sense.
42 s.d. Exeunt] Colman. Omitted Q, F.
Sc. V. Ante-room, etc.] Dyce. Weber 'A Chamber in M.'s House.'
3 *sack-butts*] Of course with pun.
5 *H'as*] Seward. Q, F *Has*.
6 *portigues*] (or *portagues*, *portugues*) A Portuguese gold coin worth about £4 10s., mentioned in *The Sea Voyage*, I. iv. (Weber), and in Lyly's *Midas*, II. ii. 41.

[illegible]

Mary. [illegible] The [illegible] thing [illegible] mad [illegible]

[illegible]

My husband [illegible] how do your wounds?

Fran. I have none, lady:

My wounds I counterfeited cunningly.

[illegible] play your prize[illegible]

[illegible] I'll put you to your [illegible] Theobald and Seward [illegible] from The Faire [illegible] and the editors of 1778. But I think, with Weber, that the old reading is [illegible] "play your prize" in the preceding line.—Dyce.

11, 12 s.d. [illegible] Added, the first by Colman, the second by Seward.

[illegible] These directions as marked in Q. F.

17 *What's that you tumble?*, i.e. roll about. Seward, at Sympson's suggestion, printed, "*What's that rumble?*" disapproved by Colman. Weber explained the text as "awkwardly expressed" for 'Who are you that tumble about?' but you means 'your people of the house.'

19 s.d. *Aside*] Added Seward and all editors.

And feign'd the quarrel too, to enjoy you, sweet:
Let 's lose no time. [*Noise below.*] Hark, the same noise again!
Marg. What noise? why look ye pale? I hear no stirring.—
[*Aside.*] This goblin in the vault will be so tippled!—
You are not well, I know by your flying fancy;
Your body 's ill at ease; your wounds——
Duke. I have none;
I am as lusty, and as full of health,
High in my blood——
Marg. Weak in your blood, you would say.
How wretched is my case, willing to please ye,
And find you so disable!
Duke. Believe me, lady——
Marg. I know you will venture all you have to satisfy me,
Your life, I know; but is it fit I spoil ye?
Is it my love, do you think?
Cac. [*Below.*] Here 's to the duke!
Duke. It named me certainly;
I heard it plainly sound.
Marg. You are hurt mortally,
And fitter for your prayers, sir, than pleasure.
What starts you make! I would not kiss you wantonly,
For the world's wealth. Have I secured my husband,
And put all doubts aside, to be deluded?
Cac. [*Below.*] I come, I come.
Duke. Heaven bless me!
Marg. And bless us both, for, sure, this is the devil!
I plainly heard it now; he will come to fetch ye;
A very spirit, for he spoke under ground,
And spoke to you just as you would have snatch'd me.
You are a wicked man, and, sure, this haunts ye:
Would you were out o' th' house!
Duke. I would I were,

28 s.d. Aside] Added Weber and Dyce; marked by parenthesis in Seward and Colman.

37 *Is it my love,*] Q, F, Seward, and Colman; meaning, we take it, 'Would it be consistent with my love?' or 'Is love for me the cause of your weakness?' Weber, followed by Dyce, read *Is it, my love,* .

38, 44, 99 s.d. Below] In Q, F.

O' that condition I had leap'd a window!
Marg. And that's the least leap, if you mean to scape, sir.
Why, what a frantic man were you to come here,
What a weak man to counterfeit deep wounds,
To wound another deeper!
Duke. Are you honest, then?
Marg. Yes, then, and now, and ever, and excellent honest;
And exercise this pastime but to shew ye,
Great men are fools sometimes as well as wretches.
Would you were well hurt, with any hope of life,
Cut to the brains, or run clean through the body,
To get out quietly as you got in, sir!
I wish it like a friend that loves ye dearly;
For, if my husband take ye, and take ye thus
A counterfeit, one that would clip his credit,
Out of his honour he must kill ye presently;
There is no mercy, nor an hour of pity;
And for me to entreat in such an agony,
Would shew me little better than one guilty.
Have you any mind to a lady now?
Duke. Would I were off fair!
If ever lady caught me in a trap more——
Marg. If you be well and lusty—fie, fie, shake not!—
You say you love me; come, come bravely now;
Despise all danger; I am ready for ye.
Duke. She mocks my misery.—Thou cruel lady!
Marg. Thou cruel lord! wouldst thou betray my honesty,
Betray it in mine own house, wrong my husband,
Like a night-thief, thou dar'st not name by daylight?
Duke. I am most miserable.
Marg. You are, indeed;
And, like a foolish thing, you have made yourself so.
Could not your own discretion tell ye, sir,
When I was married I was none of yours?

51 *O' that condition*] i.e. even on the condition that.
56 *ever*] Cf. IV. iii. 79, though inconsistent with her tone in II. i. iii.
63–5] As rearranged and punctuated by Seward, Sympson, and all editors. Q, F *For . . . counterfeit, One . . . honour,* (without comma at *credit*) *He . . . presently.*

Your eyes were then commanded to look off me;
And I now stand in a circle and secure,—
Your spells nor power can never reach my body.
Mark me but this, and then, sir, be most miserable;
'Tis sacrilege to violate a wedlock,
You rob two temples, make yourself twice guilty,
You ruin hers, and spot her noble husband's.
Duke. Let me be gone; I'll never more attempt ye.
Marg. You cannot go; 'tis not in me to save ye:
Dare ye do ill, and poorly then shrink under it?
Were I the Duke Medina, I would fight now,
For you must fight, and bravely, it concerns you;
You do me double wrong, if you sneak off, sir,
And all the world would say I loved a coward;
And you must die too, for you will be kill'd,
And leave your youth, your honour, and your state,
And all those dear delights you worshipp'd here.
Duke. The noise again! [*Noise below.*
Cac. [*Below.*] Some small beer, if you love me!
Marg. The devil haunts you, sure; your sins are mighty;
A drunken devil too, to plague your villany.
Duke. Preserve me but this once!
Marg. There 's a deep well
In the next yard, if you dare venture drowning:
It is but death.
Duke. I would not die so wretchedly.
Marg. Out of a garret-window I'll let you down, then;
But say the rope be rotten? 'tis huge high too.
Duke. Have you no mercy?
Marg. Now you are frighted throughly,
And find what 'tis to play the fool in sin,
And see with clear eyes your detested folly,
I'll be your guard.
Duke. And I'll be your true servant,
Ever from this hour virtuously to love ye,
Chastely and modestly to look upon ye;

83-4] Perhaps recalling Leon's words, III. v. 90.
104 *death*] Q. F *deah*.
108-9 *in sin . . . folly*] Q, F *in folly . . . folly*, which Seward feeling as a printer's error proposed 1. *in folly . . . crime*; 2. (a) *in sin* (or (b) *in vice*) . . . *folly*. We adopt 2. (a) with Dyce. Colman chose 2. (b). Weber *in folly . . . vice*.

And here I seal it. [*Kisses her.*
Marg. I may kiss a stranger,
For you must now be so.

[*Re-*]*enter* LEON, [*with*] JUAN, ALONZO, [*and*] SANCHIO.

Leon. How do you, my lord?
Methinks you look but poorly on this matter:
Has my wife wounded ye? you were well before.
Pray, sir, be comforted; I have forgot all,
Truly forgiven too.—Wife, you are a right one,
And now with unknown nations I dare trust ye.
Juan. No more feign'd fights, my lord; they never prosper.

Re-enter ALTEA, *with* CACAFOGO *drunk, and* Servant.

Leon. Who 's this? the devil in the vault?
Altea. 'Tis he, sir,
And as lovingly drunk as though he had studied it.
Cac. Give me a cup of sack!—and kiss me, lady;
Kiss my sweet face, and make thy husband cuckold!—
An ocean of sweet sack!—Shall we speak treason?
Leon. He is devilish drunk.
Duke. I had thought he had been a devil;
He made as many noises, and as horrible.
Leon. Oh, a true lover, sir, will lament loudly.—
Which of the butts is your mistress?

113 *kiss a stranger*] "Marston lashes this custom [which Erasmus relished] in the following words, which he puts into the mouth of a lady: 'By the faith and trust I beare to my face, 'tis grown one of the most vnsauorie ceremonies; boddy a' beautie, 'tis one of the most vnpleasing iniurious customes to ladyes: any fellow that has but one nose on his face, and standing collor and skirtes also linde with taffety sarcenet, must salute vs on the lipps as familierly! Soft skins saue us, there was a stubbearded John-a-stile with a Ploydens face saluted me last day, and stroke his bristles through my lippes: I ha' spent 10 shillings in pomatum since to skinne them againe. Marry, if a nobleman or a knight with one locke vissit us, though his vncleane goose-turd-greene teeth ha' the palsy, his nostrells smell worse then a putrified maribone, and his loose beard drops into our bosome, yet wee must kisse him with a cursy,—a curse!' *The Dutch Courtesan*, III. i."—Weber, who adds the stage direction.

120 s.d. Re-enter . . . Servant] Dyce; Weber having given 'Enter Altea and Cacafogo, drunk.' Q, F have no direction for entry of Altea, Cacafogo, or Servant, though giving 'Exit Caca. and Serv.' at l. 134. Seward and Colman added 'Cacafogo, and Altea' to the entries at l. 114.

Cac. Butt in thy belly!
Leon. There's two in thine I am sure, 'tis grown so monstrous.
Cac. Butt in thy face!
Leon. Go, carry him to sleep:
A fool's love should be drunk; he has paid well for 't too:
When he is sober, let him out to rail,
Or hang himself; there will be no loss of him.
[*Exeunt* CACAFOGO *and* Servant.

Enter PEREZ *and* ESTEFANIA.

Who's this? my Mahound cousin?
Perez. Good, sir; 'tis very good! Would I had a house too,
For there is no talking in the open air!
My Termagant coz, I would be bold to tell ye,
I durst be merry too; I tell you plainly,
You have a pretty seat, you have the luck on 't,
A pretty lady too; I have miss'd both:
My carpenter built in a mist, I thank him!
Do me the courtesy to let me see it,
See it but once more: but I shall cry for anger.
I 'll hire a chandler's shop close under ye,
And, for my foolery, sell soap and whip-cord.
Nay, if you do not laugh now, and laugh heartily,
You are a fool, coz.
Leon. I must laugh a little;
And now I have done, coz,—thou shalt live with me,
My merry coz; the world shall not divorce us:
Thou art a valiant man, and thou shalt never want.

135 *my Mahound cousin*] Here Leon retorts on Perez his own expression: IV. iii. 187.—Dyce.

138 *My Termagant coz*] Termagant was a violent deity that figured in lost miracle-plays. Reed quoted a play called *Ram Alley or Merry Tricks:* 'swears | Like a very Tarmagant,' and Hall's *Satires*, I. i. 3–4: 'Nor fright the reader with the pagan vaunt | Of mighty Mahound and great Termagaunt.' They are coupled again in Massinger's *Renegado*, I. i. 8. Singer's note on the passage from Hall suggests an origin in the *Tervagant* of the French or the *Trivigante* of the Italian romances; and further quotes Florio's *Worlde of Wordes*, 1617: '*Termigisto*, a great boaster, quarreller, killer, tamer, or ruler of the universe, the child of the earthquake, and of the thunder, the brother of death, etc.' Cf. *King and No King*, IV. ii. 152: 'make a saint swear like a soldier, and a soldier like Termagant.'

141–2 *miss'd . . . mist*] same pun *Moth. Bombie*, III. iv. 160.

Will this content thee?
Perez. I'll cry, and then I'll be thankful.
Indeed I will, and I'll be honest to ye:
I would live a swallow here, I must confess.—
Wife, I forgive thee all, if thou be honest;
At thy peril, I believe thee excellent.
Estef. If I prove otherways, let me beg first.
Marg. Hold, this is yours; some recompense for service: [*Gives money to* ESTEF.
Use it to nobler ends than he that gave it.
Duke. And this is yours, your true commission, sir: [*Gives paper to* LEON.
Now you are a captain.
Leon. You are a noble prince, sir.—
And now a soldier, gentlemen!
Gentlemen. We all rejoice in't.
Juan. Sir, I shall wait upon you through all fortunes.
Alon. And I.
Altea. And I must needs attend my mistress.
Leon. Will you go, sister?
Altea. Yes, indeed, good brother;
I have two ties, mine own blood and my mistress.
Marg. Is she your sister?

156 *At thy peril*] Seward silently printed "And *at thy peril*." "We should surely read '*At* my *peril*.' After what had passed, Perez could not mean to threaten Estefania."—Mason. "Why should not Perez say that he will believe in his wife's fidelity, at her peril if she ever abused his confidence?"—Weber.

158 Marg.] Prefix omitted Q, F, as Seward saw. Coleridge's MS. in Lamb's folio supplied 'Marg.,' which is certainly better than 'Leon' of Seward and all editors. Leon had got no money from Cacafogo, as Seward asserts: Margarita had l. 6 above), by Estefania's means.

158 s.d. Gives . . . Estef.] Added Weber: after Seward's note.

160 s.d. Gives . . . Leon] Added Dyce. Weber 'To Leon.'

162 *a soldier, gentlemen!* Gentlemen. *We all etc.*] Q, F read *a soldier. Gentleman, we all etc.* Seward saw that *we all etc.* was no part of Leon's speech, and that *Gentleman* was a misprint. He first corrected to *a soldier, Gentlemen!* Omnes. *We all etc.* (which Colman and Weber printed), but later (on the ground of metrical redundancy) printed 'Gentlemen' only, as prefix. Coleridge (MS. in Lamb's folio) followed him in this, but gave *And now a soldier* to 'Duke', from whom they come ill after his 'Now you are a captain,' l. 161. In Leon's mouth they mean 'Now for the wars!' Dyce kept them his, and substituted 'Juan, Alon., Sanc., Perez' as prefix for Seward's 'Gentlemen.' We think an original reading as in our text led to the omission of 'Gentlemen' (the prefix).

166 *two*] F. Q *too*. Q, F make two lines of this, and of ll. 168, 178, merely to bring a little more matter on to the concluding page.

Leon. Yes, indeed, good wife,
And my best sister; for she proved so, wench,
When she deceived you with a loving husband.
Altea. I would not deal so truly for a stranger.
Marg. Well, I could chide yee;
But it must be lovingly, and like a sister.—
I'll bring you on your way, and feast ye nobly
(For now I have an honest heart to love ye),
And then deliver you to the blue Neptune.
Juan. Your colours we must wear, and wear 'em proudly,
Wear 'em before the bullet, and in blood too:
And all the world shall know we are Virtue's servants.
Duke. And all the world shall know, a noble mind
Makes women beautiful, and envy blind. [*Exeunt.*

173-5 *I'll bring . . . Neptune*] Clearly a Shakespearean echo. Cf. *Pericles*, III. iii. 35-37—

> "We'll bring your grace e'en to the edge o' th' shore:
> Then give you up to the mask'd [qy. meek'st ?] Neptune and
> The gentlest winds of heaven."—A. H. Bullen.

176 *we*] Dyce's correction, on Mason's suggestion, for *you* of Q, F—doubtless correct.

179, 180] These two lines italicized Q, F, and Seward.

EPILOGUE

GOOD night, our worthy friends: and may you part
Each with as merry and as free a heart
As you came hither: To those noble eyes,
That deign to smile on our poor faculties,
And give a blessing to our labouring ends,
As we hope many, to such Fortune sends
Their own desires, wives fair as light, as chaste!
To those that live by spite, wives made in haste:

5–6 *end: . . . send:*] So Q, F, i. e. if they smile on us Fortune sends (or will send) them what they would wish. Colman and Weber altered the statement into a wish by reading *send*, and Dyce, following, also read *end* for the rhyme's sake.

THE LAWS OF CANDY

EDITED BY E. K. CHAMBERS

In the Folios 1647, 1679.

THE LAWS OF CANDY

TEXT.—The basis of the text is F1 ; all changes introduced either in F2 or in later editions have been recorded, if they are of the slightest importance, together with many which obviously are not. The orthography and punctuation are mainly Dyce's, and the latter does not exactly represent either the original text or modern usage ; I have restored *ye* where he substituted *you*, and occasionally reverted to the seventeenth-century forms of some other words. The stage-directions are practically those of F1 throughout ; the few necessary additions and corrections have been placed in square brackets.

DATE AND AUTHORSHIP.—There is little external evidence as to the date of the play. It is not mentioned in Sir Henry Herbert's Office-Book, the entries in which begin in May 1622, upon the appointment as Master of the Revels of Sir John Ashley, to whom Herbert acted as deputy, and record the licensing of all the plays in the Beaumont and Fletcher Folios from that date onwards. On the other hand, the list of actors given in F2, which belongs to the King's men, includes Joseph Taylor, and does not include Richard Burbage. Taylor was a member of Prince Charles' company when they performed Middleton's *Mask of Heroes* in January 1619, and joined the King's men probably on the death of Burbage on March 13, and certainly before March 19 in the same year (*Hist. MSS.*, iv. 299). It would seem, therefore, that *The Laws of Candy* must have been on the stage between March 1619 and May 1622 ; but it is not certain that its actor-list belongs to the original production, and some critics have assigned it to an earlier date. I will briefly set out the views that have been expressed, both upon this point and upon the cognate one of authorship. Dyce said that the play "has been generally considered (but whether justly or not I cannot pretend to determine) as a joint production of Beaumont and Fletcher." If Beaumont had a share in it, it must of course have been written before his death on March 6, 1616. Mr. Fleay has found some difficulty in maintaining consistency on the subject. In 1874 (*New Sh. Soc. Trans.*, 1874, 53) he could not trace either Beaumont or Fletcher's work in the play, and omitted it from his list. But when he reprinted the same paper in his *Shakespeare Manual* (1876), 152, he dated it after 1621, and assigned it to Fletcher and Massinger. In 1886 (*Englische Studien*, ix. 23) he gave a very small share to Fletcher, and the rest in undetermined shares to Massinger and Field, with the provisional date 1618–19. In his paper of 1889 on Field (*Englische Studien*, xiii. 28) he made no reference to the play. In 1891 (*Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama*, i. 209) he gives the plot, on the strength of a resemblance to *The Unnatural Combat*, to Massinger, together with most of the writing, but finds traces of Fletcher in ii. 1, iii. 3, v. 1, and especially iv. 1, and believes that he revised it for the stage. He indicates the evidence for a date of composition between March 1619 and May 1622, and prefers 1619, because he believes that in 1621 Fletcher and Massinger were writing "separately, not as coadjutors," and thinks that the 'comet or "blazing star"' of 1618 'probably suggested passages in ii. 1.'

I suppose he refers to ii. 1, 356–8—

> "An exhalation I profess to adore
> Beyond a fixèd star; 'tis more illustrious,
> As everything raised out of smoke is so."

But the natural sense of 'exhalation' is 'meteor.' There are, however, a simile from 'blazing stars' in i. 2, 215 and a reference to 'blazing comets' in iii. 2, 92, and no doubt the comet of 1618 made a sensation. It is mentioned in Howes' continuation of Stowe's *Annals*, and Arber, iii. 638–640, records three contemporary pamphlets about it. This, or another 'blazing star,' appears from a letter of John Chamberlain's (Bird, *Court and Times of James the First*, ii. 8) to have been observed as early as April 1617. On the other hand, there was also a comet (Halley's) in 1607, and 1 *Henry VI.*, i. 1, 2 may stand as a reminder that after all comets had been a commonplace of Elizabethan literature.

Mr. Macaulay, in 1883 (*Francis Beaumont*, 100), thought it difficult to find in the play a single characteristic of Beaumont. Mr. Boyle suggested in 1884 (*Englische Studien*, vii. 75) that *The Laws of Candy* with *The Noble Gentleman* and *The Faithful Friends*, "although exhibiting a metrical style somewhat similar to Beaumont's," belong to a later period, and are all by a single author, who was neither Fletcher, Beaumont, nor Massinger, and might be Shirley. Later (*Englische Studien*, xviii. 294) he withdrew this suggestion, on the ground that Shirley came to London not earlier than the end of 1624. Mr. Bullen, in 1889 (*D.N.B.* s.v. Fletcher), thought that the play is "largely by Massinger," and that "Fletcher's hand can hardly be traced." Mr. Oliphant, in 1891 (*Englische Studien*, xv. 333), believed it to have been written by Beaumont and Fletcher as early as 1604–5, but never produced in its original form, and to have been revised for the stage by Massinger about 1620. At this early date he supposed that Beaumont and Fletcher "worked together on many scenes, as was not customary with them later on." The following table represents Mr. Oliphant's detailed analysis of the play.

i. 1.	Massinger.
i. 2, 1–316.	Massinger.
i. 2, 317–365.	Beaumont and Fletcher.
ii. 1, 1–348.	Beaumont, revised by Massinger.
ii. 1, 348–378.	Beaumont.
iii. 1.	Beaumont.
iii. 2.	Beaumont, revised by Massinger.
iii. 3.	Beaumont and Fletcher, revised by Massinger.
iv. 1, 1–16.	Beaumont, revised by Massinger.
iv. 1, 17–30.	Beaumont.
iv. 1, 31–57.	Fletcher.
iv. 1, 58–197.	Beaumont, revised by Massinger.
iv. 2.	Beaumont, revised by Massinger.
v. 1, 1–36.	Beaumont, revised by Massinger.
v. 1, 36–62.	Beaumont and Fletcher.
v. 1, 62–414.	Beaumont, revised by Massinger.

Professor Ward, in 1899 (*English Dramatic Literature*, ii. 723), is "indisposed to go much further than Dyce, who regards the question of its authorship as undecided," but finds neither in theme nor style "any continuous resemblance to what we know as habitual to Fletcher." Finally, Professor Thorndike, in 1901 (*The Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakespere*, 93), is content to accept Mr. Fleay's date of about 1619 without discussing the

question of authorship. I do not propose to enter further into this welter of critical opinion than by disclaiming any confidence in the methods by which it is achieved. On the whole, 1619 seems a reasonable date.

ARGUMENT.—There are two laws peculiar to Candia or Crete. By the first it is the privilege of a victorious army to choose one of its leaders for the honour of a triumph; by the other the crime of ingratitude is punished with death, unless the party wronged chooses to waive the penalty. After a war against Venice, a triumph is claimed both by Cassilane the general, and his son Antinous. The soldiers choose Antinous. Cassilane curses his son, and having spent his substance in the service of the state, retires from the court to live in poverty with his daughter Annophil. Antinous is looked upon and loved by the haughty Princess Erota, aunt to the reigning Prince of Candy, who herself is wooed by Philander, Prince of Cyprus, and the Venetian Gonzalo. Gonzalo is an intriguer, who plots to make himself despot both of Candy and Venice. He has got Cassilane into his power by lending him money, and now contrives that Cassilane, the more to impoverish him, shall be made to play host to Fernando, Prince of Venice, a prisoner of war. Meanwhile Antinous, consumed by despair at his father's curse, repulses Erota's love. Gonzalo tells his plots against Candy, though not those against Venice, to Fernando, who, having fallen in love with Annophil, imparts them to her, and she to her brother Antinous. Antinous agrees to wed Erota, on condition that she shall free Cassilane from Gonzalo's power. This she does, and further contrives a trap for the treacherous Venetian. Pretending to listen to his advances, she induces him to put his scheme on paper, and denounces him to the Senate and the Venetian ambassador. The proceedings are interrupted by Cassilane, who, mistaking the purport of the financial aid given him by Antinous and Erota, accuses his son of ingratitude. Erota, in her turn, accuses Cassilane, Antinous accuses Erota, and finally Annophil accuses the Senate, who had left Cassilane to a poverty-stricken old age. Explanations follow and reconciliations. Fernando marries Annophil; but Erota will not after all have Antinous, who once scorned her, and rewards the faithful Philander. Gonzalo is arrested, and the play ends happily.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT.—The political theme is taken from Giraldi Cinthio's *Hecatommithi* (1566), x. 9. The following is Weber's summary, as revised by by Dyce. The city of Pisa being besieged by the Florentines with various success, the senate, in order to stimulate the warriors to exertion, proclaimed that the captain who most distinguished himself on an appointed day should be rewarded with a golden hauberk, and a statue erected to his memory. It happened that the two warriors who did the most glorious deeds of arms were a father and his son, both captains, the former of knights, the latter of light horse. The senate deliberated long, but being unable to decide who had best deserved the promised rewards, the son declared himself contented if his father would choose either the statue or the hauberk, and leave whichever he rejected to him. But the father declared that he would part with neither, boasted of his long and brilliant services, and upbraided the senators, as well as his son, with ingratitude. The senators wished to pacify him, and said, that any honour which his son obtained was equally to the credit of himself, who had produced and educated such a warrior. But the father refused to hearken to their advice, and openly calumniated his son in court. The latter then offered to forego his share of the prize; but the soldiers of his squadron insisted that he should demand it, and even revenge the insult he had received; nor could his arguments, full of filial piety, appease them. On the other hand, the soldiers of his father's squadron, boasting of their superior rank, refused to listen to

any propositions, and threatened to go over to the enemy if both the prizes were not assigned to the father. The senators then proposed to decide the matter by lot; stipulating that if the father's name were drawn he should have both the prizes, but if the son's, that the father should be content with the more honourable reward of the statue, and relinquish the hauberk to his son. After some resistance from the squadron of knights, the proposal was accepted; and the son's name being drawn, the hauberk was assigned to him, which he willingly gave up to his father in token of reconciliation. A fresh attack was then made on the Florentines, in which the father lost both his arms, but was fully avenged by his son upon the enemy.—The rest of the novel has nothing in common with the play.

No source has been found for the rest of the plot, but E. Köppel, *Quellen-Studien zu den Dramen Ben Jonson's, John Marston's, und Beaumont and Fletcher's* (1895), 73, suggests a resemblance between the wooing of the disdainful Antinous by Erota to that of Rosalind by the shepherdess Phœbe in *As You Like it*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CASSILANE, general of Candy.

ANTINOUS, son to CASSILANE, and his competitor.

FERNANDO, a Venetian captain, servant to ANNOPHIL.

PHILANDER, prince of Cyprus, passionately in love with EROTA.

GONZALO, an ambitious politic lord of Venice.

GASPERO, secretary of state.

MELITUS, a gentleman of Cyprus.

ARCANES, a noble soldier, friend to CASSILANE.

DECIUS, friend to ANTINOUS.

PORPHICIO, POSSENNE, } senators.

PAOLO MICHAEL, Venetian ambassador.

MOCHINGO, an ignorant servant to EROTA.

Gentlemen.

Soldiers.

Servants.

WOMEN

EROTA, a princess, imperious and of an overweening beauty.

ANNOPHIL, daughter to CASSILANE.

HYPARCHA, attendant on the princess EROTA.

The Scene. Candy.

The principal actors were—

JOSEPH TAYLOR.	JOHN LOWIN.
WILLIAM EGLESTONE.	JOHN UNDERWOOD.
NICHOLAS TOOLIE.	GEORGE BIRCH.
RICHARD SHARPE.	THOMAS POLLARD.

Dramatis Personæ] Omitted by F1. *Persons Represented in the Play* F2.

Cassilane] Dyce. *Cassilanes* F2, and so sometimes spelt in text of Ff.

Fernando . . . servant to Annophil] "i.e. lover or admirer."—Weber. Fernando, son of the last duke [of Venice], and taken prisoner by Antinous. —Dyce.

Melitus . . . Cyprus] Mason, relying on i. 1, 5, 10, etc. *Melitus . . . Candy* F2. "From the manner, however, in which Melitus is sent on messages by the senators, in the last scene, it is not improbable that, by the inadvertence of one of the poets, he was called 'a gentleman of Candy' in their own manuscript."—Weber.

Porphicio] *Porphino* in the F1 stage-direction to v. 1, 9.

Possenne] *Possenme* in the F1 stage-direction to i. 2, 110.

Erota . . .] *Erota, sister to the late, and aunt to the reigning prince o Candy* Dyce. Cf. ii. 1, 141–2.

Annophil] Dyce. *Annophel* F2, and so often spelt in text of Ff.

The Scene. Candy] Omitted by F1. *Scene . . . Candia and the neighbourhood* Dyce.

The principal actors . . .] Omitted by F1.

THE LAWS OF CANDY

A TRAGI-COMEDY

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter GASPERO *and* MELITUS.

Mel. Sir, you'r the very friend I wish'd to meet with ;
I have a large discourse invites your ear
To be an auditor.
Gas. And what concerns it?
Mel. The sadly thriving progress of the loves
Between my lord the prince, and that great lady
Whose insolency and never-yet-match'd pride
Can by no character be well express'd
But in her only name, the proud Erota.
Gas. Alas, Melitus, I should guess the best
Success your prince could find from her to be
As harsh as the event doth prove! but now
'Tis not a time to pity passionate griefs,

The . . . Tragi-Comedy] F2. *The . . . Candy*, F1.

A Street] The acts and the scenes of Act I. are marked in the Ff. The remaining scenes and the notes of locality were added by Weber.

6 *insolency*] *insolencie* F1. *insolence* F2.

8 *the proud Erota*] "Seward [Colman] endeavours to derive the name *Erota* from some etymology expressive of pride; but without success or necessity. There is no difficulty in the passage. Every distinguishing appellation may be considered as part of a person's name. *Magnus* became part of the name of Pompey, and *Felix* of Sylla; and it appears that the only name the princess was called by was *the proud Erota*. So the Soldier says of Macbeth,

'For brave Macbeth (well he deserves *that name*)';

which does not refer to *Macbeth*, but *brave*." (Mason.)

12 *passionate griefs*] "i.e. griefs proceeding from love." (Colman.)—"Rather, the griefs of love attended with complainings, *passion* being often used by our old writers in the sense of—sorrowful exclamation." (Dyce.) Thus the separate poems in Thomas Watson's *Ekatompathia*, or *Passionate Centurie of Love*, are called *Passions*.

When a whole kingdom in a manner lies
Upon its death-bed bleeding.
Mel. Who can tell
Whether or no these many plagues at once
Hang over this unhappy land for her sake,
That is a monster in it?
Gas. Here's the misery
Of having a child our prince; else I presume
The bold Venetians had not dared to attempt
So bloody an invasion.
Mel. Yet I wonder
Why, master secretary, still the senate
So almost superstitiously adores
Gonzalo the Venetian lord, considering
The outrage of his countrymen.
Gas. The senate
Is wise, and therein just; for this Gonzalo,
Upon a massacre perform'd at sea
By the admiral of Venice on a merchant
Of Candy, when the cause was to be heard
Before the senate there, in open court
Professèd, that the cruelty the admiral
Had shew'd, deserved not only fine, but death;
For Candy then and Venice were at peace:
Since when, upon a motion in the senate
For conquest of our land, 'tis known for certain
That only this Gonzalo dared to oppose it;
His reason was, because it too much savour'd
Of lawless and unjust ambition.
The wars were scarce begun, but he, in fear
Of quarrels 'gainst his life, fled from his country,
And hither came, where, to confirm his truth,
I know, Melitus, he out of his own store
Hath monied Cassilane the general.
Mel. What, without other pledges than Cassilane's
Bare promise of payment?
Gas. No, it may be
He has some petty lordship to retire to;

15 *many*] Omitted in F2.
24 *countrymen*] Colman. *Countrymen* —— Ff.
43 *pledges*] *pledge* Seward.
44 *payment*] *repayment* Seward. 45 *petty*] *pretty* F2.
45 *to retire to*] "i.e. to resort to as his security."—Mason.

But this he hath done. Now, 'tis fit, Melitus,
The senate should be thankful, otherwise
They should annihilate one of those laws
For which this kingdom is throughout the world
Unfellowed and admired.
Mel. What laws are these, sir?
Let me so much importune you.
Gas. You shall;
And they be worth your knowledge. Briefly thus:
Whoe'er he be that can detect apparently
Another of ingratitude for any
Receivèd benefit, the plaintiff may
Require the offender's life; unless he please
Freely and willingly to grant remission.
Mel. By which strict law the senate is in danger,
Should they neglect Gonzalo?
Gas. Right; the law
Permits a like equality to aliens
As to a home-born patriot.
Mel. Pray, sir, the other?
Gas. Know, Melitus,
The elder Cretans flourish'd many years,
In wars, in peace unparallel'd; and they
(To spur heroic spirits on to virtue)
Enacted, that what man soe'er he were
Did noblest in the field against his enemy,
So by the general voice approved and known,
Might, at his home return, make his demand
For satisfaction and reward.
Mel. They are
Both famous laws indeed.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Master secretary,
The senate is about to sit, and crave
Your presence.
Gas. What, so suddenly!

46 *this*] F1. *thus* F2.
49, 50 *For . . . Unfellowed*] Theobald. *For . . . unfollow'd* Ff. *In . . . unfollow'd* Mason.
50 *these*] F1. *those* F2.
61 *home-born*] F1. *home-bred* F2.

Mes. These letters
Will shew the causes why.
Gas. Heaven, thou art great,
And worthy to be thank'd!
Mel. Your countenance, sir,
Doth promise some good tidings.
Gas. Oh, the best
And happiest for this land that e'er was told!
All the Venetian forces are defeated.
Mel. How, sir?
Gas. And what doth add some delight more,
There is amongst the soldiers a contention
Who shall be the triumpher; and it stands
Doubtful between a father and his son,
Old Cassilane and young Antinous.
Mel. Why may not both demand it?
Gas. The law denies it;
But, where the soldiers do not all consent,
The parties in contention are referr'd
To plead before the senate; and from them
Upon an open audience to be judged
The chief, and then to make demands.
Mel. You ravish me
With wonder and delight.
Gas. Come; as we walk,
I shall more fully inform you. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Senate-House.

Enter CASSILANE, ARCANES, ANTINOUS, *and* DECIUS.

Cas. Admit no soldier near us, till the senate
Have took their places.
Arc. You are obey'd, my lord.
Ant. Decius, fall off.
Dec. I shall.
Cas. Give leave, Arcanes.
[*Exeunt* ARC. *and* DEC.]
Young man, come nearer to me: who am I?

Ant. It were a sin against the piety
Of filial duty, if I should forget
The debt I owe my father—On my knee,
Your pleasure?
Cas. What, so low! canst thou find joints,
Yet be an elephant? Antinous, rise;
Thou wilt belie opinion, and rebate
The ambition of thy gallantry, that they,
Whose confidence thou hast bewitch'd, should see
Their little god of war kneel to his father,
Though in my hand I did grasp thunder.
Ant. Sir,
For proof that I acknowledge you the author
Of giving me my birth, I have discharged
A part of my obedience. But, if now
You should (as cruel fathers do) proclaim
Your right, and tyrant-like usurp the glory
Of my peculiar honours, not derived
From successary, but purchased with my blood,
Then I must stand first champion for myself
Against all interposers.
Cas. Boldly urged,
And proudly: I could love thee, did not anger
Consult with just disdain, in open language
To call thee most ungrateful. Say freely,
Wilt thou resign the flatteries whereon
The reeling pillars of a popular breath
Have raised thy giant-like conceit, to add
A suffrage to thy father's merit? speak.
Ant. Sir, hear me. Were there not a chronicle
Well penn'd by all their tongues who can report
What they have seen you do; or had you not
Best in your own performance writ yourself
And been your own text, I would undertake

7 *my father—On my knee*] Mason. *my father on my knee;* Ff.
10 *rebate*] blunt, equivalent to "bate" in the sense of "weaken."
21 *From successary*] *From successors* or *From ancestry* Theobald. *Nor successary* Seward. *From successry* Coleridge. "'Successary' may be considered as an adjective. 'My honours are not derived from successary blood, from the blood of my ancestors, but were purchased with my own blood,' is the evident and undeniable meaning the poets intended."—Mason.
26 *Say freely*] *but say freely* Seward.

Alone, without the help of art or character,
But only to recount your deeds in arms,
And you should ever then be famed a precedent
Of living victory: but, as you are
Great, and well worthy to be stylèd great,
It would betray a poverty of spirit
In me to obstruct my fortunes, or descent,
If I should coward-like surrender up
The interest, which the inheritance of your virtue
And mine own thrifty fate can claim in honour.
My lord, of all the mass of fame, which any
That wears a sword, and hath but seen me fight,
Gives me, I will not share, nor yield one jot,
One tittle.
Cas. Not to me?
Ant. You are my father,
Yet not to you.
Cas. Ambitious boy, how darest thou
To tell me, that thou wilt contend?
Ant. Had I
Been slothful, and not follow'd you in all
The straits of death, you might have justly then
Reputed me a bastard: 'tis a cruelty,
More than to murder innocents, to take
The life of my yet infant honour from me.
Cas. Antinous, look upon this badge of age,
Thy father's grey-hair'd beard: full fifty years,
(And more than half of this, ere thou wert born)
I have been known a soldier; in which time
I found no difference 'twixt war and peace,
For war was peace to me, and peace was war.
Antinous, mark me well; there hath not lived
These fifty years a man whom Crete preferr'd
Before thy father; let me boldly boast,
Thy father, both for discipline and action,

36 *or character*] *to character* Seward. "Here, of course, 'character' means 'letters,' 'writing.'"—Dyce.
37 *your*] F2. *you* F1.
38 *precedent*] Here and in l. 74 the Ff spell *president*.
41, 42 *It . . . descent*] "The construction of this passage is somewhat embarrassed: but Antinous means to say, that he should betray a poverty of spirit if he obstructed his fortunes, or a poverty of descent if he should surrender up, &c."—Mason.

Hath so long been the first of all his nation:
Now, canst thou think it honest, charitable,
Nay, human, being so young, my son, my child,
Begot, bred, taught by me, by me thy father,
For one day's service, and that one thy first,
To rob me of a glory which I fought for
A half of hundred years?
Ant. My case observes
Both equity and precedents; for, sir,
That very day whereon you got your fame,
You took it from some other, who was then
Chief in repute, as you are now, and had been
Perhaps as many years deserving that
Which you gain'd in a day, as I have mine.
Cas. But he was not my father then, Antinous;
Thou leavest out that.
Ant. Sir, had he been your father,
He had been then immortal; for a father
Heightens his reputation where his son
Inherits it; as, when you give us life,
Your life is not diminish'd, but renew'd
In us when you are dead, and we are still
Your living images.
Cas. So be thou cursed
In thy posterity, as I in thee,
Dishonourable boy!—Oh, shall that sun,
Which not a year yet since beheld me mounted
Upon a fiery steed, waving my sword,
And teaching this young man to manage arms,
That was a raw fresh novice in the feats
Of chivalry, shall that same sun be witness,
Against this brat, of his ingratitude?
Who, to eclipse the light of my renown,
Can no way hope to get a noble name,
But by the treading on his father's greatness!—
Thou will not yield?

Enter ARCANES [*and* DECIUS].

Ant. My life, but not the prize
My sword hath purchased.

71 *that one*] Seward. *that on* Ff. 77 *had*] *has* F2.

Arc. The senate, my lord,
Are here at hand, and all the soldiers
Begin to throng about them.
Cas. Now, Arcanes,
The——
Arc. What, sir?
Cas. Trifles will affront us; that
Fine fighting stripling!
Arc. Let him have the shame on 't.
Please you withdraw on this side.
Cas. My great heart
Was never quail'd before.
Dec. [*To Antinous*] My lord, be confident;
Let not your father daunt you.
Ant. Decius, whither
Must I withdraw?
Dec. On this side—. See, the soldiers
Attend your pleasure—: courage, sir! The senate.
Cas. Way for the senate!

Enter PORPHICIO, POSSENNE, *three* Senators, GONZALO, GASPERO, Soldiers.

Gon. My good lords, I know not
What tax of arrogance I may incur,
Should I presume, though courted by your favours,
To take a place amongst you: I had rather
Give proof of my unfeign'd humility
By some, though mean, yet more becoming place,
Than run the hazard of a doubtful censure.
Pos. My lord, your wisdom is both known and tried;
We cannot rank ye in a nobler friendship
Than your great service to the state deserves.

Enter FERNANDO, *with* Soldiers.

Por. Will 't please you sit?
Gon. What, here, my lord Porphicio?

110 Cas.] Gon. Seward (in errata).
110 Gon.] Colman. Continued as part of Cassilane's speech by Ff.
115 *some*] Mason. *force* Ff. *this* Seward.
116 *censure*] "i.e. judgment, opinion."—Dyce.
118 *ye*] *you* F2.
120 *sit*] F1. *sir* F2.
120 *What*] F1. *what's* F2.

It must not be.
Por. My lord, you are too modest.
Gon. It is no season to be troublesome,
Else—but I have done. Your lordships are observed.
Gas. Is the demandant ready?
Arc. He is ready.
Gas. Produce him, then.
Arc. Before this sacred presence,
I, by a general consent, am made
The soldier's voice, and to your gracious wisdoms
Present, as chief in arms, his country's champion,
Cassilane. [*A few cheers.*]
Dec. Most reverend lords, you hear the lesser number
Of those who have been guardians to this country,
Approve this champion: I, in all their names
Who fought for Candy, here present before you
The mightiest man in arms, Antinous.
Speak, fellow-soldiers.
Soldiers. Antinous, Antinous!
Gas. Stand by all, save the two competitors.
Pos. My lords, how much your country owes you both,
The due reward of your desertful glories,
Must to posterity remain: but yet,
Since by our law one only can make claim
To the proposèd honours which you both,
It seems, have truly merited, take leave
Freely to plead your rights; we shall attend you.
Por. Wherein priority of voice is granted,
Lord Cassilane, to you; for that your rare
And long experience in the course of war
As well doth challenge it, as the best privilege
Of order and civility, for that
You are your brave opponent's worthy father.—
Say, countrymen, are you content?
Soldiers. Ay, ay.
Cas. Right grave, right gracious fathers, how unfit
It is for me, that all my life-time have
Been practised in the school of blood and slaughter,

123 *observed*] "i.e. obeyed."—Mason.
129 A few cheers] Ed. Line 130 makes it clear that we are here to suppose a feebler shout than that in l. 135.
143 *you*] F1. *ye* F2.

To bandy words now in my life's last farewell,
Your wisdoms will consider: were there pitch'd
Another and another field, like that
Which, not yet three days since, this arm hath scatter'd,
Defeated, and made nothing, then the man,
That had a heart to think he could but follow
(For equal me he should not) through the lanes
Of danger and amazement, might in that,
That only of but following me, be happy,
Reputed worthy to be made my rival;
For 'tis not, lords, unknown to those about me
(My fellow-soldiers), first, with what a confidence
I led them on to fight, went on still, and,
As if I could have been a second nature,
As well in heartening them by my example
As by my exhortation, I gave life
To quicken courage, to inflame revenge,
To heighten resolution; in a word,
To out-do action. It boots not to discover,
How that young man, who was not fledged nor skill'd
In martial play, was even as ignorant
As childish; but I list not to disparage
His non-ability. The signal given
Of battle, when our enemies came on
(Directed more by fury than by warrant
Of policy and stratagem), I met them,
I in the fore-front of the armies met them;
And, as if this old weather-beaten body
Had been composed of cannon-proof, I stood
The volleys of their shot: I, I myself,
Was he that first disrank'd their woods of pikes;
But when we came to handy-strokes, as often
As I lent blows, so often I gave wounds,
And every wound a death: I may be bold
To justify a truth; this very sword

154 *bandy*] An expression at tennis, beat to and fro.
167 *As if*] F2. *And as if* (the *and* being repeated from the last line) F1.
178 *fury than*] Ed. *fuerie, then* F1. *fury, than by* F2.
185-187 *as . . . death*] Cf. *Coriolanus*, ii. 2, 103,
'his sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took.'
185 *handy-strokes*] hand to hand fighting.

Of mine slew more than any twain besides;
And, which is not the least of all my glory,
When he, this young man, hand to hand in fight,
Was by the general of the Venetians,
And such as were his retinue, unhorsed,
I stept between, and rescued him myself,
Or horses' hoofs had trampled him to dirt;
And whilst he was remounting, I maintain'd
The combat with the gallant general,
Till, having taken breath, he throng'd before me,
Renewed the fight, and with a fatal blow
Stole both that honour from me, and his life
From him, whom I before, myself alone,
Had more than full three-quarters kill'd,—a man
Well worthy only by this hand to have died,
Not by a boy's weak push. I talk too much;
But 'tis a fault of age. If to bring home
Long peace, long victory, even to your Capitol,
If to secure your kingdom, wives and children,
Your lives and liberties, if to renown
Your honours through the world, to fix your names,
Like blazing stars, admired and fear'd by all
That have but heard of Candy or a Cretan,
Be to deserve the approvement of my manhood,
Then thus much have I done: what more, examine
The annals of my life; and then consider
What I have been and am. Lords, I have said.
Gon. With reverence to the senate, is it lawful,
Without your custom's breach, to say a word?
Pos. Say on, my lord Gonzalo.
Gon. I have heard,
And with no little wonder, such high deeds
Of chivalry discoursed, that, I confess,
I do not think the Worthies, while they liv'd,
All Nine deserved as much applause or memory
As this one: but who can do aught to gain
The crown of honour from him, must be somewhat
More than a man.—You tread a dangerous path:
[*To* ANTINOUS.]

221 *the Worthies*] famous heroes of romance, of whom three were Gentiles, Hector, Alexander, Julius Cæsar; three Jews, Joshua, David, Judas Maccabæus; three Christians, Arthur, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bouillon.

Yet I shall hear you gladly; for believe me,
Thus much let me profess, in honour's cause,
I would not to my father, nor my king
(My country's father), yield: if you transcend
What we have heard, I can but only say,
That miracles are yet in use.—I fear
I have offended.
Por. You have spoken nobly.—
Antinous, use your privilege.
Ant. Princely fathers,
Ere I begin, one suit I have to make;
'Tis just and honourable.
Por. Pos. Speak, and have it.
Ant. That you would please the soldiers might all stand
Together by their general.
Pos. 'Tis granted.—
All fall to yonder side.—Go on, Antinous.
Ant. I shall be brief and plain. All what my father,
This country's patron, hath discoursed, is true.—
Fellows in arms, speak you; is 't true?
Soldiers. True, true.
Ant. It follows, that the blaze of my performance
Took light from what I saw him do; and thus
A city, though the flame be much more dreadful,
May from a little spark be set on fire.
Of all what I have done I shall give instance
Only in three main proofs of my desert:
First, I sought out (but through how many dangers,
My lords, judge ye) the chief, the great commander,
The head of that huge body, whose proud weight
Our land shrunk under; him I found, and fought with,
Fought with, and slew.—Fellows in arms, speak you;
Is 't true, or not?
Soldiers. True, true.
Ant. When he was fall'n
The hearts of all our adversaries
Began to quail, till young Fernando, son
To the last duke of Venice, gather'd head,
And soon renew'd the field; by whose example

254 *our adversaries*] *our adversaries then* Dyce's conjecture.

The bold Venetians, doubling strength and courage,
Had got the better of the day: our men,
Supposing that their adversaries grew
Like Hydra's head, recoil, and 'gan to fly;
I follow'd them; and what I said, they know:
The sum on 't is; I call'd them back, new rank'd them;
Led on, they follow'd, shrunk not till the end.—
Fellows in arms, is 't true, or no?
Soldiers. True, true.
Ant. Lastly, to finish all, there was but one,
The only great exploit, which was, to take
Fernando prisoner; and that hand to hand
In single fight I did, myself, without
The help of any arm, save the arm of Heaven.—
Speak, soldiers, is it true, or no?
Soldiers. Antinous, Antinous!
Ant. Behold my prisoner, fathers.
Fer. This one man
Ruin'd our army, and hath glorified
Crete in her robes of mightiness and conquest.
Pos. We need not use long circumstance of words:
Antinous, thou art conqueror; the senate,
The soldiers, and thy valour have pronounced it.
All. Antinous, Antinous!
Por. Make thy demand.
Cas. Please ye, my lords, give leave
That I may part.
Pos. No, Cassilane, the court
Should therein be dishonour'd; do not imagine
We prize your presence at so slight a rate.—
Demand, Antinous.
Ant. Thus, my lords; to witness
How far I am from arrogance, or thinking
I am more valiant, though more favour'd,
Than my most matchless father, my demand is,
That, for a lasting memory of his name,
His deeds, his real, nay, his royal worth,
You set up in your Capitol in brass
My father's statue, there to stand for ever,

264 *till*] *tell* F2.
279 *lords*] F2. *lord* F1.

A monument and trophy of his victories,
With this inscription to succeeding ages,
Great Cassilane, patron of Candy's peace,
Perpetual triumpher.
Por. Pos. It is granted.
What more?
Ant. No more.
Cas. How, boy?
Gon. Thou art immortal,
Both for thy son-like piety, and beauties
Of an unconquer'd mind.
Ant. My prisoner, lords,
To your more sacred wisdoms I surrender:
Fit you his ransom; half whereof I give
For largess to the soldiers; the other half
To the erection of this monument.
Cas. Ambitious villain!
Gon. Thou art all unimitable.—
My lords, to work a certain peace for Candy
With Venice, use Fernando like a prince;
His ransom I'll disburse, whate'er it be:
Yet you may stay him with you, till conditions
Of amity shall be concluded on.
Are ye content?
Por. We are, and ever rest
Both friends and debtors to your nobleness.
Gon. Soldiers, attend me in the market-place;
I'll thither send your largess.
Soldiers. Antinous, Antinous! *Exeunt.*
Cas. I have a suit too, lords.
Por. Pos. Propose it; 'tis yours,
If fit and just.
Cas. Let not my services,
My being forty years a drudge, a pack-horse,
To you and to the state, be branded now
With ignominy ne'er to be forgotten:
Rear me no monument, unless you mean
To have me famed a coward, and be stamp'd so.
Pos. We understand you not.
Cas. Proud boy, thou dost,

309 *and*] F2. *add* F1.

And tyrant-like insult'st upon my shame.
Ant. Sir, Heaven can tell, and my integrity,
What I did was but only to enforce
The senate's gratitude. I now acknowledge it.
Cas. Observe it, fathers, how this haughty boy
Grows cunning in his envy of mine honours:
He knows no mention can of me be made,
But that it ever likewise must be told,
How I by him was master'd; and for surety
That all succeeding times may so report it,
He would have my dishonour and his triumphs
Engraved in brass: hence, hence proceeds the falsehood
Of his insinuating piety.—
Thou art no child of mine: thee and thy blood,
Here in the Capitol, before the senate,
I utterly renounce; so thrift and fate
Confirm me! henceforth never see my face;
Be, as thou art, a villain to thy father!—
Lords, I must crave your leaves.—Come, come, Arcanes.
CASSILANE *and* ARCANES *Ex*[*eunt.*]
Gon. Here 's a strange high-born spirit.
Pos. 'Tis but heat
Of sudden present rage: I dare assure
Antinous of his favour.
Ant. I not doubt it;
He is both a good man and a good father.
I shall attend your lordships.
Pos. Do, Antinous.
Gon. Yes; feast thy triumphs with applause and pleasures.
Por. Pos. Lead on. [*Exeunt. Flourish of cornets.*
Ant. "I utterly renounce"—'twas so;
Was 't not, my Decius?
Dec. Pish! you know, my lord,
Old men are choleric.
Ant. And lastly parted
With "Never henceforth see my face": oh me,
How have I lost a father! such a father!
Such a one, Decius! I am miserable

Beyond expression.
Dec. Fie, how unbecoming
This shews upon your day of fame!
Ant. Oh, mischief!
I must no more come near him; that I know,
And am assured on 't.
Dec. Say you do not?
Ant. True;
Put case I do not: what is Candy, then,
To lost Antinous? Malta, I resolve
To end my days in thee.
Dec. How 's that!
Ant. I 'll try
All humble means of being reconciled;
Which if denied, then I may justly say,
This day has proved my worst, Decius, my worst!
Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An apartment in the palace of EROTA.

Enter GONZALO *and* GASPERO.

Gas. Now to what you have heard; as no man can
Better than I give you her character;
For I have been both nursed and train'd up to
Her petulant humours, and been glad to bear them;
Her brother, my late master, did no less.
Strong apprehensions of her beauty hath
Made her believe that she is more than woman:
And as there did not want those flatterers
'Bout the world's conqueror, to make him think,
And did persuade him, that he was a god;
So there be those base flies, that will not stick
To buzz into her ears, she is an angel,
And that the food she feeds on is ambrosia.
Gon. She should not touch it, then; 'tis poets' fare.
Gas. I may take leave to say, she may as well
Determine of herself to be a goddess,
With lesser flattery, than he a god;
For she does conquer more, although not farther:
Every one looks on her dies in despair,
And would be glad to do it actually,
To have the next age tell how worthily,
And what good cause he had to perish so:
Her beauty is superlative; she knows it,
And, knowing it, thinks no man can deserve,

6 *hath*] *have* Colman. The singular verb with a plural subject is common enough in the Elizabethan dramatists; cf. Abbott's *Shakespearean Grammar*, § 334.

8–10 *And . . . god*] Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2, 121. 'How he did shake; 'tis true, this god did shake.'

23 *Her*] F1. *Here* F2.

But ought to perish and to die for her:
Many great princes for her love have languish'd,
And given themselves a willing sacrifice,
Proud to have ended so; and now there is
A prince so madden'd in his own passions,
That he forgets the royalty he was born to,
And deems it happiness to be her slave.
Gon. You talk as if you meant to wind me in,
And make me of the number.
Gas. Sir,
Mistake me not; the service that I owe ye
Shall plead for me: I tell you what she is,
What she expects, and what she will effect,
Unless you be the miracle of men,
That come here with a purpose to behold,
And go away yourself.
Gon. I thank you; I will do it: but, pray, resolve me,
How is she stored with wit?
Gas. As with beauty,
Infinite, and more to be admired at
Than meddled with.
Gon. And walks her tongue the same gate with her wit?
Gas. Much beyond: whate'er her heart thinks, she utters;
And so bold, so readily, as you would judge
It penn'd and studied.
Gon. She comes.
Gas. I must leave you, then;
But my best wishes shall remain with you. *Exit.*
Gon. Still I must thank you.

29 *madden'd*] Weber. *manded* F1. *madded* F2.
29 *his*] *his own* Colman.
33, 34 *And . . . ye*] Seward. Two lines, ending *number . . . ye*, Ff.
38 *here with*] Ed. *with* Ff. *but with* Dyce's conjecture. The Ff reading is hopelessly unmetrical.
39 *yourself*] "i.e. in your senses, in the same state you were before."—Mason.
40 *resolve*] "i.e. satisfy, inform."—Dyce.
44 *wit*] Mason. *feet* Ff. "Gasparo had not talked of her feet, but of her wit, which he says is infinite."—Mason.
46 *bold*] F1. *boldly* F2.

Enter EROTA, PHILANDER, ANNOPHIL, HYPARCHA, MOCHINGO, Attendants.

[*Aside*] This is the most passionate, most pitiful prince,
Who in the caldron of affections
Looks as he had been parboil'd.
Phil. If I offend with too much loving you,
It is a fault that I must still commit,
To make your mercy shine the more on me.
Ero. You are the self-same creature you condemn,
Or else you durst not follow me with hope
That I can pity you, who am so far
From granting any comfort in this kind,
That you and all men else shall perish first:
I will live free and single, till I find
Something above a man to equal me:
Put all your brave heroës into one,
Your kings and emperors, and let him come
In person of a man, and I should scorn him;
Must, and will scorn him.
The god of love himself hath lost his eyes,
His bow and torch extinguish'd, and the poets,
That made him first a god, have lost their fire,
Since I appear'd, and from my eyes must steal it.
This I dare speak; and let me see the man,
Now I have spoke it, that doth dare deny,
Nay, not believe it.
Moch. He is mad that does not.
Ero. Have not all the nations of the earth heard of me?
Most come to see me, and, seeing me, return'd
Full of my praises, teaching their chroniclers
To make their stories perfect? for where the name,
Merely the word, of fair Erota stands,
It is a lasting history to time,
Begetting admiration in the men,

50 *passionate*] Cf. note on i. 1, 12.
63 *brave heroës*] *bravest heroes* Seward. "Our early poets sometimes used '*herŏe*' as a trisyllable; cf. Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*, i. 5.

Isis, the glory of the westerne world,
When our *heroe*, honour'd Essex, dy'd,
Strucken with wonder, backe againe she hurld,
And fill'd her banckes with an vnwoonted tyde."—Dyce.

76 *their*] F2. *there F1.*

And in my own sex envy; which glory 's lost,
When I shall stick my beauty in a cloud,
And dimly shine through it.
Gon. [*Aside.*] This woman's in the altitudes,
And he must be a good astrologer,
Shall know her zodiac.
Phil. For any man to think
Himself an able purchaser of you,
* * * * * * *
But in the bargain there must be declared
Infinite bounty; otherwise, I vow
By all that 's excellent and gracious in you,
I would untenant every hope lodged in me,
And yield myself up love's or your own martyr.
Ero. So you shall please us.
Phil. Oh, you cannot be
So heavenly and so absolute in all things,
And yet retain such cruel tyranny!
Ero. I can, I do, I will.
Gon. She is in her
Moods and her tenses: I'll grammar with you,
And make a trial how I can decline you.— [*Aside.*]
By your leave, great lady.
Ero. What are you?
Gon. A man,
A good man, that's a wealthy, a proper man,
And a proud man too; one that understands
Himself, and knows, unless it be yourself,
No woman on the universe deserves him:
Nay, lady, I must tell you too withal,
I may make doubt of that, unless you paint
With better judgement next day than on this;
For (plain I must be with you) 'tis a dull fucus.

83 *dimly*] Dyce. *clearly* Ff. *barely* Seward. *scarcely* Colman. *merely* Weber. "The letters *cl* are a frequent misprint for *d*."—Dyce.

85, 86 *For . . . you*] *'Twere arrogance for . . . you* Seward. "I would rather suppose that one or more lines have been lost after l. 86."—Weber.

97 *decline*] "A quibble,—lower, bring down."—Dyce.

102 *on*] *in*, 1711.

106 *fucus*] "a term repeatedly used by our early writers to signify the colours with which ladies improved their complexions."—Dyce. Cf. the lines *To a Painted Lady*, printed with Donne's *Poems* (*Muses Library*, vol. ii. p. 26),

'The fucus and ceruse, which on thy face
Thy cunning hand lays on to add new grace.'

Ero. Knows any one here what this fellow is?
First Attend. He is of Venice, madam, a great magnifico,
And gracious with the senate.
Ero. Let him keep, then, among them; what makes he here?
Here 's state enough where I am: here 's ado!—
You, tell him, if he have aught with us, let him
Look lower, and give it in petition.
Moch. Mighty magnifico, my mistress bid me tell you,
If you have aught with her, you must look lower,
And yield it in petition.
Gon. Here is for thee a ducat.
Moch. You say well, sir; take your own course.
Gon. I will not grace you,
Lady, so much as take you by the hand;
But when I shall vouchsafe to touch your lip,
It shall be through your court a holiday
Proclaim'd for so high favour.
Ero. This is some
Great man's jester.—Sirrah, begone! here is
No place to fool in.
Gon. Where are the fools you talk of?
I do keep two.
Ero. No question of it;
For in yourself you do maintain an hundred.
Gon. And, besides them, I keep a noble train,
Statists and men of action; my purse is large and deep,
Beyond the reach of riot to draw dry:
Fortune did vie with nature, to bestow,
When I was born, her bounty equally.
'Tis not amiss you turn your eyes from me;
For, should you stand and gaze me in the face,
You perish would, like Semele by Jove:
In Venice at this instant there do lie
No less than threescore ladies in their graves,
And in their beds five hundred, for my love.

128 *Statists*] "i.e., statesmen,—politicians."—Dyce.
134 *Jove*] F2. *Iolus* F1. The allusion is to Semele, mother of Dionysus, who begged Zeus to visit her as god of thunder, and who was destroyed by the lightning.

Moch. You lie more than they; yet it becomes him bravely:
Would I could walk and talk so! I'll endeavour it. [*Aside.*]
Ero. Sir, do you know me?
Gon. Yes; you were sister to the late prince of Candy,
Aunt to this young one: and in Venice I
Am born a lord; equal to you in fortunes;
In shape—I 'll say no more, but view!
Moch. There needs no more to be said: were I a woman—
Oh, he does rarely! "In shape—I 'll say no more,
But view!" Who could say more, who better?
Man is no man, nor woman woman is,
Unless they have a pride like one of these.
How poor the prince of Cyprus shews to him!
How poor another lady unto her!
Carriage and state makes us seem demi-gods;
Humility, like beasts, worms of the earth. [*Aside.*]

Enter ANTINOUS *and* DECIUS.

Ant. Royal lady, I kiss your hand.
Ero. Sir, I know you not.
Anno. Oh, my noble brother, welcome from the wars!
Ant. Dear sister!
Anno. Where is my father, that you come without him?
We have news of your success: he has his health, I hope?
Ant. Yes, sister, he has his health, but is not well.
Anno. How not well? what riddles do you utter?
Ant. I 'll tell you more in private.
Gon. Noble sir,
I cannot be unmindful of your merit,
Since I last heard it: you are a hopeful youth,
And, indeed, the soul of Candy. I must speak
My thoughts.
Anno. The prince of Cyprus, brother.—Good Decius!
Ant. I am his servant.

142, 143 *and . . . lord*] Dyce. *and I in Venice | I am born a lord* F1. *and I in Venice | Am born a lord* F2.

Phi. You are the patron of your country, sir;
So your unimitable deeds proclaim you;
It is no language of my own, but all men's.
Gon. Your enemies must needs acknowledge it;
Then do not think it flattery in your friends,
For, if they had a heart, they could not want a tongue.
Ero. Is this your brother, Annophil?
Anno. Yes, madam.
Ero. Your name 's Antinous?
Ant. I am, lady, that most unfortunate man.
Ero. How unfortunate? are you not the soldier,
The captain of those captains, that did bring
Conquest and victory home along with you?
Ant. I had some share in't; but was the least
Of the least worthy.
Gon. Oh, sir, in your modesty you 'ld make
A double conquest! I was an ear-witness
When this young man spoke lesser than he acted,
And had the soldiers' voice to help him out:
But that the law compell'd him, for his honour,
To enforce him make a claim for his reward,
I well perceive he would have stood the man
That he does now, buried his worth in silence.
Ero. Sir, I hearken not to him, but look on you,
And find more in you than he can relate:
You shall attend on me.
Ant. Madam, your pardon.
Ero. Deny it not, sir, for it is more honour
Than you have gotten i' th' field; for, know, you shall,
Upon Erota's asking, serve Erota.
Ant. I may want answers, lady,
But never want a will to do you service.
I came here to my sister, to take leave,

183 *you would*] Ed. *you'ld* Ff. *you'll* 1711.
186 *soldiers'*] Ed. *soldiers* Ff. *soldier's* Seward.
187, 188 *But . . . reward*] "i.e. the law compelled him, for the sake of his honour, to enforce the claim he had to make for his reward."—Weber. "'*To enforce him*' means—to enforce himself, to *exert* himself; a sense in which *enforced* was frequently used by writers long anterior to Beaumont and Fletcher. 'But with all our hertes *enforce* we our selfe for to resist againste that vyle and abhomynable sinne of lechery,' &c. Skelton's *Boke of Three Fooles*,—*Works*, i. 205, ed. Dyce.'—Dyce.
187, 188 *for . . . him*] *And his honour enforced him.*—Seward.
194 *Deny*] "i.e. refuse."—Dyce.

Having enjoin'd myself to banishment,
For some cause that hereafter you may hear,
And wish with me I had not the occasion.
Anno. There shall be no occasion to divide us.—
Dear Madam, for my sake use your power,
Even for the service that he ought to owe,
Must, and does owe, to you, his friends, and country.
Ero. Upon your loyalty to the state and me,
I do command you, sir, not depart Candy:
Am I not your princess?
Ant. You are, great lady.
Ero. Then shew yourself a servant and a subject.
Ant. I am your vassal.
Moch. You are a coward. I, that dare not fight,
Scorn to be vassal to any prince in Europe:
Great is my heart with pride, which I 'll increase,
When they are gone, with practice on my vassals.
[*Aside.*]

[*Enter an* Attendant.]

Atten. The noble Cassilane is come to see you, Madam.
Dec. There's comfort in those words, Antinous;
For here's the place and persons that have power
To reconcile you to his love again.
Ant. That were a fortunate meeting.

Enter CASSILANE *and* ARCANES.

Cas. Greatness still wait you, lady!
Ero. Good Cassilane,
We do maintain our greatness through your valour.
Cas. My prayers pull daily blessings on thy head,
My unoffending child, my Annophil!—
Good prince.—worthy Gonzalo!—Ha! art thou here
Before me? in every action art thou ambitious?—
My duty, lady, first offerèd here,
And love to thee, my child, though he out-strip me:

209 *You . . . lady*] 1711. *You are a great lady*, Ff.
227 *first offerèd*] *I first offer'd* Seward. *would first be offer'd* Dyce's conjecture. But *offered* (so spelt, and not *offer'd*, in the Ff) may be scanned as a trisyllable.
228 *out-strip*] *outstript* Weber.

Thus in the wars he got the start on me,
By being forward, but performing less;
All the endeavours of my life are lost,
And thrown upon that evil of mine own
Cursèd begetting, whom I shame to father.—
Oh, that the heat thou robb'dst me of had burnt
Within my entrails, and begot a fever,
Or some worse sickness! for thou art a disease
Sharper than any physic gives a name to.
Anno. Why do you say so?
Cas. Oh, Annophil, there is good cause, my girl!
He has play'd the thief with me, and filch'd away
The richest jewel of my life, my honour,
Wearing it publicly with that applause,
As if he justly did inherit it.
Ant. Would I had in my infancy been laid
Within my grave, cover'd with your blessings, rather
Than grown up to a man, to meet your curses!
Cas. Oh, that thou hadst!
Then I had been the father of a child,
Dearer than thou wert even unto me
When hope persuaded me I had begot
Another self in thee. Out of mine eyes,
As far as I have thrown thee from my heart,
That I may live and die forgetting thee!
Ero. How has he deservèd this untamèd anger,
That, when he might have ask'd for his reward
Some honour for himself or mass of pelf,
He only did request to have erected
Your statue in the Capitol, with titles
Engraved upon 't, *The patron of his country?*
Cas. That, that 's the poison in the gilded cup,
The serpent in the flowers, that stings my honour,
And leaves me dead in fame!—Gods, do a justice,
And rip his bosom up, that men may see,

245 *your*] F2. *you* F1.
245 *rather*] F2. Omitted in F1.
246 *than grown*] *than, grown* Dyce.
248 *I had*] *had I* Weber.
249 *even*] F1. *ever* F2. "By the 'child' Cassilane means unrivalled honour, which he had lost by his son's life."—Mason.
254 *he deservèd*] *he, Sir, deserved* Seward. But we may scan *deserved* and *untamed* as trisyllables, although the Ff print *deserv'd* and *untam'd*.

Seeing believe, the subtle practices
Written within his heart!—But I am heated,
And do forget this presence and myself:
Your pardon, lady.
Ero. You should not ask, 'less you knew how to give.
For my sake, Cassilane, cast out of your thoughts
All ill conceptions of your worthy son,
That, questionless, has ignorantly offended,
Declarèd in his penitence.
Cas. Bid me die, lady, for your sake I 'll do it;
But that, you 'll say, is nothing for a man
That has out-lived his honour: but command me
In any thing save that, and Cassilane
Shall ever be your servant.—Come, Annophil,
My joy in this world; thou shalt live with me,
Retirèd in some solitary nook,
The comfort of my age: my days are short,
And ought to be well spent; and I desire
No other witness of them but thyself
And good Arcanes.
Anno. I shall obey you, sir.
Gon. Noble sir,
If you taste any want of worldly means,
Let not that discontent you: know me your friend,
That hath and can supply you.
Cas. Sir, I am too much bound to you already;
And 'tis not of my cares the least, to give you
Fair satisfaction.
Gon. You may imagine I do speak to that end;
But, trust me, 'tis to make you bolder with me.
Cas. Sir, I thank you, and may make trial of you;
Mean time, my service.
Anno. Brother,
Be comforted: so long as I continue
Within my father's love, you cannot long
Stand out an exile. I must go live with him;
And I will prove so good an orator
In your behalf, that you again shall gain him,
Or I will stir in him another anger,
And be lost with you.

Ant. Better I were neglected ; for he is hasty,
And through the choler that abounds in him,
Which for the time divides from him his judgement,
He may cast you off, and with you his life ;
For grief will straight surprise him, and that way
Must be his death : the sword has tried too often,
And all the deadly instruments of war
Have aim'd at his great heart, but ne'er could touch it ;
Yet not a limb about him wants a scar.
Cas. Madam, my duty——
Ero. Will you be gone ?
Cas. I must, lady ; but I shall be ready,
When you are pleased command me, for your service.—
Excellent prince ! [*To* PHILANDER]—To all my hearty love,
And a good farewell.
Mock. Thanks, honest Cassilane.
Cas. Come, Annophil.
Gon. Shall I not wait upon you, sir ?
Cas. From hence
You shall not stir a foot : loving Gonzalo,
It must be all my study to requite you.
Gon. If I may be so fortunate to deserve
The name of friend from you, I have enough.
Cas. You are so, and you have made yourself so.
Gon. I will, then, preserve it.
[*Exeunt* CASSILANE, ANNOPHIL, *and* ARCANES.]
Ero. Antinous, you are my servant, are you not ?
Ant. It hath pleased you so to grace me.
Ero. Why are you then dejected ? You will say,
You have lost a father ; but you have found a mistress
Doubles that loss : be master of your spirit ;
You have a cause for it, which is my favour.
Gon. And mine.
Ero. Will no man ease me of this fool ?
Gon. Your fellow.
Ero. Antinous, wait upon us.
Ant. I shall, Madam.
Gon. Nay, but, lady, lady,—
Ero. Sir, you are rude :

320 *If I*] F2. *I* F1.

And, if you be the master of such means
As you do talk of, you should learn good manners.
Gon. Oh, lady, you can find a fault in me,
But not perceive it in yourself! You must, shall hear me:
I love you for your pride; 'tis the best virtue
In you.
Ero. I could hang this fellow now [*Aside*].—By whom
Are you supported, that you dare do this?
Have you not example here in a prince,
Transcending you in all things, yet bears himself
As doth become a man had seen my beauty?
Back to your country and your courtezans,
Where you may be admirèd for your wealth;
Which being consumed, may be a means to gain you
The opinion of some wit. Here's nothing to be got
But scorn and loss of time.
Gon. Which are things I delight in.
Ero. Antinous, follow me. *Exit.*
Gon. She is vex'd to the soul.
Moch. Let her be vex'd; 'tis fit she should be so.
Give me thy hand, Gonzalo; thou art in our favour,
For we do love to cherish lofty spirits,
Such as percuss ever the earth, and bound
With an erected countenance to the clouds.
Gon. 'Sfoot, what thing is this?
Moch. I do love fire-works, because they mount;
An exhalation I profess to adore
Beyond a fixèd star; 'tis more illustrious,
As every thing raised out of smoke is so;
Their virtue is in action. What do you think of me?
Gon. Troth, sir,
You are beyond my guess; I know you not.
Moch. Do you know yourself?
Gon. Yes, sir.
Moch. Why, you and I
Are one: I am proud, and very proud too,
That I must tell you; I saw it did become you.
Cousin Gonzalo, prithee, let it be so.

341 *example here*] *here example* Seward.
353 *percuss ever the earth*] Dyce. *percusseere the earrh* F1. *percusse the Earth* F2.

Gon. Let it be so, good cousin.
Moch. I am no great one's fool.
Gon. I hope so, for alliance sake.
Moch. Yet I do serve
The mighty, monstrous, and magnanimous,
Invincible Erota.
Gon. Oh, good cousin,
Now I have you: I 'll meet you in your coat.
Moch. Coat! I have my horseman's coat, I must confess,
Lined through with velvet, and a scarlet outside:
If you will meet me in 't, I 'll send for it;
And, cousin, you shall see me with much comfort,
For it is both a new one and a right one;
It did not come collateral.
Gon. Adieu,
Good cousin; at this present I have some business.
Moch. Farewell, excellent cousin. [*Exeunt severally.*]

374 *you will . . . for it*] Seward. *you'll . . . for't* Ff.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The lodging of GONZALO.

Enter GONZALO *and* FERNANDO.

Gon. Candy, I say, is lost already.
Fer. Yes,
If to be conqueror be to be lost.
Gon. You have it; one day's conquest hath undone them,
And sold them to their vassalage: for what
Have I else toil'd my brains, profusely emptied
My moneys, but to make them slaves to Venice,
That so, in case the sword did lose his edge,
Then art might sharpen hers?
Fer. Gonzalo, how?
Gon. Fernando, thus. You see how, through this land,
Both of the best and basest I am honour'd:
I only gave the state of Venice notice,
When, where, and how to land, or you had found
A better entertainment; I was he
Encouraged young Antinous to affront
The devil his father; for the devil, I think,
Dares not do more in battle.
Fer. But why did ye?
I find no such great policy in that.
Gon. Indeed, Fernando, thou canst fight, not plot:
Had they continued one, they two alone
Were of sufficient courage and performance
To beat an army.
Fer. Now, by all my hopes,
I rather shall admire than envy virtue.
Gon. Why, then, by all your hopes you 'll rather have
Your brains knock'd out, than learn how to be wise:
You statesman! Well, sir, I did more than this;

When Cassilane craved from the common treasure
Pay for his soldiers, I strook home, and lent him
An hundred thousand ducats.
Fer. Marry, sir,
The policy was little, the love less,
And honesty least of all.
Gon. How say ye by that? 30
Go fight, I say, go fight! I 'll talk no more with you;
You are insensible.
Fer. Well, I shall observe ye.
Gon. Why, look you, sir; by this means have I got
The greatest part of Cassilane's estate
Into my hands, which he can ne'er redeem, 35
But must of force sink. Do you conceive me now?
Fer. So:
But why have you importunèd the senate,
For me to sojourn with him?
Gon. There 's the quintessence,
The soul, and grand elixir of my wit; 40
For he, according to his noble nature,
Will not be known to want, though he do want,
And will be bankrupted so much the sooner,
And made the subject of our scorn and laughter.
Fer. Here is a perfect plotted stratagem.
Gon. Why, could you 45
Imagine that I did not hate in heart
My country's enemies? yes, yes, Fernando,
And I will be the man that shall undo them.
Fer. Ye are in a ready way.
Gon. I was never out on]'t. Peace; 50
Here comes a wise coxcomb, a tame coward.

Enter GASPERO.

Now, worthy Gaspero; what!
You come, I know, to be my lord Fernando's
Conductor to old Cassilane?
Gas. To wait upon him.

29 *less*] F1. *loss* F2.
39 *him*] Seward. *them* Ff.
49, 51 *ye . . . coward*] Ed.'s arrangement. Four lines, ending *way . . . on't . . . Peace . . . coward* Ff.

Gon. And my lords the senators sent you?
Gas. My noble lord, they did.
Gon. My lord Fernando,
This gentleman, as humble as you see him,
Is even this kingdom's treasure: in a word,
'Tis his chief glory that he is not wiser
Than honest, nor more honest than approved
In truth and faith.
Gas. My lord—
Gon. You may be bold
To trust him with your bosom; he 'll not deceive,
If you rely upon him once.
Fer. Your name is Gaspero?
Gas. Your servant.
Gon. Go, commend me,
Right honest Gaspero, commend me heartily
To noble Cassilane; tell him my love
Is vow'd to him.
Gas. I shall.
Gon. I know you will.—
My lord, I cannot long be absent from you.
Fer. Sir, you are now my guide. *Exit* [*with* GASPERO.
Gon. Thus my designs
Run uncontroll'd. Yet, Venice, though I be
Intelligencer to thee, in my brain
Are other large projects; for, if proud Erota
Bend to my lure, I will be Candy's king,
And duke of Venice too. Ha! Venice too!
Oh, 'twas prettily shoved in! why not? Erota
May in her love seal all sure: if she swallow
The bait, I am lord of both: if not, yet Candy,
Despite of all her power, shall be ruin'd. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The neighbourhood of the city. A room in a mean dwelling.

Enter CASSILANE, ARCANES, *and* ANNOPHIL.

Cas. [*To Arcanes*] Urge me no farther.—Annophil!
Anno. My lord?
Cas. Thy father's poverty has made thee happy;
For though 'tis true this solitary life
Suits not with youth and beauty, oh, my child,
Yet 'tis the sweetest guardian to protect
Chaste names from court-aspersions! there a lady,
Tender and delicate in years and graces,
That dotes upon the charms of ease and pleasure,
Is shipwrack'd on the shore; for 'tis much safer
To trust the ocean in a leaking ship,
Than follow greatness in the wanton rites
Of luxury and sloth.
Anno. My wishes, sir,
Have never soar'd a higher flight, than truly
To find occasion wherein I might witness
My duty and obedience.
Cas. 'Tis well said.—
Canst thou forbear to laugh, Arcanes?
Arc. Why, sir?
Cas. To look upon my beggary, to look
Upon my patience in my beggary. Tell me,
Does it shew handsome? bravely? Thou 'lt flatter me,
And swear that I am miserable.

1 *farther.—Annophil*] Colman. *farther Annophil* Ff. *farther, Annophel* 1711.

17–20 *To . . . nothing*] Ed.'s arrangement. Six lines, ending *upon . . . me . . . bravely? . . . me . . . miserable . . . nothing*, Ff. Five lines, ending *look . . . begging . . . bravely handsome . . . miserable . . . nothing*, Dyce.

19 *handsome? bravely?*] Ed. *handsome? bravely?* | *Handsome?* Ff. *handsome? bravely handsome?* Colman.

19 *Thou'lt*] Colman. *Thou wilt* Ff.

20 *And . . . miserable*] *and swear that I'm not miserable* Sympson's conjecture. "Mr. Sympson's reading does not satisfy, and I therefore prefer the old reading with the following interpretation—'You, Arcanes, will flatter me by talking of my former greatness and glory, and swear that this retirement is misery to a man of my abilities for the command of whole armies.'"—Seward.

Arc. Nothing
More glorifies the noble and the valiant
Than to despise contempt: if you continue
But to enjoy yourself, you in yourself
Enjoy all store besides.
Cas. An excellent change!
I, that some seven apprenticeships commanded
A hundred ministers that waited on
My nod, and sometimes twenty thousand soldiers,
Am now retired, attended in my age
By one poor maid, follow'd by one old man.
Arc. Sir, you are lower in your own repute
Than you have reason for.
Cas. The Roman captains,
I mean the best, such as with their bloods
Purchased their country's peace, the empire's glory,
Were glad at last to get them to some farms,
Off from the clamours of the ingrateful great ones
And the unsteady multitude, to live
As I do now; and 'twas their blessing too;
Let it be ours, Arcanes.
Arc. I cannot but
Applaud your scorn of injuries.
Cas. Of injuries?
Arcanes, Annophil, lend both your hands.
So; what say ye now?
Arc. Why, now, my lord—
Cas. I swear
By all my past prosperities, thus standing
Between you two, I think myself as great,
As mighty, as if in the Capitol
I stood amidst the senators, with all
The Cretan subjects prostrate at my feet.
Anno. Sir, you are here more safe.
Cas. And more beloved.
Why, look ye, sirs, I can forget the weakness
Of the traducèd soldiers, the neglect
Of the fair-spoken senate, the impiety

32 *best*] *bravest* Seward.
41 *Why, now, my lord—*] *Why now, my lord?* Colman.
49 *traducèd*] *seduced* Mason. "'Traduced' means 'brought, or won, over to the opposite party.'"—Dyce.

Of him, the villain, whom, to my dishonour,
The world miscalls my son. But, by the—
Arc. Sir,
Remember that you promised no occasion
Should move your patience.
Cas. Thou dost chide me friendly:
He shall not have the honour to be thought upon
Amongst us.

Enter a Servant.

Now? the news?
Serv. The secretary,
With the Venetian prisoner, desire
Admittance to your lordship.
Cas. How? to me?
What mystery is this? Arcanes, can they,
Think'st thou, mean any good?
Arc. My lord, they dare not
Intend aught else but good.
Cas. 'Tis true, they dare not:
Arcanes, welcome them. [*Exeunt* ARCANES *and* Servant.]
Come hither, Annophil;
Stand close to me: we'll change our affability
Into a form of state; and they shall know,
Our heart is still our own.

Enter ARCANES, FERNANDO, *and* GASPERO.

Arc. My lord—
Cas. Arcanes,
I know them both.—Fernando, as you are
A man of greatness, I should undervalue
The right my sword hath fought for, to observe
Low-fawning compliments; but as you are
A captive and a stranger, I can love you,
And must be kind. You are welcome.
Fer. 'Tis the all
Of my ambition.
Gas. And for proof how much
He truly honours your heroic virtues,
The senate, on his importunity,
Commend him to your lordship's guard.

Cas. For what?
Gas. During the time of his abode in Candy,
To be your household guest.
Fer. Wherein, my lord,
You shall more make me debtor to your nobleness,
Than if you had return'd me without ransom.
Cas. Are you in earnest, sir?
Fer. My suit to the senate
Shall best resolve you that.
Cas. Come hither, secretary:
Look that this be no trick now put upon me;
For, if it be—sirrah—
Gas. As I have troth,
My lord, it only is a favour granted
Upon Fernando's motion, from himself:
Your lordship must conceive, I 'ld not partake
Aught, but what should concern your honour: who
Has been the prop, our country's shield, and safety,
But the renownèd Cassilane?
Cas. Applause
Is, Gaspero—puff!—nothing.—Why, young lord,
Would you so much be sequester'd from those
That are the blazing comets of the time,
To live a solitary life with me,
A man forsaken? All my hospitality
Is now contracted to a few; these two,
This tempest-wearied soldier and this virgin:
We cannot feast your eyes with masques and revels,
Or courtly antics; the sad sports we riot in
Are tales of foughten fields, of martial scars,
And things done long ago, when men of courage
Were held the best, not those well-spoken youths
Who only carry conquest in their tongues:
Now, stories of this nature are unseasonable
To entertain a great duke's son with.
Fer. Herein
Shall my captivity be made my happiness,
Since what I lose in freedom, I regain,
With interest, by conversing with a soldier,
So matchless for experience as great Cassilane:

96 *This tempest-wearied*] F1. *The tempest-wearied* F2.

Pray, sir, admit me.
Cas. If you come to mock me,
I shall be angry.
Fer. By the love I bear
To goodness, my intents are honourable!
Cas. Then, in a word, my lord, your visitations
Shall find all due respect: but I am now
Grown old, and have forgot to be an host:
Come when you please, you are welcome.
Fer. Sir, I thank you.
Anno. Good sir, be not too urgent; for my father
Will soon be moved: yet in a noble way
Of courtesy he is as easily conquer'd.
Fer. Lady, your words are like your beauty, powerful;
I shall not strive more how to do him service,
Than how to be your servant.
Cas. She's my daughter,
And does command this house.
Fer. I so conceive her.
Cas. Do you hear?
Gas. My honour'd lord.
Cas. Commend me to them:
Tell 'em, I thank them.
Gas. Whom, my lord?
Cas. The senate:
Why, how come you so dull? oh, they are gracious,
And infinitely grateful! Thou art eloquent:
Speak modestly in mentioning my services;
And if aught fall out in the by, that must
Of mere necessity touch any act
Of my deserving praises, blush when you talk on't:
'Twill make them blush to hear on't.
Gas. Why, my lord—
Cas. Nay, nay, you are too wise now; good, observe me.
I do not rail against the hopeful springal,
That builds up monuments in brass, rears trophies

109 *Pray*] F1. *'Pray* F2.
126 *grateful!*] Dyce. *grateful*— Ff.
130 *Of . . . praises*] *Of mine, deserving praises* Mason.
131 *Why, my lord—*] *Why, my lord?* Colman.
133 *springal*] "i.e. youth."—Reed.

With mottoes and inscriptions, quaint devices
Of poetry and fiction: let's be quiet.
Arc. You must not cross him.
Gas. Not for Candy's wealth.
Fer. You shall for ever make me yours.
Anno. 'Twere pity
To double your captivity.

Enter DECIUS.

Arc. Who's here?
Decius!
Cas. Ha! Decius! who named Decius?
Dec. My duty to your lordship: I am bold,
Presuming on your noble and known goodness,
To—
Cas. What?
Dec. Present you with this—
Cas. Letter?
Dec. Yes, my honour'd lord.
Cas. From whom?
Dec. Please you peruse
The inside; you shall find a name subscribed,
In such humility, in such obedience,
That you yourself will judge it tyranny
Not to receive it favourably.
Cas. Hey-day!
Good words, my masters! this is court infection,
And none but cowards ply them. Tell me, Decius,
Without more circumstance, who is the sender?
Dec. Your much grieved son, Antinous.
Cas. On my life,
A challenge! speak, as thou art worthy, speak:
I 'll answer 't.
Dec. Honour'd sir—
Cas. No honour'd sirs!
Fool your young idol with such pompous attributes.
Say briefly, what contains it?
Dec. 'Tis a lowly

144 *Please*] F1. *'Please* F2.
152 *much*] F1. *most* F2.

Petition for your favour.
Cas. Rash young man,
But that thou art under my own roof, and know'st
I dare not any way infringe the laws
Of hospitality, thou shouldst repent
Thy bold and rude intrusion. But presume not
Again to shew thy letter, for thy life;
Decius, not for thy life.
Arc. Nay, then, my lord,
I can withhold no longer. You are too rough,
And wrestle against nature with a violence
More than becomes a father: wherein would ye
Come nearer to the likeness of a God,
Than in your being entreated? let not thirst
Of honour make you quite forget you are
A man, and what makes perfect manhood's comforts,
A father.
Anno. If a memory remain
Of my departed mother; if the purity
Of her unblemish'd faith deserve to live
In your remembrance, let me yet by these
Awake your love to my uncomforted brother.
Fer. I am a stranger, but so much I tender
Your son's desertful virtues, that I vow
His sword ne'er conquer'd me so absolutely,
As shall your courtesy, if you vouchsafe,
At all our instances, to new-receive him
Into your wonted favour.
Gas. Sir, you cannot
Require more low submission.
Anno. Am I not
Grown vile yet in your eyes? then, by the name
Of father, let me once more sue for him,
Who is the only now remaining branch,
With me, of that most ancient root, whose body
You are, dear sir.
Cas. 'Tis well: an host of Furies
Could not have baited me more torturingly,

167 *likeness of a God*] Seward. *likeness of God* Ff.
170, 171 *perfect . . . father*] Seward. *perfect manhoods, comforts | A father* Ff. "Don't forget you are a man, and what is the greatest blessing in the state of manhood, a father."—Seward.

More rutely, or more most unnaturally.
Decius, I say, let me no more hear from him!
For this time, go thou hence; and know from me
Thou art beholding to me that I have not
Kill'd thee already: look to 't next, look to 't—
Arcanes, fie!—fie, Annophil. *Exit.*
Arc. He 's gone,
Chafed beyond sufferance: we must follow him.
Dec. Lady, this letter is to you.
Anno. Come with me,
For we must speak in private.—Please you, sir,
To see what entertainment our sad house
Can yield?
Fer. I shall attend you, lady.
Exit [*with* ANNOPHIL ARCANES *and* DECIUS.]
Gas. How do you like
To sojourn here, my lord?
Fer. More than to feast
With all the princes of the earth besides.
Gonzalo told me that thou wert honest.
Gas. Yes, sir,
And you shall find it.
Fer. Shall I?
Gas. All my follies
Be else recorded to my shame!
Fer. Enough.
My heart is here for ever lodged.
Gas. The lady—
Fer. The place admits no time to utter all;
But, Gaspero, if thou wilt prove my friend,
I 'll say thou art—
Gas. Your servant: I conceive ye.
We 'll choose some fitter leisure.
Fer. Never man
Was, in a moment, or more bless'd or wretched.
Exeunt.

189 *most*] Omitted by Colman.
197 *Please*] F1. *'please* F2.

SCENE III.

An apartment in the palace of EROTA.

Enter HYPARCHA (*placing two chairs*), ANTINOUS *and* EROTA.

Ero. Leave us.
Hyp. I shall. *Exit.*
Ero. Antinous, sit down.
Ant. Madam—
Ero. I say, sit down; I do command you sit;
For look, what honour thou dost gain by me,
I cannot lose by it. Happy Antinous!
The Graces and the higher deities
Smiled at thy birth, and still continue it:
Then think that I, who scorn lesser examples,
Must do the like: such as do taste my power,
And talk of it with fear and reverence,
Shall do the same unto the man I favour.
I tell thee, youth, thou hast a conquest won,
Since thou camest home, greater than that last
Which dignified thy fame, greater than if
Thou shouldst go out again, and conquer farther;
For I am not ashamèd to acknowledge
Myself subdued by thee.
Ant. Great lady—
Ero. Sit still; I will not hear thee else. Now speak,
And speak like my Antinous, like my soldier,
Whom Cupid, and not Mars, hath sent to battle.
Ant. I must, I see, be silent.
Ero. So thou mayst;
There 's greater action in it than in clamour;
A look, if it be gracious, will begin
The war, a word conclude it; then prove no coward,
Since thou hast such a friendly enemy,
That teaches thee to conquer
Ant. You do amaze me, madam:

4 *dost*] F2. *didst* F1.
5 *lose by it*] F1. *lose it* F2.
13 *greater*] *far greater* Seward.

I have no skill, no practice in this war;
And whether you be serious, or please
To make your sport on a dejected man,
I cannot rightly guess; but, be it as it will,
It is a like unhappiness to me:
My discontents bear those conditions in them, *Music.*
And lay me out so wretched, no designs,
However truly promising a good,
Can make me relish aught, but a sweet-bitter
Voluntary exile. *Music again.*
Ero. Why an exile?
What comfort can there be in those companions
Which sad thoughts bring along with them?
Hyparcha!

Enter HYPARCHA.

Hyp. Madam?
Ero. Whence comes this well-tuned sound?
Hyp. I know not, madam.
Ero. Listen, wench.
Whatever friendly hands they are that send it,
Let 'em play on; they are masters of their faculty.—
Song.
Doth it please you, sir?
Ant. According to the time.
Ero. Go to 'em, wench,
And tell 'em, we shall thank 'em; for they have kept
As good time to our disposition as to their instruments.
Unless Antinous shall say he loves,
[*Exit* HYPARCHA.]

Enter PHILANDER.

There never can be sweeter accents utter'd.
Phil. Let, then, the heart that did employ those hands
Receive some small share of your thanks with them.
'Tis happiness enough that you did like it;
A fortune unto me, that I should send it
In such a lucky minute; but to obtain
So gracious welcome did exceed my hopes.

38, 39 *along . . . Hyparcha!*] Dyce. *alongwith?* Ff. *along? Hyparcha!* Seward. *along with? Hyparcha!* Weber.

Ero. Good prince, I thank you for it.
Phil. Oh, madam, pour not, too fast, joys on me,
But sprinkle 'em so gently, I may stand 'em!
It is enough at first, you have laid aside
Those cruel angry looks out of your eyes,
With which, as with your lovely, you did strike
All your beholders in an ecstasy.
Ero. Philander, you have long profess'd to love me.
Phil. Have I but profess'd it, madam?
Ero. Nay, but hear me—
Phil. More attentively than to an oracle.
Ero. And I will speak more truly, if more can be;
Nor shall my language be wrapt up in riddles,
But plain as truth itself. I love this gentleman,
Whose griefs has made him so uncapable
Of love, he will not hear, at least not understand it.
I, that have look'd with scornful eyes on thee,
And other princes, mighty in their states,
And in their friends as fortunate, have now pray'd,
In a petitionary kind almost,
This man, this well-deserving man (that I must say),
To look upon this beauty; yet you see
He casts his eyes rather upon the ground
Than he will turn 'em this way.
Philander, you look pale; I 'll talk no more.
Phil. Pray, go forward; I would be your martyr;
To die thus, were immortally to live.
Ero. Will you go to him, then, and speak for me?
You have loved longer, but not ferventer;
Know how to speak, for you have done it like
An orator, even for yourself; then how will you for me,
Whom you profess to love above yourself?
Phil. The curses of dissemblers follow me
Unto my grave, and if I do not so!
Ero. You may, as all men do, speak boldlier, better,
In their friends' cause still, than in your own:
But speak your utmost, yet you cannot feign;
I will stand by, and blush to witness it.
Tell him, since I beheld him, I have lost

56 *for it*] F1. *for't* F2.
69 *griefs*] F1. *grief* F2.
89, 90 *You . . . own*] F1 arrangement. Two lines, ending *boldlier . . . own* Seward.

The happiness of this life, food and rest,
A quiet bosom, and the state I went with;
Tell him how he has humbled the proud,
And made the living but a dead Erota;
Tell him withal, that she is better pleas'd
With thinking on him, than enjoying these;
Tell him—Philander, prince! I talk in vain
To you; you do not mark me.
Phil. Indeed, I do.
Ero. But thou dost look so pale,
As thou wilt spoil the story in relating.
Phil. Not, if I can but live to tell it.
Ero. It may be, you have not the heart.
Phil. I have a will, I am sure, howe'er my heart
May play the coward: but, if you please, I 'll try.
Ero. If a kiss will strengthen thee, I give you leave
To challenge it; nay, I will give it you. [*Kisses him.*]
Phil. Oh, that a man should taste such heavenly bliss,
And be enjoin'd to beg it for another!
Ero. Alas, it is a misery I grieve
To put you to! and I will suffer rather
In his tyranny, than thou in mine.
Phil. Nay, madam, since I cannot have your love,
I will endeavour to deserve your pity:
For I had rather have within the grave
Your love, than you should want it upon earth.
But how can I hope, with a feeble tongue,
To instruct him in the rudiments of love,
When your most powerful beauty cannot work it?
Ero. Do what thou wilt, Philander; the request
Is so unreasonable, that I quit thee of it.
I desire now no more but the true patience
And fortitude of lovers, with those helps
Of sighs and tears, which, I think, is all the physic—
Phil. Oh, if he did but hear you, 'twere enough!
And I will wake him from his apoplexy.—

96 *humbled*] "To be pronounced as a trisyllable."—Dyce.
96, 99 *Tell . . . these*] Ff. Seward prints ll. 98, 99 before ll. 96, 97.
112–114 *Alas . . . mine*] Ff arrangement. Four lines, ending *is . . . to . . . tyranny . . . mine* Weber.
114 *In*] *Under* Seward.
128 *wake*] F1. *'wake* F2.

Antinous!
Ant. My lord?
Phil. Nay, pray,
No courtesy to me; you are my lord,
Indeed you are, for you command her heart
That commands mine; nor can you want to know it;
For, look you, she that told it you in words,
Explains it now more passionately in tears:
Either thou hast no heart, or a marble one,
If those drops cannot melt it. Prithee, look up,
And see how sorrow sits within her eyes,
And love the grief she goes with, (if not her,)
Of which thou art the parent; and never yet
Was there, by nature, that thing made so stony
But it would love whatever it begot.
Ant. He that begot me did beget these cares,
Which are good issues, though happily by him
Esteemèd monsters: nay, the ill-judging world
Is likely enough to give them those charàcters.
Phil. What 's this to love, and to the lady? He 's old,
Wrathful, perverse, self-will'd, and full of anger;
Which are his faults, but let them not be thine:
He thrusts you from his love, she pulls thee on;
He doubts your virtues, she doth double them.
Oh, either use thy own eyes, or take mine,
And with them my heart! then thou wilt love her,
Nay, dote upon her more than on thy duty,
And men will praise thee equally for it;
Neglecting her, condemn thee as a man
Unworthy such a fortune. Oh, Antinous,
'Tis not the friendship that I bear to thee,
But her command, that makes me utter this!
And when I have prevail'd, let her but say,
"Philander, you must die, or this is nothing,"
It shall be done together with a breath,
With the same willingness I live to serve her.
Ero. No more, Philander.
Phil. All I have done is little yet to purpose:

129 *pray*] F1. *'pray* F2.
151 *thy*] F1. *thine* F2.

But, ere I leave him, I will perceive him blush,
And make him feel the passions that I do;
And every true lover will assist me in 't,
And lend me their sad sighs to blow it home,
For Cupid wants a dart to wound this bosom.
Ero. No more, no more, Philander! I can endure no more:
Pray, let him go.—Go, good Antinous; make peace
With your own mind; no matter though I perish.
Exeunt.

167 *And*] Omitted by Seward.
169 *this*] *his* Seward.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The same.

Enter HYPARCHA *and* MOCHINGO.

Hyp. I cannot help it.
Moch. Nor do I require it ;
The malady needs no physician :
Help hospital-people.
Hyp. I am glad to hear
You are so valiant.
Moch. Valiant !
Can any man be proud that is not valiant ?
Foolish woman, what wouldst thou say ? thou—
I know not what to call thee.
Hyp. I can you,
For I can call you coxcomb, ass, and puppy.
Moch. You do do it, I thank you.
Hyp. That you 'll lose a fortune,
Which a cobbler better deserves than thou dost.
Moch. Do not provoke my magnanimity ;
For when I am incensed I am insensible.
Go tell thy lady, that hath sent me word
She will discard me, that I discard her,
And throw a scorn upon her, which I would not,
But that she does me wrong. [*Exit.*

Enter EROTA *and* ANTINOUS.

Ero. Do you not glory in your conquest more,
To take some great man prisoner, than to kill him ?
And shall a lady find less mercy from you,
That yields herself your captive, and for her ransom
Will give the jewel of her life, her heart,

6 *Foolish*] *You foolish* Seward.

Which she hath lock'd from all men but thyself?
For shame, Antinous, throw this dulness off!
Art thou a man no where but in the field?
Hyp. He must hear drums and trumpets, or he sleeps;
And at this instant dreams he 's in his armour.
These iron-hearted soldiers are so cold,
Till they be beaten to a woman's arms!
And then they love 'em better than their own;
No fort can hold them out. [*Aside, and then exit.*]
Ant. What pity is it, madam, that yourself,
Who are all excellence, should become so wretched,
To think on such a wretch as grief hath made me!
Seldom despairing men look up to heaven,
Although it still speak to 'em in its glories;
For when sad thoughts perplex the mind of man,
There is a plummet in the heart that weighs,
And pulls us, living, to the dust we came from.
Did you but see the miseries you pursue,
As I the happiness that I avoid,
That doubles my afflictions, you would fly
Unto some wilderness or to your grave,
And there find better comforts than in me;
For love and cares can never dwell together.
Ero. They should,
If thou hadst but my love and I thy cares.
Ant. What wild beast in the desert but would be
Taught by this tongue to leave his cruelty,
Though all the beauties of the face were veil'd!
But I am savager than any beast,
And shall be so till Decius do arrive,
Whom with so much submission I have sent
Under my hand, that, if he do not bring
His benediction back, he must to me
Be much more crueller than I to you.
Ero. Is 't but your father's pardon you desire?

25 *or he sleeps*] Seward. *ere he sleeps* Ff. "C.. *Hamlet*, ii. 2, 522. 'He's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps.'"—Seward.
31 *is it*] F1. *it is* F2.
51 *do*] F1. *does* F2.
55 *more . . . you*] F1. *more cruel than I to you* F2. *more cruel than I am to you* Colman.

Ant. With his love; and then nothing next that, like yours.

Enter DECIUS.

Ero. Decius is come.
Ant. Oh, welcome, friend! if I apprehend not
Too much of joy, there's comfort in thy looks.
Ero. There is, indeed: I prithee, Decius, speak it.
Dec. How? "prithee, Decius"? this woman's strangely alter'd. [*Aside.*
Ant. Why dost not speak, good friend, and tell me how
The reverend blessing of my life received
My humble lines? wept he for joy?
Dec. No; there's a letter will inform you more: [*Gives letter.*
Yet I can tell you what I think will grieve you;
The old man is in want, and angry still,
And poverty is the bellows to the coal,
More than distaste from you, as I imagine.
Ant. What's here? how's this? It cannot be: now, sure,
My griefs delude my senses.
Ero. In his looks
I read a world of changes. Decius, mark
With what a sad amazement he surveys
The news! canst thou guess what 'tis?
Dec. None good, I fear.
Ero. I fear so too; and then—
Ant. It is her hand.
Ero. Are you not well?
Ant. Too well. If I were aught
But rock, this letter would conclude my miseries.
Peruse it, lady, and resolve me then,
In what a case I stand.
Dec. Sir, the worst is
Your father's lowness and distaste.
Ant. No, Decius:
My sister writes, Fernando has made suit
For love to her; and, to express sincerely

64 *reverend*] F2. *reverent* F1.

His constant truth, hath, like a noble gentleman,
Discover'd plots of treachery, contrived
By false Gonzalo, not intending more
The utter ruin of our house, than generally
Candy's confusion.
Dec. 'Tis a generous part
Of young Fernando.
Ant. 'Tis, and I could wish
All thrift to his affections, Decius.—
You find the sum on 't, madam?
Ero. Yes, I do.
Ant. And can you now yet think a heart oppress'd
With such a throng of cares can entertain
An amorous thought? Love frees all toils but one;
Calamity and it can ill agree.
Ero. Will 't please ye speak my doom?
Ant. Alas, great lady,
Why will you flatter thus a desperate man
That is quite cast away? Oh, had you not
Procured the senate's warrant to enforce
My stay, I had not heard of these sad news!
What would you have me do?
Ero. Love me, or kill me;
One word shall sentence either; for, as truth
Is just, if you refuse me, I am resolute
Not to out-live my thraldom.
Ant. Gentle lady—
Ero. Say, must I live, or die?
Dec. My lord, how can you
Be so inexorable? here 's occasion
Of succouring your father in his wants
Securely proffer'd: pray, sir, entertain it.
Ero. What is my sentence?
Ant. What you please to have it.
Ero. As thou art gentle, speak those words again.
Ant. Madam, you have prevail'd; yet, give me leave,
Without offence, ere I resign the interest
Your heart hath in my heart, to prove your secrecy.
Ero. Antinous, 'tis the greatest argument
Of thy affections to me.
Ant. Madam, thus, then.

My father stands for certain sums engaged
To treacherous Gonzalo, and has mortgaged
The greatest part of his estate to him:
If you receive this mortgage, and procure
Acquittance from Gonzalo to my father,
I am what you would have me be.
Ero. You 'll love me, then?
Ant. Provided, madam, that my father know not
I am an agent for him.
Ero. If I fail
In this, I am unworthy to be loved.
Ant. Then, with your favour, thus I seal my truth
To-day; and Decius, witness how unchangingly
I shall still love Erota!
Ero. Thou hast quicken'd
A dying heart, Antinous.
Dec. This is well:
Much happiness to both!

Enter HYPARCHA.

Hyp. The lord Gonzalo
Attends you, madam.
Ero. Comes as we could wish.
Withdraw, Antinous; here 's a closet, where
You may partake his errand.—Let him enter.
[*Exit* HYPARCHA.]
Ant. Madam, you must be wary.
Ero. Fear it not:
I will be ready for him, to entertain him
With smiling welcome. *Exit* [ANTINOUS.]

Enter GONZALO.

Noble sir, you take
Advantage of the time; it had been fit
Some notice of your presence might have fashion'd
A more prepared state.

117 *has*] F2. *'has* F1.
117 *mortgaged*] 1711. *more 'gag'd* F1. *morgag'd* F2.
119 *receive*] *retrieve* Dyce's conjecture.
125, 126 *thus . . . To-day*] Seward omitted *To-day. thus . . . truth. To-day* Colman (who adds "the *day* is no uncommon adjuration"). *thus . . . To thee* Mason.

Gon. Do you mock me, madam?
Ero. Trust me, you wrong your judgement, to repute
My gratitude a fault: I have examined
Your portly carriage, and will now confess
It hath not slightly won me.
Gon. [*Aside.*] The wind 's turn'd!
I thought 'twould come to this.—It pleased us, madam,
At our last interview, to mention love:
Have you consider'd on 't?
Ero. With more than common
Content: but, sir, if what you spake you meant,
As I have cause to doubt, then—
Gon. What, sweet lady?
Ero. Methinks we should lay by this form of stateliness;
Love's courtship is familiar; and, for instance,
See what a change it hath begot in me!
I could talk humbly now, as lovers use.
Gon. And I, and I; we meet in one self-centre
Of blest consent.
Ero. I hope my weakness, sir,
Shall not deserve neglect; but, if it prove so,
I am not the first lady has been ruin'd
By being too credulous; you will smart for 't one day.
Gon. Angel-like lady, let me be held a villain,
If I love not sincerely!
Ero. Would I knew it!
Gon. Make proof by any fit command.
Ero. What, do ye mean
To marry me?
Gon. How! mean! nay, more, I mean
To make you empress of my earthly fortunes,
Regent of my desires; for, did ye covet
To be a real queen, I could advance you.
Ero. Now I perceive you slight me, and would make me
More simple than my sex's frailty warrants.
Gon. But say your mind, and you shall be a queen.
Ero. On those conditions call me yours.
Gon. Enough.

146 *spake*] F1. *spoke* F2. 148 *we*] F2. *me* F1.
159 *ye*] F1. *you* F2. 162 *ye*] F1. *you* F2.

But are we safe?
Ero. Assuredly.
Gon. In short—
Yet, lady, first be plain; would you not choose
Much rather to prefer your own sun-rising
Than any's else, though ne'er so near entitled
By blood or right of birth?
Ero. 'Tis a question
Needs not a resolution.
Gon. Good: what if
I set the crown of Candy on your head?
Ero. I were a queen indeed, then.
Gon. Madam, know
There 's but a boy 'twixt you and it; suppose him
Transshap'd into an angel.
Ero. Wise Gonzalo,
I cannot but admire thee!
Gon. 'Tis worth thinking on:
Besides, your husband shall be duke of Venice.
Ero. Gonzalo, duke of Venice!
Gon. Ye are mine, ye say?
Ero. Pish, you but dally with me, and would lull me
In a rich golden dream.
Gon. You are too much distrustful of my truth.
Ero. Then you must give me leave to apprehend
The means and manner how.
Gon. Why, thus—
Ero. You shall not;
We may be overheard; affairs and counsels
Of such high nature are not to be trusted,
Not to the air itself: you shall in writing
Draw out the full design; which if effected,
I am as I profess.
Gon. Oh, I applaud
Your ready care and secrecy!
Ero. Gonzalo,
There is a bar yet 'twixt our hopes and us,
And that must be removed.
Gon. What is 't?

173 *resolution*] "i.e. solution, answer."—Dyce. Cf. note on ii. 1, 40.
180 *Ye . . . ye*] F1. *You . . . you* F2.

Ero. Old Cassilane.
Gon. He? fear not him: I build upon his ruins
Already.
Ero. I would find a smoother course
To shift him off.
Gon. As how?
Ero. We'll talk in private;
I have a ready plot.
Gon. I shall adore you. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The neighbourhood of the city. A room in a mean dwelling.

Enter FERNANDO *and* ANNOPHIL.

Fer. Madam, although I hate unnoble practices,
And therefore have perform'd no more than what
I ought for honour's safety; yet, Annophil,
Thy love hath been the spur to urge me forward
For speedier diligence.
Anno. Sir, your own fame
And memory will best reward themselves.
Fer. All gain is loss, sweet beauty, if I miss
My comforts here: the brother and the sister
Have double conquer'd me, but thou mayst triumph.
Anno. Good sir, I have a father.
Fer. Yes, a brave one:
Couldst thou obscure thy beauty, yet the happiness
Of being but his daughter were a dower
Fit for a prince. What say ye?
Anno. You have deserved
As much as I should grant.
Fer. By this fair hand
I take possession.
Anno. What in words I dare not,
Imagine in my silence.
Fer. Thou art all virtue.

194 *He?*] F1. *Ha?* F2.
3 *safety*] *sake* Seward.

Enter CASSILANE *and* ARCANES.

Cas. I 'll tell thee how. Baldwin the emperor
Pretending title, more through tyranny
Than right of conquest or descent, usurp'd
The style of lord o'er all the Grecian islands,
And, under colour of an amity
With Crete, preferr'd the marquess Mountferato
To be our governor: the Cretans, vex'd
By the ambitious Turks, in hope of aid
From the emperor, received for general
This Mountferato; he, the wars appeased,
Plots with the state of Venice, and takes money
Of them for Candy: they paid well; he steals
Away in secret; since which time, that right
The state of Venice claims o'er Candy is
By purchase, not inheritance or conquest;
And hence grows all our quarrel.
Arc. So a usurer,
Or Lombard Jew, might with some bags of trash
Buy half the western world.
Cas. Money, Arcanes,
Is now a god on earth: it cracks virginities,
And turns a Christian Turk;
Bribes justice, cut-throats honour, does what not?
Arc. Not captives Candy.
Cas. Nor makes thee dishonest,
Nor me a coward.—Now, sir, here is homely,
But friendly entertainment.
Fer. Sir, I find it.
Arc. And like it, do ye not?
Fer. My repair speaks for me.
Cas. Fernando, we were speaking of—how this?

17–31 *Baldwin . . . conquest*] The version of Cretan history given in the 9th edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is as follows: 'In the partition of the Greek empire after the capture of Constantinople by the Latins in 1204, Crete fell to the lot of Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, but was sold by him to the Venetians, and thus passed into the dominion of this great republic, to which it continued subject for more than four centuries.'

32 *a*] F1. *an* F2.

33 *Lombard Jew*] "Lombard Street, in London, was formerly the place where most of the bankers and usurers dwelt."—Weber.

Enter GONZALO *and* GASPERO, *with a casket.*

Gon. Your friend and servant.
Cas. Creditors, my lord,
Are masters and no servants: as the world goes,
Debtors are very slaves to those to whom
They have been beholding to; in which respect
I should fear you, Gonzalo.
Gon. Me, my lord!
You owe me nothing.
Cas. What, nor love nor money?
Gon. Yes, love, I hope; not money.
Cas. All this bravery
Will scarcely make that good.
Gon. 'Tis done already:
See, sir, your mortgage; which I only took
In case you and your son had in the wars
Miscarried: I yield it up again; 'tis yours.
Cas. Are ye so conscionable?
Gon. 'Tis your own.
Cas. Pish, pish, I 'll not receive what is not mine;
That were a dangerous business.
Gon. Sir, I am paid for 't;
The sums you borrow'd are return'd, the bonds
Cancell'd, and your acquittance formally seal'd:
Look here, sir; Gaspero is witness to it.
Gas. My honour'd lord, I am.
Gon. My lord Fernando,
Arcanes, and the rest, you all shall testify
That I acquit lord Cassilane for ever
Of any debts to me.
Gas. 'Tis plain and ample.
Arc. Fortune will once again smile on us fairly.
Cas. But, hark ye, hark ye: if you be in earnest,
Whence comes this bounty? or whose is 't?
Gon. In short,
The great Erota, by this secretary,
Return'd me my full due.
Cas. Erota! why

58 *formally*] 1711. *formerly* Ff.
64 Arc.] Dyce. Continued as part of Gaspero's speech in the Ff. Annophil, Colman.

Should she do this?
Gon. You must ask her the cause;
She knows it best.
Cas. So ho, Arcanes! none
But women pity us, soft-hearted women!
I am become a brave fellow now, Arcanes,
Am I not?
Arc. Why, sir, if the gracious princess
Have took more special notice of your services,
And means to be more thankful than some others,
It were an injury to gratitude
To disesteem her favours.
Anno. Sir, she ever
For your sake most respectively loved me.
Cas. The senate and the body of this kingdom
Are herein (let me speak it without arrogance)
Beholding to her; I will thank her for it;
And, if she have reserved a means whereby
I may repay this bounty with some service,
She shall be then my patroness. Come, sirs,
We 'll taste a cup of wine together now.
Gon. Fernando, I must speak with you in secret.
Fer. You shall.—Now, Gaspero, all 's well?
Gas. There 's news
You must be acquainted with. Come; there is
No master-piece in art like policy. *Exeunt.*

78 *respectively*] respectfully, regardfully; cf. *Timon of Athens*, iii. 1, 8, 'You are very respectively welcome.'
87 Gas.] Gonzalo Seward.
87–89 *There's . . . policy*] Ed.'s arrangement. Three lines, ending *news . . . with . . . policy* Ff. Three lines, ending *news . . . Come . . . policy* Dyce.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Senate-House.

Enter FERNANDO *and* MICHAEL.

Fer. The senate is inform'd at full
Mich. Gonzalo
Dreams not of my arrival yet?
Fer. Nor thinks
'Tis possible his plots can be discover'd:
He fats himself with hopes of crowns and kingdoms,
And laughs securely, to imagine how
He means to gull all but himself; when, truly,
None is so grossly gull'd as he.
Mich. There was never
A more arch-villain.
Fer. Peace; the senate comes.

Enter PORPHICIO, POSSENNE, Senators, *and* GASPERO, *with* Attendants.

Por. How closely treason cloaks itself in forms
Of civil honesty!
Pos. And yet how palpably
Does Heaven reveal it!
Gas. Gracious lords! The ambassador,
Lord Paulo Michael, advocate
To the great duke of Venice.
Por. You are most welcome.
Your master is a just and noble prince.
Mich. My lords, he bade me say, that you may know

9 Porphicio] F2. *Porphino* F1.
11 Gas. . . . *ambassador*] Mason. Fer. *Gracious lords.* Gas. *The ambassador*, Ff. "The words *Gracious lords!* may be an exclamation drawn from Fernando in consequence of the two preceding speeches."—Dyce.

How much he scorns, and, as good princes ought,
Defies base, indirect, and godless treacheries,
To your more sacred wisdoms he refers
The punishment due to the false Gonzalo,
Or else to send him home to Venice.
Pos. Herein
The duke is royal.—Gaspero, the prince
Of Cyprus answer'd he would come?
Gas. My lords,
He will not long be absent.
Por. You, Fernando,
Have made the state your debtor.

Enter PHILANDER *and* MELITUS.

Worthy prince,
We shall be suitors to you for your presence,
In hearing and determining of matters
Greatly concerning Candy.
Phil. Fathers, I am
A stranger.
Pos. Why, the cause, my lord, concerns
A stranger: please you, seat yourself.
Phil. Howe'er
Unfit, since you will have it so, my lords,
You shall command me.
Por. You, my lord Fernando,
With the ambassador, withdraw awhile.
Fer. My lords, we shall. [*Exit with* MICHAEL.]
Pos. Melitus, and the secretary,
Give notice to Gonzalo that the senate
Requires his presence. *Exeunt* GASPERO *and* MELITUS.
Phil. What concerns the business?
Por. Thus, noble prince—

Enter CASSILANE *and* ARCANES.

Cas. Let me alone; thou troublest me;
I will be heard.
Arc. You know not what you do.
Pos. Forbear!

38 *Forbear!*] Included by Seward in the preceding speech.

Who 's he that is so rude? what 's he that dares
To interrupt our counsels?
Cas. One that has guarded
Those purple robes from cankers worse than moths;
One that hath kept your fleeces on your backs,
That would have been snatch'd from you: but, I see,
'Tis better now to be a dog, a spaniel,
In times of peace, than boast the bruisèd scars
Purchased with loss of blood in noble wars.—
My lords, I speak to you.
Por. Lord Cassilane,
We know not what you mean.
Cas. Yes, you are set
Upon a bench of justice; and a day
Will come (hear this, and quake, ye potent great ones!)
When you yourselves shall stand before a judge,
Who in a pair of scales will weigh your actions,
Without abatement of one grain: as then
You would be found full weight, I charge ye, fathers,
Let me have justice now!
Pos. Lord Cassilane,
What strange distemperature provokes distrust
Of our impartiality? Be sure
We 'll flatter no man's injuries.
Cas. 'Tis well.
You have a law, lords, that without remorse
Dooms such as are beleper'd with the curse
Of foul ingratitude unto death.
Por. We have.
Cas. Then do me justice.

Enter ANTINOUS, DECIUS, EROTA, HYPARCHA.

Dec. Madman, whither runn'st thou?
Ant. Peace, Decius; I am deaf.
Hyp. Will you forget
Your greatness and your modesty?
Ero. Hyparcha, leave;
I will not hear.

58 *flatter*] *father* Seward. "'Flatter' = 'show an unjust partiality to.'"—Mason.

Ant. Lady! great, gentle lady!
Ero. Prithee, young man, forbear to interrupt me;
Triumph not in thy fortunes; I will speak.
Pos. More uproars yet! who are they that disturb us?
Cas. The viper's come; his fears have drawn him hither:
And now, my lords, be chronicled for ever,
And give me justice against this vile monster,
This bastard of my blood!
Ero. 'Tis justice, fathers,
I sue for too; and though I might command it,
(If you remember, lords, whose child I was,)
Yet I will humbly beg it. This old wretch
Has forfeited his life to me.
Cas. Tricks, tricks;
Complots, devices, 'twixt these pair of young ones,
To blunt the edge of your well-temper'd swords,
Wherewith you strike offenders, lords! but I
Am not a baby to be fear'd with bug-bears;
'Tis justice I require.
Ero. And I.
Ant. You speak
Too tenderly, and too much like yourself,
To mean a cruelty which would make monstrous
Your sex: yet, for the love's sake, which you once
Pleased to pretend, give my grieved father leave
To urge his own revenge: you have no cause
For yours; keep peace about ye.
Cas. Will you hear me?
Phil. Here 's some strange novelty.
Pos. Sure, we are mock'd.
Speak one at once. Say, wherein hath your son
Transgress'd the law?
Cas. Oh, the gross mists of dulness!
Are you this kingdom's oracles, yet can be
So ignorant? First hear, and then consider.
That I begot him, gave him birth and life,
And education, were, I must confess,
But duties of a father: I did more;
I taught him how to manage arms, to dare

76 *Has*] F2. *'Has* F1.

An enemy, to court both death and dangers;
Yet these were but additions to complete
A well-accomplish'd soldier: I did more yet;
I made him chief commander in the field
Next to myself, and gave him the full prospect
Of honour and preferment; train'd him up
In all perfections of a martialist:
But he, unmindful of his gratitude,
You know with what contempt of my deserts,
First kick'd against mine honour, scornèd all
My services, then got the palm of glory
Unto himself: yet, not content with this,
He, lastly, hath conspired my death, and sought
Means to engage me to this lady's debt,
Whose bounty all my whole estate could never
Give satisfaction to. Now, honour'd fathers,
For this cause only, if your law be law,
And you the ministers of justice, then
Think of this strange ingratitude in him.
Phil. Can this be so, Antinous?
Ant. 'Tis all true,
Nor hath my much-wrong'd father limn'd my faults
In colours half so black as in themselves
My guilt hath dyed them: were there mercy left,
Yet mine own shame would be my executioner:
Lords, I am guilty.
Ero. Thou beliest, Antinous,
Thine innocence.—Alas, my lords, he's desperate,
And talks he knows not what! you must not credit
His lunacy: I can myself disprove
This accusation.—Cassilane, be yet
More merciful; I beg it.
Cas. Time, nor fate,
The world, or what is in it, shall not alter
My resolution: he shall die.
Ero. The senate's
Prayers, or weeping lovers, shall not alter
My resolution: thou shalt die.
Ant. Why, madam,

106 *scornèd*] F2. *scorn'd* F1.
129 *lovers*] *lovers'* Colman.

Are ye all marble?
Pos. Leave your shifts, Antinous:
What plead you to your father's accusation?
Ant. Most fully guilty.
Pos. You have doom'd yourself;
We cannot quit you now.
Cas. A burthen'd conscience
Will never need a hangman. Hadst thou dared
To have denied it, then this sword of mine
Should on thy head have proved thy tongue a liar.
Ero. Thy sword! wretched old man, thou hast lived too long,
To carry peace or comfort to thy grave;
Thou art a man condemn'd.—My lords, this tyrant
Had perish'd but for me; I still supplied
His miserable wants; I sent his daughter
Money to buy him food; the bread he eat
Was from my purse: when he, vain-gloriously,
To dive into the people's hearts, had pawn'd
His birth-right, I redeem'd it, sent it to him,
And, for requital, only made my suit,
That he would please to new-receive his son
Into his favour, for whose love I told him
I had been still so friendly: but then he,
As void of gratitude as all good nature,
Distracted like a madman, posted hither
To pull this vengeance on himself and us;
For why, my lords, since by the law all mean
Is blotted out of your commission,
As this hard-hearted father hath accused
Noble Antinous, his unblemish'd son,
So I accuse this father, and crave judgement.
Cas. All this is but deceit, mere trifles forged
By combination, to defeat the process
Of justice. I will have Antinous' life.
Arc. Sir, what do ye mean?
Ero. I will have Cassilane's.
Ant. Cunning and cruel lady, runs the stream
Of your affections this way? have you not

154 *For why*] "i.e. for which reason."—Mason.
154 *mean*] Seward. *means* Ff. "'Mean' = 'middle course.'"—Dyce.

Conquest enough by treading on my grave,
Unless you send me thither in a shroud
Steep'd in my father's blood? As you are woman,
As the protests of love you vow'd were honest,
Be gentler to my father!
Ero. Cassilane,
Thou hast a heart of flint: let my entreaties,
My tears, the sacrifice of griefs unfeign'd,
Melt it; yet be a father to thy son,
Unmask thy long-besotted judgment, see
A low obedience kneeling at the feet
Of nature, I beseech you!
Cas. Pish, you cozen
Your hopes; your plots are idle: I am resolute.
Ero. Antinous, urge no further.
Ant. Hence, thou sorcery
Of a beguiling softness! I will stand,
Like the earth's centre, unmoved.—Lords, your breath
Must finish these divisions: I confess,
Civility doth teach I should not speak
Against a lady of her birth so high
As great Erota; but her injuries,
And thankless wrongs to me, urge me to cry
Aloud for justice, fathers.
Dec. Whither run you?
Ant. For, honour'd fathers, that you all may know
That I alone am not unmatchable
In crimes of this condition, lest perhaps
You might conceive, as yet the case appears,
That this foul stain and guilt runs in a blood;
Before this presence, I accuse this lady
Of as much vile ingratitude to me.
Cas. Impudent traitor!
Phil. Her! oh, spare, Antinous!
The world reputes thee valiant! do not soil
All thy past nobleness with such a cowardice
As murdering innocent ladies will stamp on thee.
Ant. Brave prince, with what unwillingness I force
Her follies, and in those her sin, be witness

170 *entreaties*] *intreaties* F2. *intreates* F1.
197 *force*] i.e. enforce, lay stress on.

All these about me: she is bloody-minded,
And turns the justice of the law to rigour:
It is her cruelties, not I, accuse her.
Shall I have audience?
Ero. Let him speak, my lords.
Dec. Your memory will rot.
Ant. Cast all your eyes
On this (what shall I call her?) truthless woman!
When often, in my discontents, the sway
Of her unruly blood, her untamed passion,
(Or name it as you list,) had hour by hour
Solicited my love, she vow'd at last
She could not, would not live, unless I granted
What she long sued for: I, in tender pity,
To save a lady of her birth from ruin,
Gave her her life, and promised to be hers:
Nor urged I aught from her but secrecy;
And then enjoin'd her to supply such wants
As I perceived my father's late engagements
Had made him subject to. What shall I heap up
Long repetitions? She, to quit my pity,
Not only hath discover'd to my father
What she had promised to conceal, but also
Hath drawn my life into this fatal forfeit:
For which, since I must die, I crave a like
Equality of justice against her;
Not that I covet blood, but that she may not
Practise this art of falsehood on some other,
Perhaps more worthy of her love, hereafter.
Por. If this be true—
Ero. My lords, be as the law is,
Indifferent, upright; I do plead guilty.—
Now, sir, what glory have you got by this?
'Las, man, I meant not to out-live thy doom!
Shall we be friends in death?
Cas. Hear me: the villain
Scandals her, honour'd lords.
Ero. Leave off to dote,
And die a wise man.

204 *truthless*] *ruthless* Seward.
216 *What*] "i.e. for what, why."—Dyce.

Ant. I am over-reach'd,
And master'd in my own resolution.
Phil. Will you be wilful, madam? here's the curse
Of love's disdain.
Cas. Why sit you like dumb statues?
Demur no longer.
Pos. Cassilane, Erota,
Antinous, death ye ask, and 'tis your dooms:
You in your follies lived, die in your follies.
Cas. I am revenged, and thank you for it.
Ero. Yes,
And I: Antinous hath been gracious.
Ant. Sir,
May I presume to crave a blessing from you
Before we part?
Cas. Yes, such a one as parents
Bestow on cursèd sons.—Now, now, I laugh
To see how those poor younglings are both cheated
Of life and comfort: look ye, look ye, lords,
I go but some ten minutes, more or less,
Before my time; but they have finely cozen'd
Themselves of many, many hopeful years
Amidst their prime of youth and glory: now
My vengeance is made full.

Enter ANNOPHIL.

Welcome, my joy!
Thou comest to take a seasonable blessing
From thy half-buried father's hand: I am dead
Already, girl; and so is she and he:
We all are worms'-meat now.
Anno. I have heard all;
Nor shall you die alone.—Lords, on my knees
I beg for justice too.
Por. 'Gainst whom? for what?
Anno. First let me be resolved, does the law favour
None, be they ne'er so mighty?
Por. Not the greatest.
Anno. Then justly I accuse of foul ingratitude,
My lords, you of the senate all, not one
Excepted.

Pos. Por. Us!
Phil. Annophil!
Anno. You are the authors
Of this unthrifty bloodshed. When your enemies
Came marching to your gates, your children suck'd not
Safe at their mothers' breasts, your very cloisters
Were not secure, your starting-holes of refuge
Not free from danger, nor your lives your own;
In this most desperate ecstasy, my father,
This agèd man, not only undertook
To guard your lives, but did so, and beat off
The daring foe; for you he pawn'd his lands,
To pay your soldiers, who without their pay
Refused to strike a blow: but, lords, when peace
Was purchased for you, and victory brought home,
Where was your gratitude, who in your coffers
Hoarded the rusty treasure which was due
To my unminded father? he was glad
To live retired in want, in penury,
Whilst you made feasts of surfeit, and forgot
Your debts to him: the sum of all is this;
You have been unthankful to him, and I crave
The rigour of the law against you all.
Cas. My royal-spirited daughter!
Ero. Annophil,
Thou art a worthy wench; let me embrace thee.
Anno. Lords, why do ye keep your seats? they are no places
For such as are offenders.
Pos. Though our ignorance
Of Cassilane's engagements might assuage
Severity of justice, yet to shew
How no excuse should smooth a breach of law,
I yield me to the trial of it.
Por. So
Must I.—Great prince of Cyprus, you are left
The only moderator in this difference;
And, as you are a prince, be a protector
To woeful Candy.
Phil. What a scene of misery
Hath thine obdurate frowardness, old man,

Drawn on thy country's bosom! and, for that
Thy proud ambition could not mount so high
As to be styled thy country's only patron,
Thy malice hath descended to the depth
Of hell, to be renownèd in the title
Of the destroyer. Dost thou yet perceive
What curses all posterity will brand
Thy grave with, that at once hast robb'd this kingdom
Of honour and of safety?
Ero. Children yet
Unborn will stop their ears when thou art named.
Arc. The world will be too little to contain
The memory of this detested deed;
The Furies will abhor it.
Dec. What the sword
Could not enforce, your peevish thirst of honour,
A brave, cold, weak, imaginary fame,
Hath brought on Candy: Candy groans; not these
That are to die.
Phil. 'Tis happiness enough
For them, that they shall not survive to see
The wounds wherewith thou stabb'st the land that gave
Thee life and name.
Dec. 'Tis Candy's wrack shall feel—
Por. Pos. The mischief of your folly.
Cas. Annophil—
Anno. I will not be entreated.
Cas. Prithee, Annophil!
Anno. Why would ye urge me to a mercy, which
You in yourself allow not?
Cas. 'Tis the law,
That if the party who complains remit
The offender, he is freed: is 't not so, lords?
Por. Pos. 'Tis so.
Cas. Antinous, by my shame observe
What a close witchcraft popular applause is:

309 *brave*] *bare* Seward. "'Brave' = 'vainglorious.'"—Mason.
314, 315 Dec. . . . *Annophil*—] Dyce. Dec. *Tis . . . feel*—. Cas. *The . . . folly.* Porp. Pos. *Annophill*— Ff. Dec. *'Tis . . . feel*— Arc. *The . . . folly.* Por. Pos. *Annophel*— Seward. Dec. *'Tis . . . folly.* Cas. *Annophel!* Colman.
314 *wrack*] *wreck* Colman.

I am awaked, and with clear eyes behold
The lethargy wherein my reason long
Hath been becharm'd: live, live, my matchless son,
Blest in thy father's blessing, much more blest
In thine own virtues! let me dew thy cheeks
With my unmanly tears: rise; I forgive thee:
And, good Antinous, if I shall be thy father,
Forgive me. I can speak no more.
Ant. Dear sir,
You new-beget me now.—Madam, your pardon;
I heartily remit you.
Ero. I as freely
Discharge thee, Cassilane.
Anno. My gracious lords,
Repute me not a blemish to my sex,
In that I strove to cure a desperate evil
With a more violent remedy: your lives,
Your honours, are your own.
Phil. Then with consent
Be reconciled on all sides. Please you, fathers,
To take your places.
Pos. Let us again ascend,
With joy and thankfulness to Heaven: and now
To other business, lords.

Re-enter GASPERO *and* MELITUS, *with* GONZALO.

Mel. Two hours and more, sir,
The senate hath been set.
Gon. And I not know it!
Who sits with them?
Mel. My lord, the prince of Cyprus.
Gon. Gaspero,
Why, how comes that to pass?
Gas. Some weighty cause,
I warrant you.
Gon. Now, lords, the business?—Ha!
Who 's here? Erota!
Por. Secretary, do your charge
Upon that traitor.
Gon. Traitor!

329 *shall*] *still* Bullen conj.

Gas. Yes, Gonzalo, traitor;
Of treason to the peace and state of Candy
I do arrest thee.
Gon. Me, thou dog?

Re-enter FERNANDO *and* MICHAEL.

Mich. With licence
From this grave senate, I arrest thee likewise
Of treason to the state of Venice.
Gon. Ha?
Is Michael here? nay, then, I see
I am undone.
Ero. I shall not be your queen,
Your duchess, or your empress.
Gon. Dull, dull brain!
Oh, I am fool'd!
Gas. Look, sir, do you know this hand?
[*Produces a paper.*]
Mich. Do you know this seal?—First, lords, he writes to Venice,
To make a perfect league; during which time
He would in private keep some troops in pay,
Bribe all the sentinels throughout this kingdom,
Corrupt the captains, at a banquet poison
The prince and greatest peers, and, in conclusion,
Yield Candy slave to Venice.
Gas. Next, he contracted
With the illustrious princess, the Lady Erota,
In hope of marriage with her, to deliver
All the Venetian gallantry and strength,
Upon their first arrival, to the mercy
Of her and Candy.
Ero. This is true, Gonzalo.
Gon. Let it be true: what, then?
Pos. My lord ambassador,
What 's your demand?
Mich. As likes the state of Candy,
Either to sentence him, as he deserves,
Here, or to send him like a slave to Venice.
Por. We shall advise upon it.
Gon. Oh, the devils,

That had not thrust this trick into my pate!
A politician fool! Destruction plague
Candy and Venice both!
Pos. Por. Away with him!
Mel. Come, sir, I 'll see you safe.
[*Exeunt* MELITUS *and* GONZALO.
Ero. Lords, ere you part,
Be witness to another change of wonder.—
Antinous, now be bold, before his presence,
Freely to speak, whether or no I used
The humblest means affection could contrive,
To gain thy love.
Ant. Madam, I must confess it,
And ever am your servant.
Ero. Yes, Antinous,
My servant, for my lord thou shalt be never:
I here disclaim the interest thou hadst once
In my too passionate thoughts.—[*To* PHILANDER]
Most noble prince,
If yet a relic of thy wonted flames
Live warm within thy bosom, then I blush not
To offer up the assurance of my faith
To thee that hast deserved it best.
Phil. Oh, madam,
You play with my calamity!
Ero. Let Heaven
Record my truth for ever.
Phil. With more joy
Than I have words to utter, I accept it.
I also pawn you mine.
Ero. The man, that in requital
Of noble and unsought affection

375 *A politician fool!*] *A politician? fool*, Seward. The word *politician* appears here to be an adjective. Cf. Milton, *Samson Agonistes* 1195,

'But your ill meaning politician lords . . .
. . . Appointed to await me thirty spies.'

384 *servant*] "the title which ladies formerly bestowed on their professed admirers."—Dyce. See note, vol. i. 213. But here "*My servant*" means 'one authorized to pay me all courteous attentions': so in *The Scornful Lady* (after the Lady has become the wife of the Elder Loveless);

"*Lady.* Sir, I shall call you *servant*.
More. I shall be proud on 't."

Act v. sc. 4, vol. iii. 111.

Grows cruel, never loved; nor did Antinous.
Yet herein, prince, ye are beholding to him;
For his neglect of me humbled a pride,
Which to a virtuous wife had been a monster.
Phil. For which I 'll rank him my deserving friend.
Ant. Much comfort dwell with you, as I could wish
To him I honour most!
Cas. Oh, my Antinous,
My own, my own good son!
Fer. One suit I have to make.
Phil. To whom, Fernando?
Fer. Lord Cassilane, to you.
Cas. To me!
Fer. This lady
Hath promised to be mine.
Anno. Your blessing, sir!—
Brother, your love!
Ant. You cannot, sir, bestow her
On a more noble gentleman.
Cas. Sayst thou so?
Antinous, I confirm it.—Here, Fernando,
Live both as one; she is thine.
Ant. And herein, sister,
I honour you for your wise settled love.
This is a day of triumph; all contentions
Are happily accorded, Candy's peace
Secured, and Venice vow'd a worthy friend. *Exeunt.*

FINIS. 16

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